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.007

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

NOW, a locomotive is, next to a marine engine, of course, the most sensitive thing man ever made; and No. .007, besides being sensitive, was new. The red paint was hardly dry on his spotless bumper-bar, his headlight shone like a fireman's helmet in a street parade, and his cab might have been a hardwood-finish parlor. They had run him into the round-house after his trial—he had said good-by to his best friend in the shops, the overhead travelling-crane; the big world was just outside and—the other locos were taking stock of him. He looked at the semicircle of bold, unwinking headlights, heard the low purr and mutter of the steam mounting in the gauges, scornful hisses of contempt as a slack valve lifted a little, and would have given a month's oil for leave to crawl through his own driving-wheels into the brick ash-pit beneath him. .007 was an eight-wheeled "American" loco, but a little different from others of his type, and as he stood he was worth $10,000 on the Company's books. But if you had bought him at his own valuation, after half an hour's waiting in the darkish echoing round-house, you would have saved exactly nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine dollars and ninety-eight cents. A heavy Mogul freight, with a short cow-catcher and a deep fire-box, that came down within three inches of the rail, began the game, speaking to a Pittsburgh Consolidation, who was visiting.

"Where did this thing blow in from?" he asked, with a dreamy puff of light steam.

"It's all I can do to keep track of our makes," was the answer, "without lookin' after *your* back-numbers. "'Guess it's something Peter Cooper left over when he died."

.007 quivered, his steam was getting up, but he held his tongue. Even a hand-car knows what sort of locomotive it was that Peter Cooper experimented upon in the far-away thirties. It carried its coal and water in two apple-barrels, and was not much bigger than a bicycle.

Then up and spoke a small, newish, switching-engine, with a little step in front of his bumper-timber and his wheels so close together that he looked like a bronco getting ready to buck.

"Something's wrong with the road when a Pennsylvania gravel-pusher tells us anything about our stock, *I* think. That kid's all right. Eustis designed him, and Eustis designed me. Ain't that good enough guarantee?"

.007 could have carried the switching-loco round the yard in his tender, but he felt grateful for even this little word of consolation.

"We don't use hand-cars on the Pennsylvania," said the Consolidation. "That—er—peanut-stand's old enough and ugly enough to speak for himself."

"He hasn't bin spoken to yet. He's bin spoke *at*. Hain't ye *any* manners on

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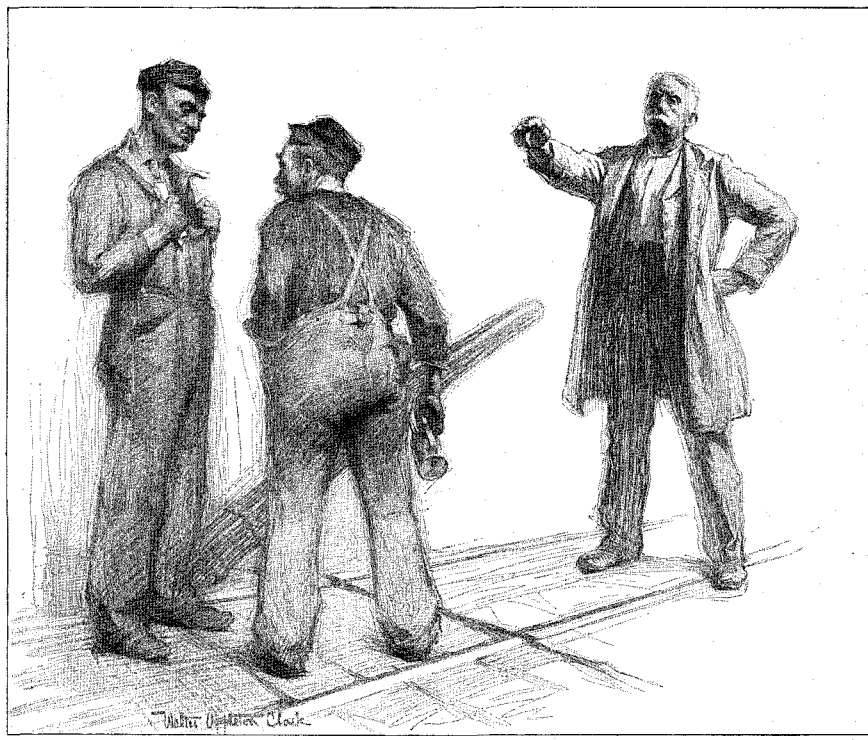

A man in a black Prince Albert, without a collar, came up . . . and said that what *he* said went.—Page 139.

the Pennsylvania?" said the switching-loco.

"*You* ought to be in the yard, Poney," said the Mogul, severely. "We're all long-haulers here."

"That's what you think," said the little fellow. "You'll know more 'fore the night's out. I've been down to Track Seventeen and the freight there—— Oh, Christmas!"

"I've trouble enough in my own division," said a lean, light suburban loco, with very shiny brake-shoes. "My commuters wouldn't rest till they got a parlor-car. They've hitched it on just ahead o' the caboose, and it hauls worse'n a snow-plough. I'll snap her off some day sure, and then they'll blame every one except their fool-selves. They'll be askin' me to haul a vestibuled next!"

"Made you in New Jersey, didn't they?" said Poney. "Thought so. Commuters and truck-wagons aren't any sweet haul, but I tell *you* they're a heap better'n cuttin' out refrigerator-cars or oil-tanks. Why, I've hauled——"

"Haul! You?" said the Mogul, contemptuously. "A heap *you* haul! It's all you can do to bunt a cold-storage car up the yard. Now, I—" he paused a little to let the words sink in—"I handle the Flying Freight—eleven cars worth just anything you please to mention. On the stroke of eleven I pull out: and I'm timed for thirty-five an hour. Costly—perishable—fragile—immediate—that's me! Suburban traffic's one degree better than switching. Express freight's what pays."

"Well, I ain't given to blowing, as a rule," began the Pittsburgh Consolidation.

"No? You were sent in here because you grunted on the grade," Poney interrupted.

"Where I grunt, you'd lie down, Poney: but, as I was saying, I don't blow much. Notwithstandin', *if* you want to see freight that is freight, moved lively, you should see me warbling through the Alleghenies with thirty-seven ore-cars behind me and the brakemen fightin' tramps till they can't attend to my tooter. I have to do all the holdin' back then, and, though I say it, I've never had a load get away from me yet. No, sir. Haulin's one thing, but

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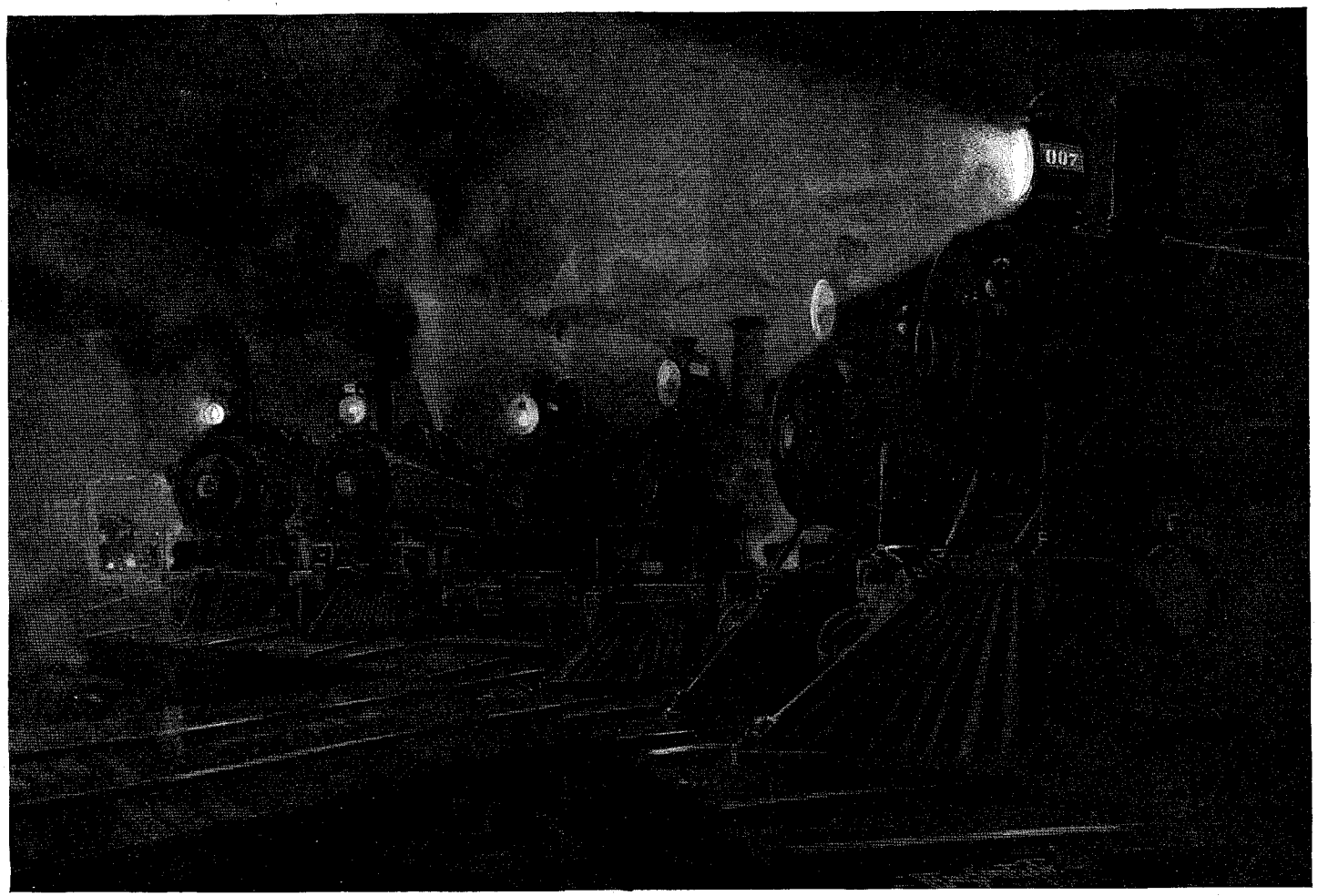

Then .007 put both drivers and his pilot into it, as the saying is, for he asked what sort of a thing a hot box might be?—Page 138.

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judgment and discretion's another. You want judgment in my business."

"Ah! But are you not paralyzed by the sense of your overwhelming responsibilities?" said a curious, husky voice from a corner.

"Who's that?" .007 whispered to the Jersey commuter.

"Compound — experiment — N.G. 'Bin switchin' in the B. & A. yards for six months when she wasn't in the shops. She's economical (*I* call it mean) in her coal, but she takes it out in repairs. Ahem! I presume you found Boston somewhat isolated, madam, after your New York season?"

"I am never so well occupied as when I am alone." The Compound seemed to be speaking half way up her smoke-stack.

"Sure," said the irreverent Poney, under his breath. "They don't hanker after her any in the yard."

"But, with my constitution and temperament—my work lies in Boston—I find your *outrecuidance*——"

"Outer which?" said the Mogul freight. "Simple cylinders are good enough for me."

"Perhaps I should have said *farouche-rie*," hissed the Compound.

"I don't hold with any make of *papier-maché* wheel," insisted the Mogul.

The Compound sighed pityingly and said no more.

"Git 'em all shapes in this world, don't ye?" said Poney. "That's Mass'chusetts all over. They half start an' then they stick on a dead-centre an' blame it all on other folk's ways o' treatin' them. Talkin' o' Boston, Comanche told me last night he had a hot box just beyond the Newtons, Friday. That was why, *he* says, the Accommodation was held up. Made out no end of a tale, Comanche did."

"If I'd heard that in the shops with my boiler out for repairs, I'd know 'twas one o' Comanche's lies," the New Jersey commuter snapped. "Hot box! Him! What happened was that they'd put an extra car on, and he just lay down on the grade and squealed. They had to send 127 to help him through. 'Made it out a hot box, did he? Time before that he said he was ditched! Looked me square in the headlight and told me that as cool as—as a water-tank in a cold wave. Hot box! You ask 127 about Comanche's hot box. Why, Comanche was side-tracked and 127—(he was just about as mad as they make 'em on account o' being called out at ten o'clock at night) took hold and snapped her into Boston in seventeen minutes. Hot box! Hot fraud! That's what Comanche is."

Then .007 put both drivers and his pilot into it, as the saying is, for he asked what sort of thing a hot box might be?

"Paint my bell sky-blue!" said Poney, the switcher. "Make me a surface-railroad-loco with a hardwood skirtin'-board round my wheels. Break me up and cast me into five cent sidewalk fakir's mechanical toys! Here's an eight-wheel coupled 'American' don't know what a hot box is! Never heard of an emergency-stop either, did ye? Don't know what ye carry jack-screws for? You're too innocent to be left alone with your own tender. Oh, you—you flat-car!"

There was a roar of escaping steam before anyone could answer, and .007 nearly blistered his paint off with pure mortification.

"A hot box," began the Compound, picking and choosing her words as though they were coal, "A hot box is the penalty exacted from inexperience by haste. Ahem!"

"Hot box!" said the Jersey Suburban. "It's the price you pay for going on the tear. It's years since I've had one. It's a disease that don't attack short-haulers as a rule."

"We never have hot boxes on the Pennsylvania," said the Consolidation. "They get 'em in New York—same as nervous prostration."

"Ah, go home on a ferry-boat," said the Mogul. "You think because you run on steeper grades than our road 'ud allow, you're a kind of Allegheny angel. Now, I'll tell you what you—Here's my folk. Well, I can't stop. See you later, perhaps."

He rolled forward majestically to the turn-table, and swung like a man-of-war in a tide-way, till he picked up his track. "But as for you, you pea-green swivellin' coffee-pot (this to .007), you go out and learn something before you associate with those who've made more mileage in a week than you'll make in a year. Costly,

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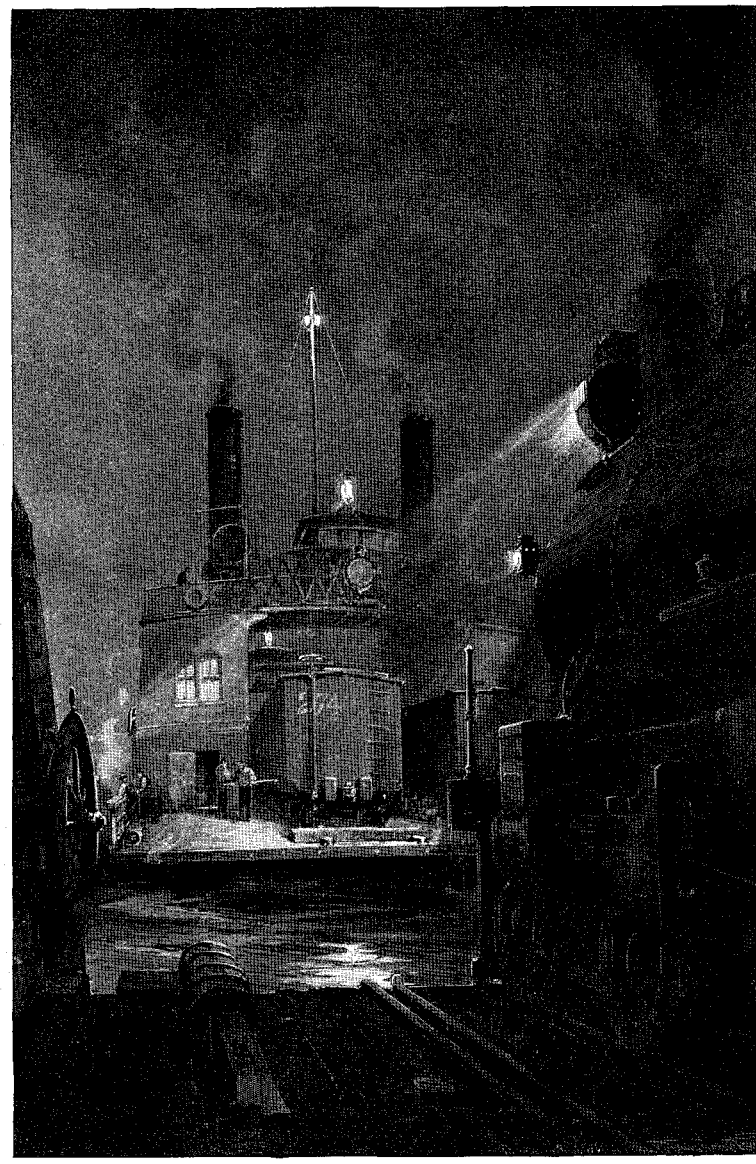

He had never seen deep water before, and shivered as the flat drew away and left his bogies within six inches of the black, shiny tide.—Page 145.

perishable, fragile, immediate—that's me ! S'long."

" Split my tubes if that's actin' polite to a new member o' the Brotherhood," said Poney. " There wasn't any call to trample on ye like that. But manners was left out when Moguls was made. Keep up your fire, kid, an' burn your own smoke. Guess we'll all be wanted in a minute."

Men were speaking rather excitedly in the round-house. One man, in a dingy jersey, said that he hadn't any locomotives to waste on the yard. Another man, with a piece of crumpled paper in his hand, said that the yard-master said that he was to say that if the other man said anything he, the other man, was to shut his head. Then the other man waved his arms and wanted to know if he was expected to keep locomotives in his hip-pocket. Then a man in a black Prince Albert, without a collar, came up dripping, for it was a hot August night,

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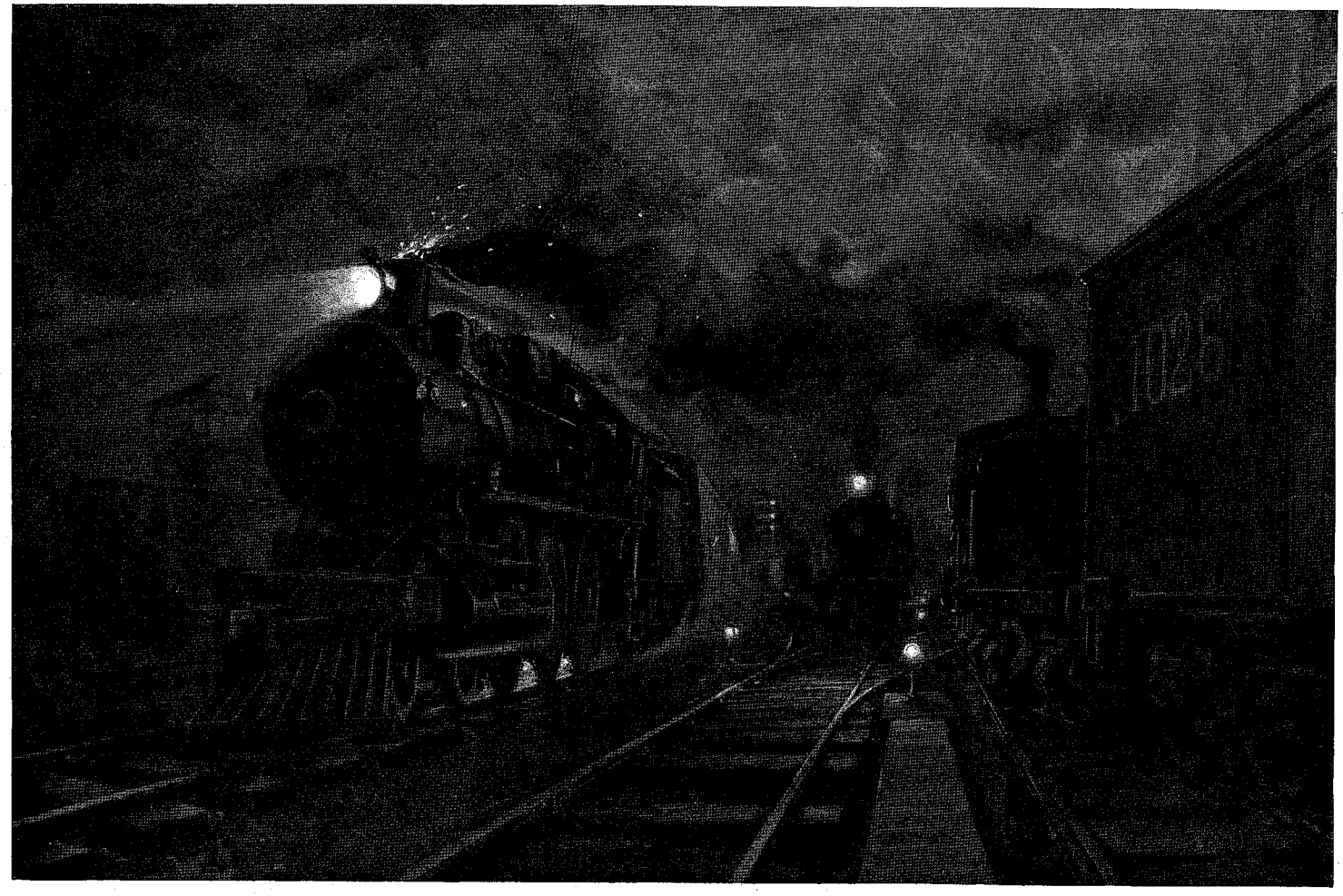

But .007 had caught one glimpse of the superb six-wheel-coupled racing locomotive who hauled the pride and glory of the road.—Page 146.

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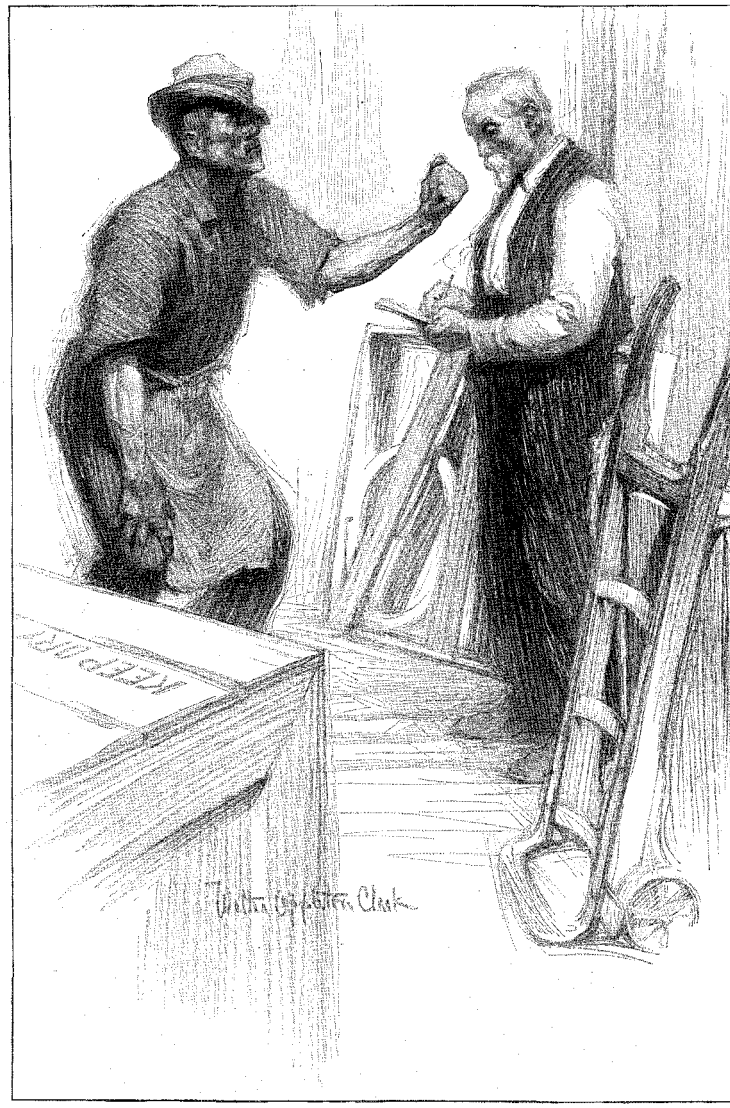

The yard-master never even looked up from his bundle of freight receipts.—Page 145.

and said that what *he* said went; and between the three of them the locomotives began to go, too—first the Compound; then the Consolidation; then .007.

Now, deep down in his fire-box, .007 had cherished a hope that as soon as his trial was done, he would be led forth with songs and shoutings, and attached to a green and chocolate vestibuled flyer, under charge of a bold and noble engineer, who would pat him on his back, and weep over him, and call him his Arab steed. (The boys in the shops used to read wonderful stories of railroad life while .007 was being built, and .007 expected things to happen as he had heard.) But there did not seem to be many vestibuled fliers in the roaring, rumbling, electric-lighted yards, and his engineer only said:

"Now, what sort of a fool sort of an injector has Eustis loaded onto this rig this time," and he put the lever over with an angry snap, crying: "Am I supposed to switch with this thing, hey?"

The collarless man mopped his head and replied that, in the present condition of the yard, the engineer would switch and keep on switching till the cows came home.

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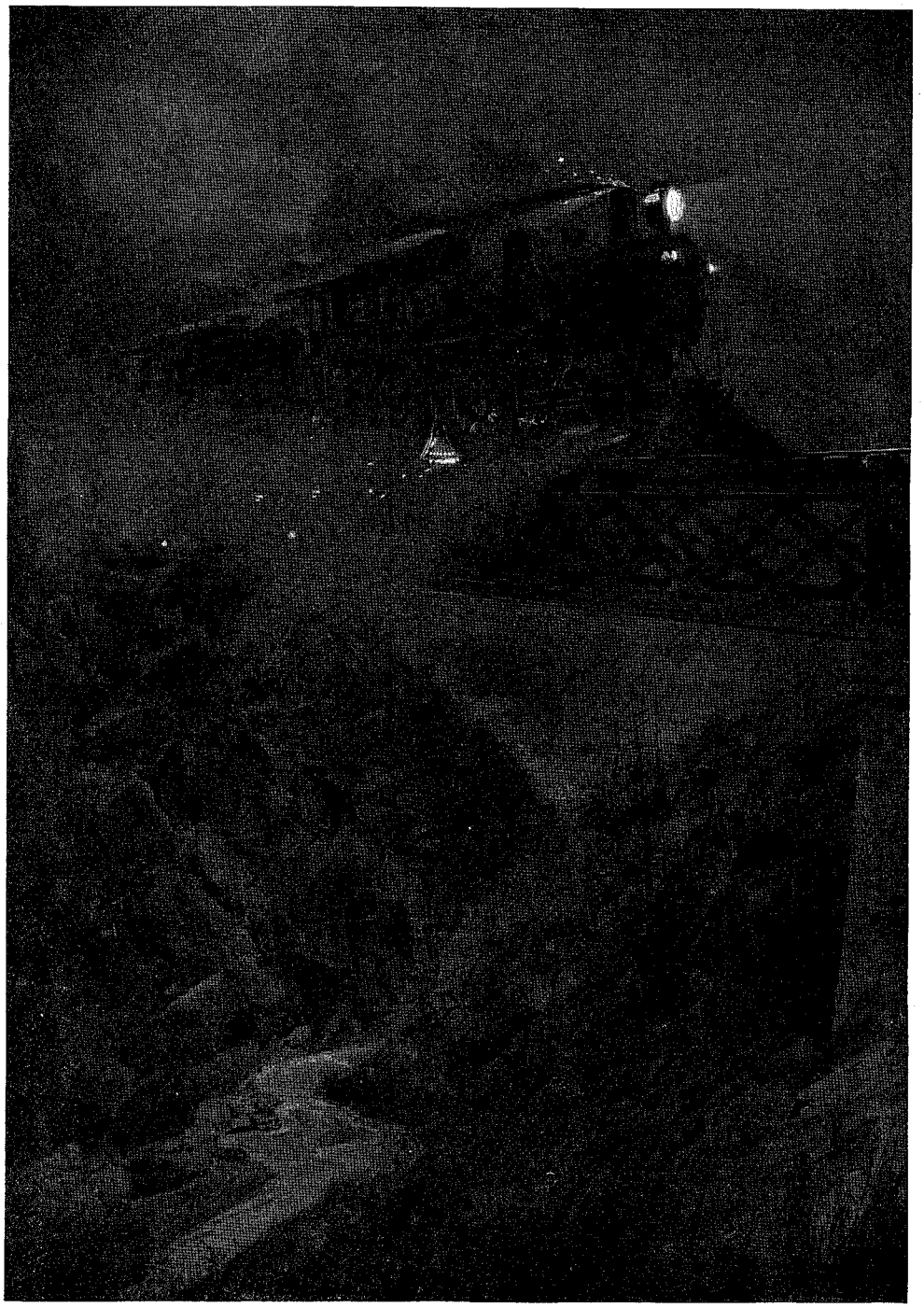

He took the eighty-foot bridge without the guard-rail, like a hunted cat on the top of a fence.—Page 147.

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.007 pushed out gingerly, his heart in his headlight, so nervous that the clang of his own bell nearly made him jump the track. Lanterns waved or danced up and down before and behind him; and on every side, six tracks deep, sliding backward and forward, with clashings of couplers and squeals of hand-brakes, were cars — more cars than .007 had dreamed of. There were oil-cars, and hay-cars, and stock-cars full of lowing beasts, and ore-cars, and potato-cars with stove-pipe ends sticking out in the middle; cold-storage and refrigerator cars dripping iced-water on the tracks; ventilated fruit and milk cars; flat-cars with truck wagons full of market-stuff; flat-cars loaded with reapers and binders, all red and green and gilt under the sizzling electric lights; flat-cars piled high with strong scented hides, pleasant hemlock-plank, or bundles of shingles; flat-cars creaking under the weight of thirty-ton castings, angle irons, and rivet-boxes for some new bridge; and hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of box-cars loaded, locked and chalked. Men — hot and angry — crawled among and between and through and under the wheels; men took flying jumps through his cab, when he halted for a moment; men sat on his pilot as he went forward, and on his tender when he went back, and regiments of men ran along the tops of the box-cars beside him, screwing down brakes, waving their arms and saying curious things.

"'Tweren't even a decent sized hog," he said. "'Twere a shote."—Page 147.

He was pushed forward a foot at a time; whirled backwards, his rear-drivers clinking and clanking, a quarter of a mile; jerked into a switch (yard switches are *very* stubby and unaccommodating), bunted into a Red D, or Merchant's Transport car, and, without any hint of the weight behind him, started up again. As soon as his load was fairly on the move, three or four cars would be cut off, .007 would bound forward, only to be held hiccupping on the brake. Then he would wait a few minutes, watching the whirled lanterns; deafened with the clang of the bells, giddy with the vision of the sliding cars, his brake-pump panting forty to the minute, his front coupler lying sideways on his cow-catcher, like a tired dog's tongue in his mouth; and the whole of him covered with half burnt coal-dust.

"'Tisn't so easy switching with a straight-backed tender," said his little friend of the round-house, bustling by at a trot. "But you're comin' on pretty fair. 'Ever see a flyin' switch? No? Then look at me."

He was in charge of a dozen heavy flat cars. Suddenly he shot away from them with a sharp "*Whut!*" a switch opened in the shadows ahead; he turned up it like a rabbit, as it snapped behind him, and the long line of twelve-foot-high lumber jolted on into the arms of a full-sized road loco,

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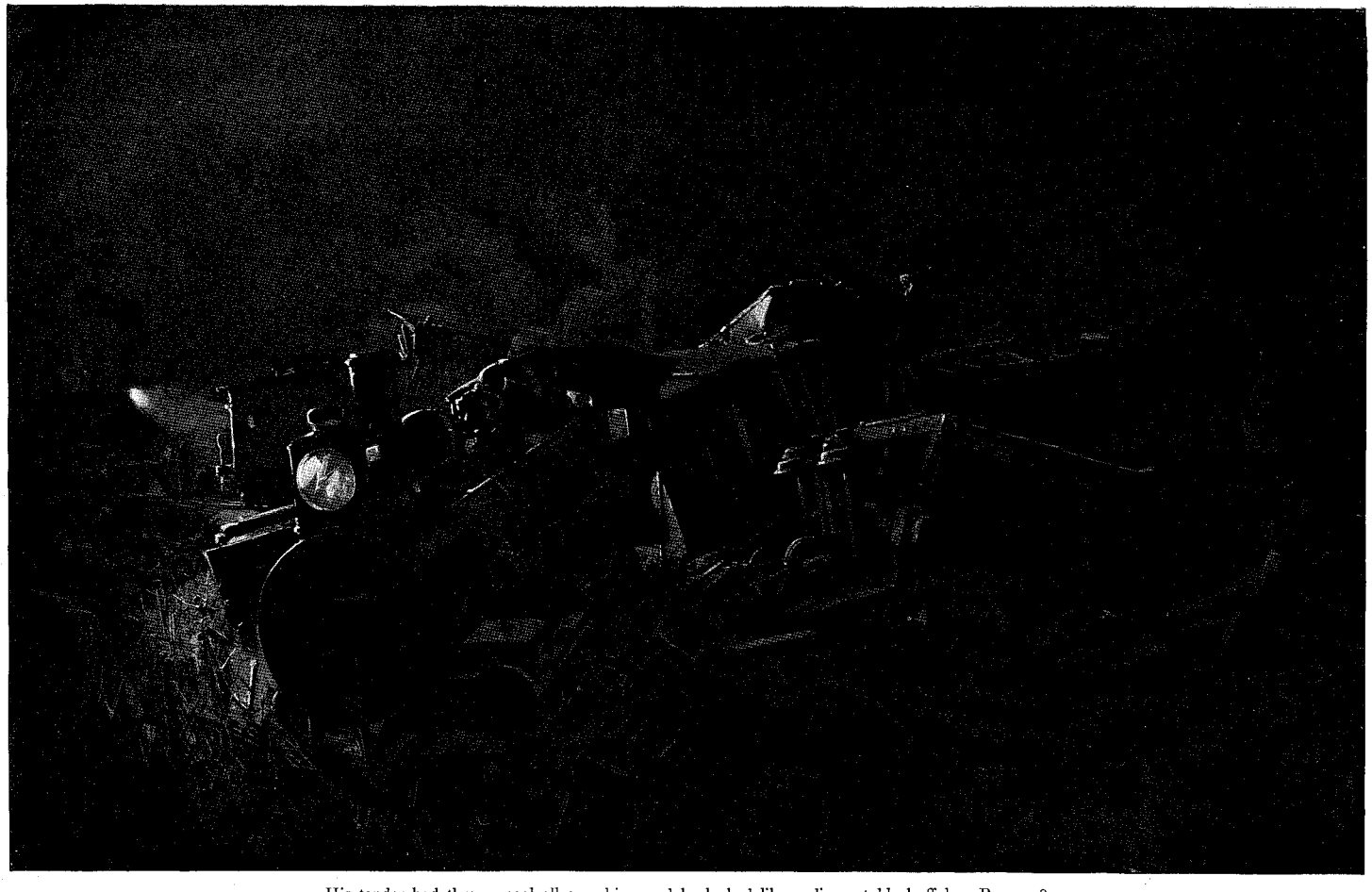

His tender had thrown coal all over him, and he looked like a disreputable buffalo.—Page 148.

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who acknowledged the receipt with a dry howl.

"My man's reckoned the smartest in the yard at that trick," he said. "Gives me cold shivers when another fool tries it, though. That's where my short wheel-base comes in. Like as not you'd have your tender scraped off if *you* tried it." .007 had no ambitions that way, and said so. "No? Of course this ain't your regular business, but, say, don't you think it's interestin'? Have you seen the yard-master? Well, he's the greatest man on earth, an' don't you forget it. When are we through? Why, kid, it's always like this, day *an'* night—Sundays and week days. See that thirty-car freight slidin' in four, no, five tracks off? She's all mixed freight, sent here to be sorted out into straight trains. That's why we're cuttin' out the cars one by one." He gave a vigorous push to a west-bound car as he spoke; and started back with a little snort of surprise, for the car was an old friend—an M. T. K. box-car.

"Jack my drivers, but it's Homeless Kate! Why, Kate, ain't there *no* gettin' you back to your friends? There's forty chasers out for you from your road, if there's one. Who's holdin' you now?"

"Wish I knew," said Homeless Kate. "I belong in Topeka, but I've bin to Cedar Rapids; I've bin to Winnipeg; I've bin to Newport News; I've bin all down the old Atlanta and West Point, an' I've bin to Buffalo. Maybe I'll fetch up at Haverstraw. I've only bin out ten months, but I'm homesick, I'm just achin' homesick."

"Try Chicago, Katie," said the switching-loco; and the battered old car lumbered down the track, jolting: "I want to be in Kansas when the sunflowers bloom."

"Yard's full o' Homeless Kates an' Wanderin' Willies," he explained to .007. "I knew an old Fitchburg flat-car out seventeen months; an' one of ours was gone fifteen 'fore ever we got track of her. Dunno quite how our men fix it. 'Swap around, I guess. Anyway, I've done *my* duty. She's on her way to Kansas, via Chicago; but I'll lay my next boilerful she'll be held there to wait consignee's convenience and sent back to us with wheat in the fall."

Just then the Pittsburgh Consolidation passed at the head of a dozen cars.

"I'm goin' home," he said, proudly. "Can't get all them twelve on to the flat. Break 'em in half, Dutchy!" cried Poney. But it was .007 who was backed down to the last six cars, and he nearly blew up with surprise when he found himself pushing them on to a huge ferry-boat. He had never seen deep water before, and shivered as the flat drew away and left his bogies within six inches of the black, shiny tide.

After this he was hurried to the freight-house, where he saw the yard-master, a smallish, white-faced man in shirt, trousers, and slippers, looking down upon a sea of trucks, a mob of bawling truckmen and squadrons of backing, turning, sweating, spark-striking horses.

"That's shippers' carts loadin' on to the receivin' trucks," said the small engine, reverently. "But *he* don't care. He let's 'em cuss. He's the Czar—King—Boss! He says 'Please' and then they kneel down an' pray. There's three or four strings o' to-day's freight to be pulled before he can attend to *them*. When he waves his hand that way, things happen."

A string of loaded cars slid out down the track, and a string of empties took their place. Bales, crates, boxes, jars; carboys, frails; cases and packages flew into them from the freight-house as though the cars had been magnets and they iron filings.

"Ki-yah!" shrieked little Poney. "Ain't it great?"

A purple-faced truckman shouldered his way to the yard-master and shook his fist under his nose. The yard-master never even looked up from his bundle of freight receipts. He crooked his forefinger slightly and a tall young man, in a red shirt, lounging carelessly beside him, hit the truckman under the left ear, so that he dropped quivering and clucking on a hay-bale.

"Eleven, seven, ninety-seven, L. Y. S.; fourteen ought ought three; nineteen thirteen; one one four; seventeen ought twenty-one M. B., *and* the ten west bound. All straight except the two last. Cut 'em off at the junction. An' *that's* all right. Pull that string." The yard-master, with mild blue eyes, looked out over the howling truckmen at the waters in the moonlight beyond, and hummed:

> All things bright and beautiful,
> All creatures great and small,
> *All* things wise and wonderful,
> The Lawd Gawd, He made all!

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.007 moved out the cars to deliver them to the regular road-engine. He had never felt quite so limp in his life before.

"Curious, ain't it?" said Poney, puffing on the next track. "You an' me, if we got that man under our bumpers, we'd work him into red waste and not know what we'd done, but—up there—with the steam hummin' in his boiler that awful quiet way. . . ."

"*I* know," said .007. "Makes me feel as if I'd dropped my fire, an' was getting cold. He *is* the greatest man on earth."

They were at the far north end of the yard, now, under a switch-tower, and looking down on the four-track way of the main traffic. The Boston Compound was to haul .007's string to some far-away northern junction over an indifferent roadbed; and she mourned aloud for the ninety-six pound rails of the B. & A.

"You're young, you're young," she coughed. "You don't realize your responsibilities."

"Yes, he does," said Poney, sharply. "But he don't lie down under 'em." Then, with a side-spurt of steam, exactly like a tough spitting, "There ain't more than fifteen thousand dollars worth o' freight behind her anyway, and she carries on as if 'twere a hundred thousand—same as the Mogul's. Excuse me, madam, but you've the track . . . She's stuck on a dead-centre again—bein' specially designed not to."

The Compound crawled across the tracks on a long slant, groaning horribly at each switch; and moving like a cow in a snowdrift. There was a little pause along the yard after her tail-lights had disappeared; switches locked crisply and everyone seemed to be waiting.

"Now, I'll show you something worth," said Poney. "When the Purple Emperor ain't on time, it's about time to amend the constitution. The first stroke of twelve is——"

"Boom!" went the clock in the big yard-tower, and far away .007 heard a full, vibrating *Yah! Yah! Yah!* A head light twinkled on the horizon like a star; grew an overpowering blaze and whooped up the humming track to the roaring music of a happy giant's song:

With a michnai — ghignai — shtingal! — Yah!
Yah! Yah!
Ein — Zwei — Drei — Mutter! Yah! Yah!
Yah!
She climb upon der shteeple,
Und she frighten all der people,
Singin' michnai — ghignai — shtingal! Yah!
Yah!

The last defiant "yah! yah!" was delivered a mile and a half beyond the passenger depot, but .007 had caught one glimpse of the superb six-wheel-coupled racing locomotive who hauled the pride and glory of the road, the gilt-edged Purple Emperor, the millionaires' south-bound express, laying the miles over his shoulder as a man peels a shaving from a soft board. The rest was a blur of maroon enamel, a bar of white light from the electrics in the cars, and a flicker of nickel-plated hand-rail on the rear platform.

"Ooh!" said .007.

"Seventy-five an hour these five miles. Baths, I've heard; barber's shop, I know, because I've seen the coons; and a library and the rest to match. Yes, sir, seventy-five an hour! But he'll talk to you in the round-house just the same as I would. And I—cuss my wheel-base!—I'd kick clean off the track at half his gait. He's the Master of our Lodge. Cleans up in our house. I'll introdooce you some day. He's worth knowin'! There ain't many can sing that song, either."

.007 was too full to answer. He did not hear a raging of telephone-bells in the switch-tower, nor the man, as he leaned out and called to .007's engineer, "Got any steam?"

"'Nough to run her a hundred mile out 'o this, if I could," said the engineer, who belonged to the open road and hated switching.

"Then get. The Flying Freight's ditched forty mile out, with fifty rods o' track ploughed up. No; no one's hurt, but both tracks are blocked. Lucky the wreckin' car an' derrick are this end of the yard. Crew'll be along in a minute. Hurry! You've the track."

"Well, I could jest kick my little sawed-off self," said Poney, as .007 was backed, with a bang, on to a grim and grimy car like a caboose, but full of tools—a flat-car and a derrick behind it. "Some folks are one thing and some are another; but *you're* in luck, kid. They push a wreck-

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ing-car. Now, don't get rattled. Your wheel-base will keep you on the track, and there ain't any curves worth mentionin'. Oh, say! Comanche told me there's one section o' saw-edged track that's liable to jump ye a little. Fifteen an' a half out, *after* the grade at Jackson's crossin'. You'll know it by a farm-house an' a wind-mill and five maples in the door-yard. Wind-mill's west o' the maples, an' there's an eighty-foot iron bridge in the middle o' the section with no guard-rails. See you later. Luck!"

Before he knew well what had happened, .007 was flying up the track into the wide dark world. Then fears of the night beset him. He remembered all he had ever heard of landslides, rain-piled bowlders, blown trees, and strayed cattle; all that the Boston Compound had ever said of responsibility and a great deal more that came out of his own head. With a very quavering voice he whistled for his first grade-crossing (an event in the life of a locomotive) and his nerves were in no way restored by the sight of a frantic horse and a white-faced man in a buggy less than a yard from his right shoulder. Then he was sure he would jump the track; felt his flanges mounting the rail at every curve; knew that his first grade would make him lie down even as Comanche had done at the Newtons. He whirled down the grade to Jackson's crossing, saw the wind-mill west of the maples, felt the badly laid rails spring under him, and sweated big drops all over his boiler. At each jarring bump he believed an axle had smashed and he took the eighty-foot bridge without the guard-rail, like a hunted cat on the top of a fence. Then a wet leaf stuck against the glass of his headlight and threw a flying shadow on the track, so that he thought it was some little dancing animal that would feel soft if he ran over it; and anything soft underfoot frightens a locomotive as it does an elephant. But the men behind seemed quite calm. The wrecking crew were climbing carelessly from the caboose to the tender—even jesting with the engineer, for he heard a shuffling of feet among his coal and the snatch of a song, something like this:

Oh the "Empire State" must learn to wait,
And the "Cannon-ball" go hang!
When the West-bound's ditched, and the tool-car's hitched,
And it's 'way for the Breakdown Gang (Tara-ra!)
Way for the Breakdown Gang!

"Say! Eustis knew what he was doin' when he designed this rig. She's a hummer. New, too."

"Snff! Phew! She *is* new. That ain't paint. That's ——"

A burning pain shot through .007's right rear driver—a crippling, stinging pain.

"This," said .007, as he flew, "is a hot box. Now I know what it means. I shall go to pieces, I guess. My first road run, too!"

"Het a bit, ain't she?" the fireman ventured to suggest to the engineer.

"She'll hold for all we want of her. We're most there. Guess you chaps back had better climb into your car," said the engineer, with his hand lightly on the brake lever. "I've seen men snapped off——"

But the crew fled back with laughter. They had no wish to be jerked on to the track. The engineer half turned his wrist and .007 found his drivers pinned firm.

"Now it's come!" said .007, as he yelled aloud, and slid like a sleigh. For the moment he fancied he would jerk bodily from off his underpinning.

"That must be the emergency-stop, Poney talked about," he gasped, as soon as he could think. "Hot box—emergency stop. They both hurt; but now I can talk about 'em in the round-house."

He was halted a few feet in the rear of what doctors would call a compound-comminuted car. His engineer was kneeling down among his drivers, but he did not call .007 his "Arab steed," or cry over him as the engineers did in the newspapers. He just bad-worded .007 and pulled yards of charred cotton waste from .007's axles and hoped he might some day catch the idiot who had packed it. Nobody else attended to him, for Evans, the Mogul's engineer, a little cut about the head, but very angry, was exhibiting, by lantern light, the mangled corpse of a slim blue pig.

"'Tweren't even a decent sized hog," he said. "'Twere a shote."

"Dangerousest beasts, they are," said one of the crew. "Get under the pilot an' sort o' twiddle ye off the track, don't they?"

"Don't they?" roared Evans, who was

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a red-headed Welshman. "You talk as if I was ditched by a hog every fool-day o' the week. *I* ain't friends with all the cussed half-fed shotes in the State o' New York. No, indeed! Yes, this is him—an' look what he's done!"

It was not a bad night's work for one stray piglet. The Flying Freight seemed to have flown in every direction, for the Mogul had mounted the rails and run diagonally for a few hundred feet from right to left, taking with him such cars as cared to follow. Some did not. They broke their couplers and lay down, while rear cars frolicked over them. In that game, they had ploughed up and removed, and twisted a good deal of the left-hand track. The Mogul himself had waddled into a corn field, and there he stood—fantastic wreaths of green twisted round his crank-pins; his pilot covered with solid clods of field, on which corn nodded drunkenly; his fire put out with dirt (Evans had done that as soon as he recovered his senses) and his broken headlight half full of half-burned moths. His tender had thrown coal all over him, and he looked like a disreputable buffalo, who had tried to wallow in a general store. For there were, scattered over the landscape, from the burst cars, typewriters, sewing-machines; bicycles in crates; a consignment of silver-plated imported harness; French dresses and gloves; a dozen finely moulded hardwood mantels; a fifteen foot naphtha-launch, with a solid brass bedstead crumpled around her bows; a case of telescopes and microscopes; two coffins; a case of very best candies; some gilt edged dairy-produce, butter and eggs in an omelette; a broken box of expensive toys; and a few hundred other luxuries. A camp of tramps hurried up from nowhere and generously volunteered to help the crew. So the brakemen, armed with coupler-pins, walked up and down on one side, and the freight-conductor and the fireman patrolled the other with their hands in their hip-pockets. A long-bearded man came out of a house beyond the cornfield and told Evans that if the accident had happened a little later in the year, all his corn would have been burned, and accused Evans of carelessness. Then he ran away, with Evans at his heels shrieking: "'Twas his hog done it—his hog done it! Let me kill him! Let me kill him!" Then the wrecking crew laughed; and the farmer put his head out of a window and said Evans was no gentleman.

But .007 was very sober. He had never seen a wreck before and it frightened him. The crew still laughed, but they worked at the same time; and .007 forgot his horror in amazement at the way they handled the Mogul freight. They dug round him with spades; they put ties in front of his wheels, and jack-screws under him. They embraced him with the derrick-chain and tickled him with crowbars, while .007 was hitched on to wrecked cars and backed away till either the knot broke, or the cars rolled clear of the track. By dawn, thirty or forty men were at work, replacing and ramming down the ties, gauging the rails and spiking them. By daylight, all the cars who could move had gone on in charge of another loco; the track was freed for traffic; and .007 had hauled the old Mogul over a small pavement of ties, inch by inch, till his flanges bit the rail once more, and he settled down with a clank. But his spirit was broken, and his nerve was gone.

"'Tweren't even a hog," he repeated, dolefully. "'Twere a shote, and you—*you* of all of 'em—had to help me on."

"But, how in the whole long road did it happen?" asked .007, sizzling with curiosity.

"Happen! It didn't happen! It just come! I sailed right on top of him around that last curve—thought he was a skunk. Yes, he was all as little as that. He hadn't more'n squealed once 'fore I felt my bogies lift (he'd rolled right under the pilot) and I couldn't catch the track again to save me. Swivelled clean off I was. Then I felt him sling himself along, all greasy, under my left leadin' driver and, Oh, Boilers! that mounted the rail. I heard my flanges zippin' along the ties an' the next I knew I was playin' 'Sally, Sally Waters' in the corn, my tender shuckin' coal through my cab, an' old man Evans lyin' still an' bleedin' in front o' me. Shook? There ain't a stay or a bolt, or a rivet in me that ain't sprung to glory somewhere."

"Umm!" said .007, "what d'you reckon you weigh?"

"Without these lumps o' dirt I'm all of a hundred thousand pound."

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"And the shote?"

"Eighty. Call him a hundred at the outside. He's worth about four'n a half dollars. Ain't it awful. Ain't it enough to give you nervous prostration? Ain't it paralyzin'. Why, I come just around that curve—" and the Mogul told the tale again, for he was very badly shaken.

"Well, it's all in the day's run, I guess," said .007, soothingly. "An'—an' a cornfield's pretty soft fallin'."

"If it had bin a sixty-foot bridge, an' I could ha' slid off into deep water an' blown up an' killed both men, same as others have done, I wouldn't ha' cared, but to be ditched by a shote—an' you to help me out—in a cornfield—an' an old hayseed in his nightgown cussin' me like as if I was a sick truck-horse. . . . Oh, it's awful! Don't call me Mogul! I'm a sewin' machine. They'll guy my sand-box off in the yard.

And .007, his hot box cooled and his experience enlarged, hauled the Mogul freight slowly to the round-house.

"Hello, old man! Bin out all night, hain't ye?" said the irrepressible Poney, who had just come off duty. "Well, I must say you look it. Costly—perishable—fragile—immediate—that's you! Go to the shops, take them vine-leaves out o' your hair an' git 'em to play the hose on you."

"Leave him alone, Poney," said .007 severely, as he was swung on the turntable, "or I'll ——"

"'Didn't know the old granger was any special friend o' yours, kid. He wasn't over civil to you last time I saw him."

"I know it; but I've seen a wreck since then, and it has about scared the paint off me. I'm not going to guy anyone as long as I steam—not when they're new to the business an' anxious to learn. And I'm not goin' to guy the old Mogul either, though I did find him wreathed around with roastin' ears. 'Twas a little bit of a shote—not a hog—just a shote, Poney—no bigger'n a lump of anthracite—I saw it—that made all the mess. Anybody can be ditched, I guess."

"Found that out already, have you? Well, that's a good beginnin'." It was the Purple Emperor, with his high, tight, plate-glass cab and green velvet cushion, waiting to be cleaned for his next day's fly.

"Let me make you two gen'lemen acquainted," said Poney. "This, is our Purple Emperor, Kid, whom you were admirin' and, I may say, envyin', last night. This is a new brother, worshipful sir, with most of his mileage ahead of him but, so far as a serving-brother can, I'll answer for him."

"'Happy to meet you," said the Purple Emperor, with a glance round the crowded round-house. "I guess there are enough of us here to form a full meetin'. Ahem! By virtue of the authority vested in me as head of the Road, I hereby declare and pronounce Number .007, a full and accepted brother of the Amalgamated Brotherhood of Locomotives, and as such entitled to all shop, switch, track, tank and round-house privileges throughout my jurisdiction, in the degree of Superior Flier; it bein' well-known and credibly reported to me, that our Brother has covered forty-one miles in thirty-nine minutes and a half on an errand of mercy to the afflicted. At a convenient time, I myself, will communicate to you the song and signal of this Degree whereby you may be recognized in the darkest night. Take your stall, newly entered Brother, among Locomotives!

. . . . . .

Now in the darkest night, even as the Purple Emperor said, if you will stand on the bridge across the freight-yard, looking down upon the four-track way, at 2.30 A.M., neither before nor after, when the "White Moth," that takes the overflow from the "Purple Emperor," tears south, with her seven vestibuled cream-white cars, you will hear, as the yard-clock makes the half-hour, a far away sound like the bass of a violincello and then, a hundred feet to each word:

With a michnai — ghignai — schtingal! Yah! Yah! Yah!
Ein—zwei—drei—mutter! Yah! Yah! Yah!
She climb upon der shteeple
Und she frighten all the people
Singin' michnai — ghignai — shtingal! Yah! Yah!

That is .007 covering his one hundred and eighty-six miles in two hundred and one minutes.

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THE UNQUIET SEX

FIRST PAPER—THE WOMAN COLLEGIAN

By Helen Watterson Moody

I

THE woman collegian, both as a graduate and an undergraduate, is a very serious young person. So is her brother, but he is serious about different things. As an undergraduate he takes his fraternities and his societies and his clubs and his Alma Mater's record in athletics with great gravity; he takes his particular college very hard indeed; he is a Yale or a Cornell or a Harvard man, and that is about all there is of him for the first year after graduation. Then he gets over it. But his sister thinks more of her education than she does of her college, and her choice of electives is of more importance to her than her choice of societies. When she gets out of school, even after several years—when her brother has digested all his importance as a collegian and thinks only of his college training as a good thing to have had in order that he might know how little it was worth, after all, except to set him on an easy level with other fellows, and give him an occasional interest in athletics and put him into a university club—the woman collegian does not succeed in sloughing off her scholastic habits of thought. She goes in for serious reforms and postgraduate knowledge. She has convictions beyond her unschooled sister, and is, even yet, caught writing papers on the careers of college women, and listening while others discourse upon what college women owe the world. All this makes her a trifle *posée*, overassertive, too conscious of herself and her type. Thus she has attracted to herself a certain interest, which is not all admiration, as one may get the attention of a drawing-room by an awkward and self-conscious entrance. Her learning is distinctly an acquirement and not a part of herself, and not infrequently fits her badly, like a suit of ready-made clothes. It is still customary, even in polite circles, to make distinct mention of "collegiate advantages" whenever a young woman is present who has been fortunate enough to enjoy them, in order that the unwary stranger may have his cue. While everything in Tom's life after Harvard is calculated to take the nonsense out of him, and to put the man collegian on a level with the rest of us, everything in Harriet's life in college, and out of it, marks her as one set apart. And all this after thirty years of college training for women, and with thousands of women graduates, whose lives and achievements bear witness to the fact that a woman may undertake the utmost severities of what is still politely known as the "higher" education, without giving the least indication then or thereafter of remarkable ability of any kind.

"And a very good thing it is, too," as Mr. Punch says in answer to the sentiment, "There's no place like home." It would be sad, indeed, if a young woman who asks no more than the indifferent equipment for life that a college training gives should be made to pay the penalty of extraordinariness therefor, when to be ordinary is so much more wholesome for the individual and so much more desirable for the world in general.

There are several reasons why this unfortunate solemnity attaches itself to Harriet's education, some of which will be easily dissipated, no doubt, as the results of education inhere in the physical and mental constitution of women. When one's grandmother is known to have been a bachelor of the liberal arts, a master's degree for the fourth descendant is a matter of simple assumption. But some of these reasons will not disappear until certain defects in the college training for women shall have been remedied. I suppose we all agree that the ideal education for women does not result from segregating them, since the segregation of either

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sex is sure to result in intensifying its peculiarities. As a sex, women are disposed to take things too seriously, and to dissipate vital force in that nervous debauch known as worrying. Ten women shut in together will worry one hundred times as much as ten men shut in together, and especially is this true when the women have the unstable equilibrium of the emotions that goes with youth. So, also, a hundred women shut in together will exhaust themselves, presently, merely by being together, the sensitive temperaments eating into each other like corrosive acids. The housing of hundreds of girls in large dormitories, with a common sitting-room for three or four girls, is wholly inadequate to the needs of human nature, and some day some wise woman with money to spend for the better education of women (which is not necessarily the higher education) will build the ideal home for women students, in which there shall be no more than a dozen girls, each of whom shall have a suite of rooms altogether her own, into which she may shut herself as she wills, for the solitude which is so necessary alike to the health of the soul and the body, and which, more than anything else, relieves the nervous tension brought about by the action and reaction of one personality upon another. Meantime I wish it were possible for some college president to try the experiment of requiring each woman student to spend one or two hours of each day absolutely alone and relaxed, that the whirling mind and quivering nerves might hush themselves with the blessedness of silence and seclusion. Such quiet insistence upon the individual life would do much toward a correction of the common and not unnatural tendency among these segregated and unstable young women to lavish themselves in extravagant friendships with each other, and very often, also, in excessive and emotional admiration for some teacher, whose personal magnetism is thus made to bring tribute to her egotism and vanity. The wisest and most helpful teacher is not the one whom the girls themselves "rave over" and find most "magnetic." It is she who carefully avoids the appeal to the emotions, and who, without repelling the affections, knows how to check hysterical excess and keep the young nature cool and steady by a delicate reserve and a gentle decision at the first indication of need. It is a curious fact in psychology —or is it physiology?—that while hero worship is a good thing for a boy it is seldom a good thing for a girl.

It is declared, by those who have had the opportunity of judging, that one of the advantages of coeducation is a distinct lessening of the emotional and nervous strain among the women students. Just why the presence of men as teachers and fellow-pupils should have both a quieting and a tonic effect upon women, I leave it for others wiser than myself to explain, but there is certainly less nervous tension, morbidity, and self-consciousness among college women associated with men than among those in the women's colleges, even though there is also to be found an occasional instance of that exclusive love between a man and a woman, which will spring up sometimes even in the arid soil of the higher education. To many persons this last is a most undesirable state of affairs, and is considered by them one of the unanswerable arguments against coeducation. It is a fact that boys and girls in college do sometimes fall in love, and sometimes they marry, though oftener they both get well out of it before their first year of separation is past. Of course falling in love "takes their minds off their books," in the phrase of the anxious parent, but love is a distraction whenever it occurs, and it is hard to believe that there can be granted a more fortunate opportunity for indulging in so engrossing an experience than the seclusion and serenity of college life. I should call those two young persons exceptionally blest by fortune who get their falling in love satisfactorily accomplished before graduation, in the "little, bubbling back-water of the quadrangle." Nor is the value of a tender experience of this kind in early youth to be despised in casting up the sum of the educative forces in college life. Aside from the general humanizing effect it is sure to have on the young male animal, this experience usually results in opening up to him a whole new world of intellectual perceptions. The objective world, which was his so long, suddenly grows dim. He

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learns, probably for the first time, the value of introspection, the uses of poetry, the joys of melancholy, the possibility—nay, the potency—of quite another point of view than his own. When a man, or a woman, has been years out of college he not infrequently looks back to find that the influences most potent and helpful and sweetest to remember were not the triumphs in the class-room, the struggles in the debating society, the slow acquirement of random and unprofitable fact, but the touch of arm in arm on the college campus, the "simmerings of thought and heart at the hearthstone of a friend," and perhaps also the sophomore love that was so awakening, so delicate, so deep, and so evanescent!

II

JUST what should be the ideal education for women is, and must be, an unsettled question for some time to come; for it is still undetermined how largely the area of woman's needs and activities should be bounded by sex limitations, and how largely it may be identified with the needs and activities of men. This conclusion, when it comes, will be deduced not from tradition nor ambition, nor from personal prejudice, but from science, through the things biology and physiology and sociology have yet to find out about this serious matter of sex. We have lately been told by a man and a microscope that a division of labor upon the lines of sex is distinctly marked as far down in the animal world as the sponges. If this be true, it would seem that no system of education for human beings can be comprehensive and satisfactory that leaves out of account this first dividing principle. For thirty years, now, we have been exploiting a higher education for women, based on what has been called the rational principle that there is no sex in mind, and yet, as a matter of fact, the idea of sex has not been lost sight of for an hour. The education of women has still proceeded along the lines of sex—the other sex. A strenuous insistence in the women's colleges that the curricula should be as nearly as possible identical with those of men, the constant and jealous watch kept on the comparative standings of young men and women in examinations, the inbreeding and intensifying of sex peculiarities in the women's colleges—through desire to remain womanly, though educated—surely all these are the certain indices of the sex idea in education.

But even more significant of the persistency and power of this underlying thought has been the result of the higher education as expressed in the immediate desire of the young woman, upon graduation, to stake out for herself a career in the world, to do something that shall be noticeable if not notable, with an idea of proving to the world that she can do a man's work as well as a man, displaying no prepossession in favor of doing a woman's work as well as a woman can do it. The higher education of women without reference to sex seems, thus far, to have resulted greatly in the glorification of men and men's work, and in dissatisfaction with women and women's work; which is the most logical thing in the world, and quite to be expected, so long as we insist upon ignoring certain simple, radical, dignified distinctions between the sexes. I hasten to say, with the introduction of this threadbare and somewhat bedraggled phrase, that such sex distinctions as I have in mind have nothing to do with any childish and uneasy comparison of the relative endowment of the sexes—that can surely be trusted to take care of itself and to expound itself fully with time and a little judicious negligence. But as things are at present, with half the capable women of the world doing the work of men, and the other half wishing they could do it, while the whole economic situation is upset by thousands of unfortunate incapables who are only trying to earn a temporary and unlucky living until they can marry into a better one, there seems to be a desperate need of some serviceable division of labor along the lines of sex. Since it is to be devoutly hoped and expected that the greater part of our college girls will not be educated or coeducated out of the good old fashion of marrying and taking up thereafter the noble profession of housewifery, it would appear to be as practicable and sensible to educate a girl with some reference to the special and particular knowledge she will need in her life's work

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as it is to put a boy into the School of Mines to make him a civil engineer, or into the laboratory to make a chemist of him.

I know the argument to the contrary; I used to write about it myself, and believe it, too; but that was before the serious days settled down upon me, when I would gladly have exchanged my small birthright of Latin and Greek for the ability to make one single, respectable mess of anything half so good as pottage. The argument is, of course, that, given a certain amount of intellectual discipline and general training, the young woman will absorb easily enough such special facts as she needs when the time of their usefulness comes. But facts, you see, are apt to be solid things; you cannot absorb them; you must work them over into something else first—to change the figure, you must masticate them, and digest them, and make them a very part of your bone and tissue before they can be of much service to you. And this is not to be done when a sudden emergency arises. One needs something more than facts; one needs that last product known as a knowledge of facts, in the profession of the housewife and in the presence of the cook.

A college preparation for this profession is by no means to be interpreted as any distasteful and indelicate preparation for the privileges and duties of an estate toward which the young girl has not, as yet, the slightest inclination. It is rather a simple and dignified recognition of the sociological fact that women and the home, and all the social institutions that spring from the home, are interdependent, and that, whether we are willing as yet to admit it or not, the natural and simple division of human labor is the one that assigns to women the duties and activities that centre in the home. The first division of human labor was undoubtedly one of sex in those days when Primitive Man went out hunting, fishing, or fighting, while his primitive wife stayed by the fire to keep it bright against his return, and to develop such rude industries as grew out of his needs and her ingenuity; and I make so bold as to say, though with trembling pen, that I have never been able to see why women should quarrel with this division of human labor, or feel crestfallen over it. Either it was accidental—in which case nothing derogatory either to women or their ability is assumed, much less proved—or else it sprang from causes so deep as to reach down and enwrap the very roots of human nature and the first conditions of human society; and then there is no use in being disturbed about it, because there is no chance of altering it. Nothing is so unchangeable as those instincts and convictions which lie at the base of human nature to keep the foundations of things steady and secure. It would be sad indeed if the present struggle against sex limitations should prove to be a quarrel with the nature of things, for, as Mr. Lowell once said, "whoever wittingly or unwittingly quarrels with the nature of things is certain in the long run to get the worst of it."

III

THE health of the college woman leaves something to be desired. But it is Americanitis rather than the college education that is to blame. Americanitis may be defined as the desire to "get on," regardless of everything else. It is Americanitis that prompts the farmer's daughter to get a college education and make opportunities for herself better than those her mother and father had before her. Therefore she goes to a small college, in a small town, with a preparatory department attached, where she often begins her education as a "junior prep." She furnishes a single room in which she, and often a roommate, study, sleep, eat, make their clothes, and sometimes do their laundering. She keeps up in her studies, joins a choral class, a literary society, and the Young Women's Christian Association; goes to chapel once a day and twice on Sunday—and very often falls in love and "gets engaged" besides. At the beginning of her senior year she breaks down. She ought to. It's the very least she can do out of respect to herself as a human being.

The situation is but little changed in the larger and richer colleges, where the great proportion of the undergraduates are poor girls, the daughters of clergymen, or missionaries, or business men in moderate circumstances; girls to whom their education is the means to an end, bread and butter and bonnets for themselves, cer-

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tainly, and perhaps a college education for a younger brother or sister. Once in college an ambitious girl gets into a swim of things she wants to do. Besides the fifteen to twenty recitations a week, without which her craving for knowledge cannot be satisfied, she finds a world of smaller interests with which she seriously identifies herself or as seriously lets alone. There are the Philolethians or the Idlers, and the Colonial Dances, and the concerts, and the Shakespeare Clubs, and the lectures, and all the complexities of new thoughts and new personal relations, all of which this tense young woman wishes to take at a gulp, as Great Opportunities of life, and with a solemnity that defeats their very end. This is perhaps not unnatural while so many of our American girls have still to seek their culture otherwhere than in their own homes, the while they are still too young to realize that not what they acquire, but what they enjoy, is at once the test and the measure of their culture.

Co-ordinate with Americanitis as interfering with the health of the undergraduate is her inheritance of what I should like to call, if nobody objects, Johncalvinitis—meaning that contempt for the body which is, let us hope, the last outcropping of those old Puritan ancestors of ours, who prayed as if they had lost their souls, and ate as if they had lost their bodies. I am very sure of this because I have watched the undergraduate eat, and she eats badly. She chooses her food apparently from pure caprice or from a personal idiosyncrasy that ought to be reformed. Doubtless she knows very well, having learned it in the laboratory, that proper nutrition is secured only by the combination of certain food substances in certain proportion; nevertheless, she makes her luncheon of bread and butter and tea, and pie, if she feels like it, and her dinner of a soup and a salad. There is still much to be done, you see, in educating the gustatory instincts of the college woman, as undoubtedly there is still room for improvement in the composition and preparation of the daily bills of fare, even in our largest and richest colleges. When, to the elemental education in cookery which the ideal college for women is going to supply, there is established, also, a chair of gastronomy for the education of the American palate, and the elevation of the American mind to an appreciation of the dignity of cooking as a science and of eating as a fine art, such an affront to the educated palate will no longer be possible as was recently set before an honored Englishwoman in one of our most important women's colleges. It was a Sunday-night "tea" at six o'clock, after a heavy mid-day dinner, and it consisted of hot biscuits, cold sardines, hot chocolate, stewed cherries and chocolate cake.

Surely the ability to detect with appreciation the subtle blending of an exquisite sauce, or the flavor of a salad, or the power of making a harmonious composition of companionable savors in a single meal, is as distinctly a result and a test of culture as the appreciation of the eye in painting, or the ear in music, while the ability to set forth a suave and delicate dish as the product of one's own skill possibly contributes as much to the sum of good in the world as a moderately bad translation of a German pessimist, or even a new manifestation in philanthropic possibilities. Supposing, for a moment, that the coming century were to have in it the seeds of a new Carlyle, it might be considered a service to mankind if some college woman could contrive to give us the philosopher without the dyspepsia.

The attitude of the average woman undergraduate toward athletics is usually misunderstood. The Sunday illustrated papers to the contrary, very few college women live in golf clothes or sweaters, or wear snowshoes to recitations. On the contrary, most of them detest "gym," and evade its practice whenever they can, by any allegation of physical infirmity or other necessity. Too often their sole concession to the needs of their young muscles is a long walk, at infrequent intervals, with another girl, while the two talk about their worries, or their college work, or their present needs, or their future purposes. The question of physical exercise is, as any college president knows, one of the most perplexing in the college life; its necessity is so fundamental, and its accomplishment so unsatisfactory. And yet there is something too natural and spontaneous in the rebellion against the gymnasium to admit of the reproof that prudence suggests. It would seem as though the young women have discovered instinctively for

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themselves that, at its best, a splendidly equipped gymnasium is only a substitute for the real thing, and that its use is pathological rather than physiological. The true physical exercise is unconscious of self-improvement as its purpose or end; it is pure overflow. The gymnasium is for those who train with purpose and with effort, but the ideal exercise is not work, it is the muscles playing. However, as things are now, with the forlorn inheritance of overworked nerves and underworked muscles which the average American girl brings into the world with her, the gymnasium is a necessary remedial agent. Some day, it is to be hoped, we shall enter upon a physical estate wherein we can take the open world for a gymnasium, but until that day comes, until the entail has accumulated for several generations, let us still agree to be tolerant of the gymnasium as a distinct means of grace and growth, both literally and figuratively.

IV

THERE is nothing to be regretted in the fact that nineteen out of twenty young women who graduate from college take up at once some means of earning a livelihood. The twentieth girl, who does not, is the one to be pitied. It is not easy to say which is the harder to bear with equanimity and philosophy, the postponements of youth or the disillusionments of middle age. I sometimes think we pay too great consideration to what has been called "the decline in animal heat," and too little to the demands of leaping young blood, in whose red corpuscles inheres the necessity for instant declaration and activity. Thus it is that the twentieth girl often finds her first year out of college the hardest one in her life. After four years of definite routine work, done in the "sweet serenity of books," with like-minded friends to give zest to labor and rest to recreation, she now finds herself in a world with which she has grown greatly out of touch. The home life has become adjusted to her absence, and, much to her surprise, goes on smoothly without her. Some of the girls who were her friends before her college days are already married, and some hopefully engaged; young men are not enthusiastically prepossessed in favor of the woman collegian, and, any way, the circles of intimacy are already established, and she stands quite outside them. Meantime, with noble ambitions, but with unformed purposes and undirected powers, she longs mightily for something definite and worthy on which to expend herself, and this she usually fancies lies outside the home; for she is not yet wise, and her philosophy of life is not final, therefore she does not see, as it is to be hoped she will later on, that the richness and rewards of a woman's life have nothing to do with that gospel of ambition of which she has possibly heard too much.

Therefore, if the young woman graduate have any desire at all for activity outside the home, she will be much happier and healthier and better satisfied with herself if she can win the consent of a doubting father or an over-tender mother to let her go about it at once. The mere fact that her father possesses a competence and is perfectly willing to continue her support need not weigh against her wishes. There are other necessities than dollar ones. If the girl has right royal good sense, there will, in time, develop in her character areas of wisdom, and she will come back all the more contented, after her little fling in the busy world, to marry some wisely chosen and fortunate young man, or to comfort her father and mother in their declining years, and hold her sway in the home, well sunned and ripened by her added experience. Besides, there is always the chance that she may develop real talent for the work she has undertaken, and, distancing her brothers in the race for fame, become herself the family pride and prodigy.

Usually a baker's dozen or more of the nineteen graduates who must work drift into teaching. Not that they specially like it, or feel their ability to shine as educators, but because it is the work that lies closest to the traditions and interests of the college life, and because it is still the one profession into which the door swings most easily for women. Hundreds of college-bred women have been, and are, capably and efficiently engaged in teaching, and a few have gained a certain distinction as presidents and professors in

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colleges for women, but no great and original educator has come from among them. Occasionally a determined young graduate gets a foothold in a newspaper office, and usually keeps it with credit to herself and her higher education, yet the few women editors of eminence have not been college-bred, and there is nothing to be gained by concealing the fact that the college women who have undertaken journalism seem, as yet, to have had no influence in sweetening the flood of sensational and nasty print for which the newspaper women of the country must bear their share of discredit with the newspaper men.

The number of college women who have taken up medicine is considerable—some of them, no doubt, from a real love of science, and some for love of a career. While their work has been able and their success undoubted, it is just to say that they have not contributed originally to medical science. There are a few women collegians in law, in literature, in the pulpit, and in other professions, and their helpfulness and enthusiasm have been especially noticeable in educational and philanthropic work; they have done much to promote University Extension, in the upbuilding—not to say the uplifting—of the public schools, while in the college settlements, the free kindergartens, and in the gracious charities that spring therefrom their tact and courage have been unflagging and undaunted. In all these fields of usefulness the work of college women, "taken by and large," has been good, honest, competent work, about like that of the average industrious man; but it has been derivative, not creative; complemental, not brilliant; offering little opportunity for sex celebration on the part of those enthusiasts who believe that women have needed only a diploma and a ballot to be brilliantly equipped for conquering all the world that men have left unconquered.

The most notable work undertaken by college women in their thirty years of opportunity is one which is still in its infancy, but which, when developed, is likely to do more for that emancipation for which believers sigh than all the legislation of men and all the oratory of women. In the chemistry of foods, the science of nutrition, the sanitation of the house, the economics of the home, their work has been both original and thoroughly scientific. It has not only added something to science, but has opened up certain new departments in special sciences. That the one original contribution of college women to the thought of the world should have been made upon these lines is pleasing and significant, for it puts the most efficient work of the educated woman in the same category with the most efficient work of all other women—with those humanizing and conserving and elaborating forces which add content and extent to life, and which are—when shall we be satisfied to learn it?—just as fundamentally important, just as dignified, and (if we must also be heroic) just as difficult, as the constructive and creative forces. Perhaps, also, the suspicion is to be deduced that women are contributing most helpfully to the world when they are willing to develop those abilities and possibilities with which custom, or prejudice, or nature — call it what you will — has made them most familiar; when they are not working in the direction of greatest resistance; when they are not pulling upstream. Be that as it may, it hardly seems that the achievements of the college woman are as yet remarkable enough to cause men to sit uneasily upon their thrones, or to fear that they will be asked, for some time to come, to step down and take off their crowns. The college woman has justified herself by being hopefully "average" after all. The education she wanted she has had; it was right and just that she should have it, and it has done her good. Possibly it will do her still more good when she is able to forget it, or, if she must remember it, if she can realize that, in having it, she is to-day no farther ahead of the rest of the world than her mother was twenty-five years ago, when she carried home in triumph the diploma of the academy or the high-school where she had finished her education.

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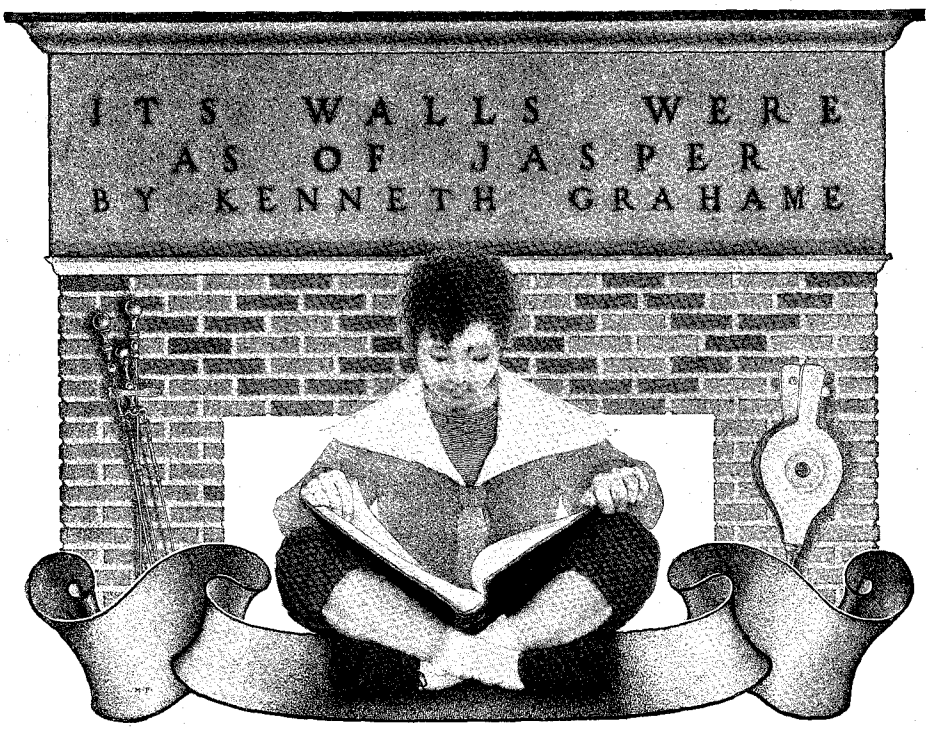
The Illustrations by Maxfield Parrish.



IN the long winter evenings, when we had the picture-books out on the floor, and sprawled together over them with elbows deep in the hearth-rug, the first business to be gone through was the process of allotment. All the characters in the pictures had to be assigned and dealt out among us, according to seniority, as far as they would go. When once that had been satisfactorily completed, the story was allowed to proceed; and thereafter, in addition to the excitement of the plot, one always possessed a personal interest in some particular member of the cast, whose successes or rebuffs one took as so much private gain or loss.

For Edward this was satisfactory enough. Claiming his right of the eldest, he would annex the hero in the very frontispiece; and for the rest of the story his career, if chequered at intervals, was sure of heroic episodes and a glorious close. But his juniors, who had to put up with characters of a clay more mixed—nay, sometimes with undiluted villany—were hard put to it on occasion to defend their other selves (as it was strict etiquette to do) from ignominy perhaps only too justly merited.

Edward was indeed a hopeless grabber. In the "Buffalo-book," for instance (so named from the subject of its principal picture, though indeed it dealt with varied slaughter in every zone), Edward was the stalwart, bearded figure, with yellow leggings and a powder-horn, who undauntedly discharged the fatal bullet into the shoulder of the great bull bison, charging home to within a yard of his muzzle. To me was allotted the subsidiary character of the friend who had succeeded in bringing down a cow; while Harold had to be content to hold Edward's spare rifle in the background, with evident signs of uneasiness. Farther on, again, where the magnificent chamois sprang rigid into mid-air, Edward, crouched dizzily against the precipice-face, was the sportsman from whose weapon a puff of white smoke was floating away. A bare-kneed guide was all that fell to my share, while poor Harold had to take the boy with the haversack, or abandon, for this occasion at least, all Alpine ambitions.

Of course the girls fared badly in this book, and it was not surprising that they preferred the "Pilgrim's Progress" (for in-

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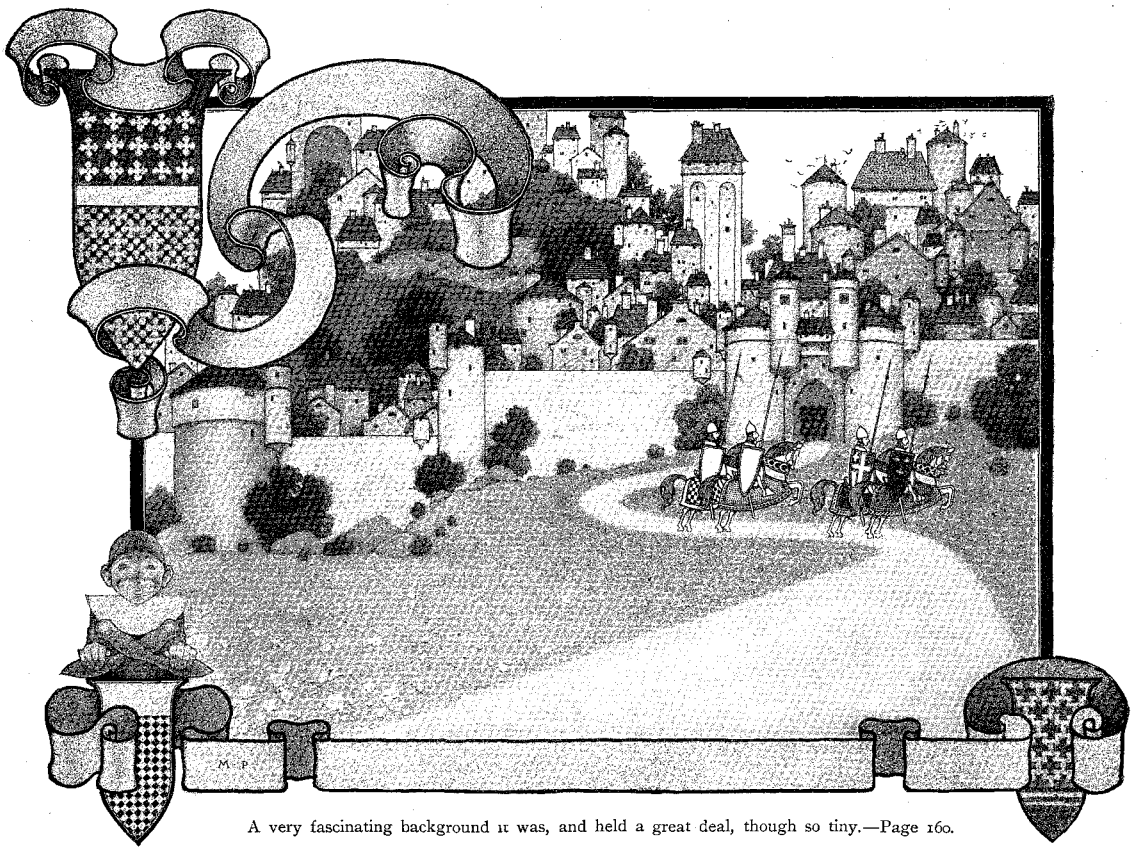

A very fascinating background it was, and held a great deal, though so tiny.—Page 160.

stance), where women had a fair show, and there was generally enough of 'em to go round; or a good fairy story, wherein princesses met with a healthy appreciation. But indeed we were all best pleased with a picture wherein the characters just fitted us, in number, sex, and qualifications; and this, to us, stood for artistic merit.

All the Christmas numbers, in their gilt frames on the nursery-wall, had been gone through and allotted long ago; and in these, sooner or later, each one of us got a chance to figure in some satisfactory and brightly colored situation. Few of the other pictures about the house afforded equal facilities. They were generally wanting in figures, and even when these were present they lacked dramatic interest. In this picture that I have to speak about, although the characters had a stupid way of not doing anything, and apparently not wanting to do anything, there was at least a sufficiency of them; so in due course they were allotted, too.

In itself the picture, which—in its ebony and tortoise-shell frame—hung in a corner of the dining-room, had hitherto possessed no special interest for us, and would probably never have been dealt with at all but for a revolt of the girls against a succession of books on sport, in which the illustrator seemed to have forgotten that there were such things as women in the world. Selina accordingly made for it one rainy morning, and announced that she was the lady seated in the centre, whose gown of rich, flowered brocade fell in such straight, severe lines to her feet, whose cloak of dark blue was held by a jewelled clasp, and whose long, fair hair was crowned with a diadem of gold and pearl. Well, we had no objection to that; it seemed fair enough, especially to Edward, who promptly proceeded to "grab" the armor-man who stood leaning on his shield at the lady's right hand. A dainty and delicate armor-man this! And I confess, though I knew it was all right and fair and orderly, I felt a slight pang when he passed out of my reach into Edward's possession. His armor was just the sort I wanted myself—scalloped and fluted and shimmering and spotless; and though he was but a boy by his beardless

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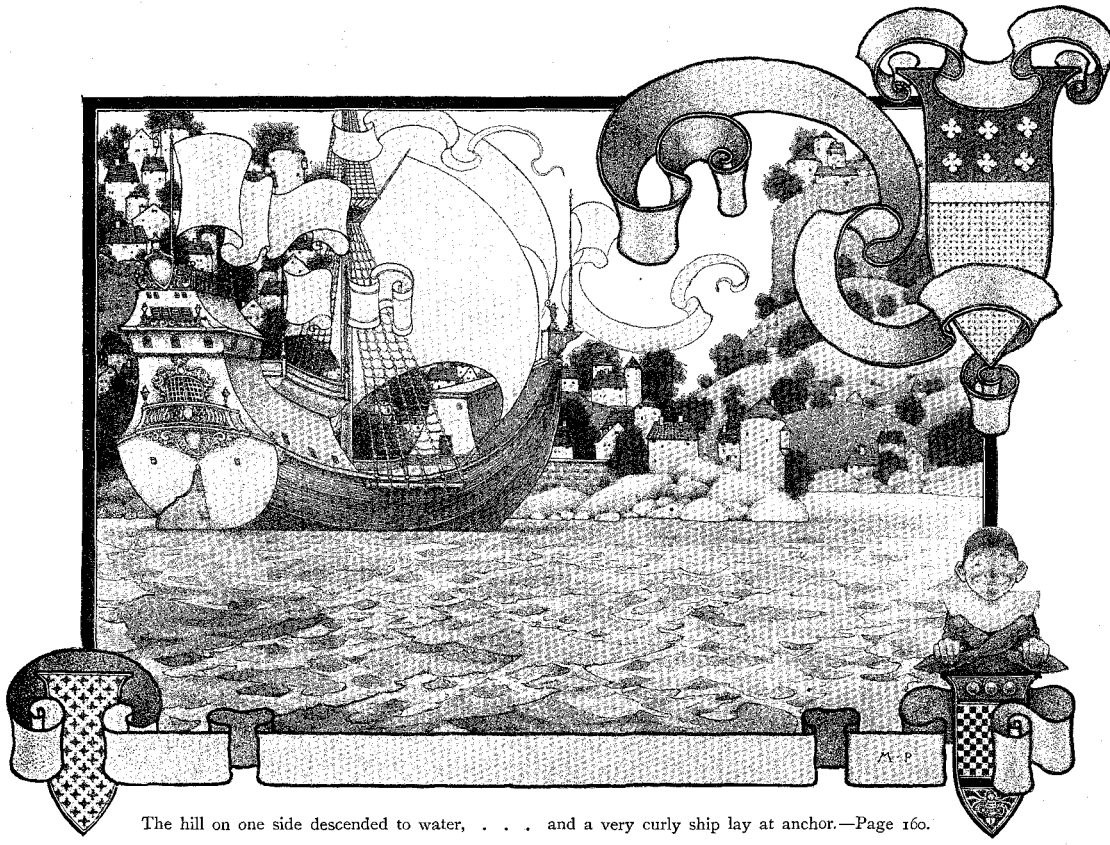

The hill on one side descended to water, . . . and a very curly ship lay at anchor.—Page 160.

face and golden hair, the shattered spear-shaft in his grasp proclaimed him a genuine fighter and fresh from some such agreeable work. Yes, I grudged Edward the armor-man, and when he said I could have the fellow on the other side, I hung back and said I'd think about it. This fellow had no armor nor weapons, but wore a plain jerkin with a leather pouch—a mere civilian—and with one hand he pointed to a wound in his thigh. I didn't care about him, and when Harold eagerly put in his claim I gave way and let him have the man. The cause of Harold's anxiety only came out later. It was the wound he coveted, it seemed. He wanted to have a big, sore wound of his very own, and go about and show it to people, and excite their envy or win their respect. Charlotte was only too pleased to take the child-angel seated at the lady's feet, grappling with a musical instrument much too big for her. Charlotte wanted wings badly, and, next to those, a guitar or a banjo. The angel, besides, wore an amber necklace, which took her fancy immensely.

This left the picture allotted, with the exception of two or three more angels, who peeped or perched behind the main figures with a certain subdued drollery in their faces, as if the thing had gone on long enough, and it was now time to upset something or kick up a row of some sort. We knew these good folk to be saints and angels, because we had been told they were; otherwise we should never have guessed it. Angels, as we knew them in our Sunday books, were vapid, colorless, uninteresting characters, with straight up-and-down sort of figures, white night-gowns, white wings, and the same straight yellow hair parted in the middle. They were serious, even melancholy; and we had no desire to have any traffic with them. These bright bejewelled little persons, however, piquant of face and radiant of feather, were evidently hatched from quite a different egg, and we felt we might have interests in common with them. Short-nosed, shock-headed, with mouths that went up at the corners and with an evident disregard for all their fine clothes, they would be the best of good

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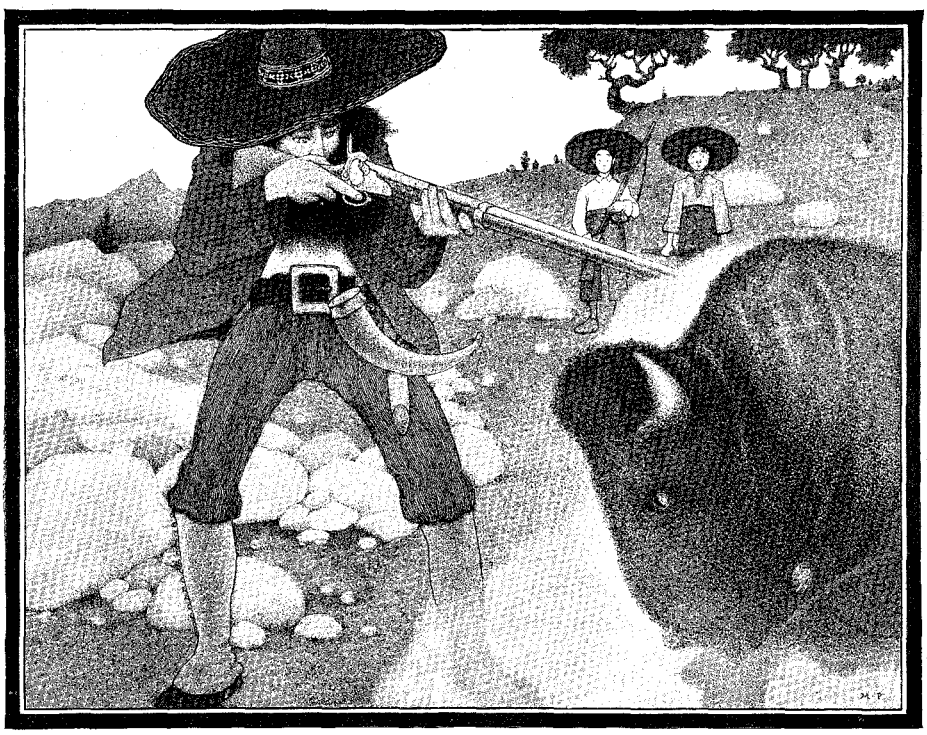

Edward was the stalwart, bearded figure, . . . who undauntedly discharged the fatal bullet into the shoulder of the great bull bison.—Page 157.

company, we felt sure, if only we could manage to get at them. One doubt alone disturbed my mind. In games requiring agility, those wings of theirs would give them a tremendous pull. Could they be trusted to play fair? I asked Selina, who replied scornfully that angels *always* played fair. But I went back and had another look at the brown-faced one peeping over the back of the lady's chair, and still I had my doubts.

When Edward went off to school a great deal of adjustment and re-allotment took place, and all the heroes of illustrated literature were at my call, did I choose to possess them. In this particular case, however, I made no haste to seize upon the armor-man. Perhaps it was because I wanted a *fresh* saint of my own, not a stale saint that Edward had been for so long a time. Perhaps it was rather that, since I had elected to be saintless, I had got into the habit of strolling off into the background, and amusing myself with what I found there. A very fascinating background it was, and held a great deal, though so tiny. Meadow-land came first, set with flowers, blue and red, like gems. Then a white road ran, with wilful, uncalled-for loops, up a steep, conical hill, crowned with towers, bastioned walls, and belfries; and down the road the little knights came riding, two and two. The hill on one side descended to water, tranquil, far-reaching, and blue; and a very curly ship lay at anchor, with one mast having an odd sort of crow's-nest at the top of it.

There was plenty to do in this pleasant land. The annoying thing about it was, one could never penetrate beyond a certain point. I might wander up that road as often as I liked, I was bound to be brought up at the gateway, the funny galleried, top-heavy gateway, of the little walled town. Inside, doubtless, there were high jinks going on; but the password was denied to me. I could get on board a boat and row up as far as the curly ship, but around the headland I might not go. On the other side, of a surety, the shipping lay thick. The merchants walked on the quay, and the sailors sang as they swung out the corded bales. But as for

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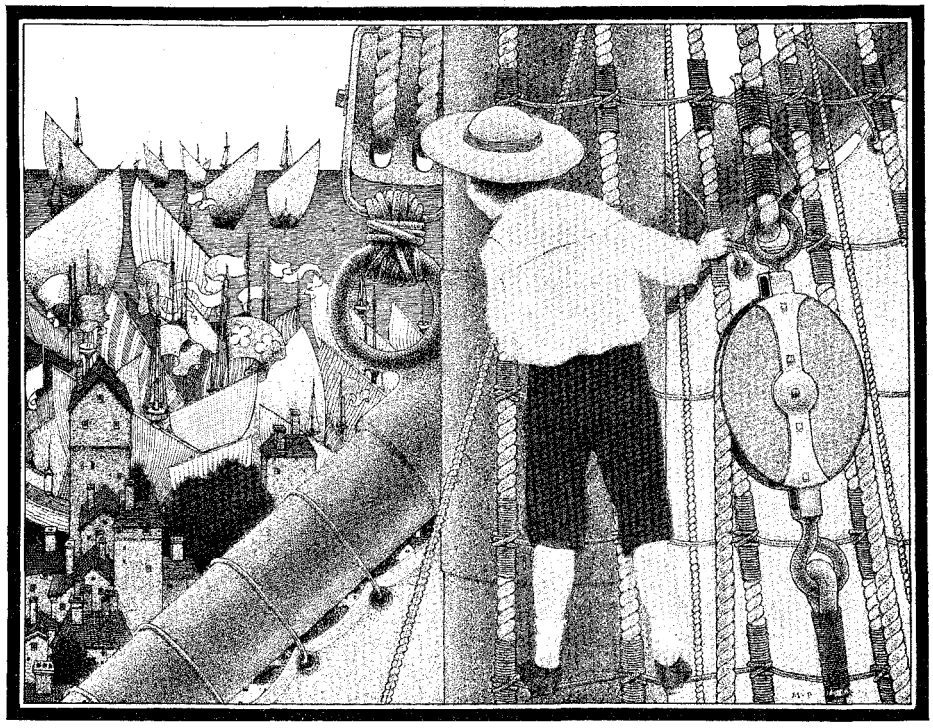

You could just see over the headland, and take in at your ease the life and bustle of the port.

me, I must stay down in the meadow, and imagine it all as best I could.

Once I broached the subject to Charlotte, and found, to my surprise, that she had had the same joys and encountered the same disappointments in this delectable country. She, too, had walked up that road and flattened her nose against that portcullis; and she pointed out something that I had overlooked—to wit, that if you rowed off in a boat to the curly ship, and got hold of a rope, and clambered aboard of her, and swarmed up the mast, and got into the crow's-nest, you could just see over the headland, and take in at your ease the life and bustle of the port. She proceeded to describe all the fun that was going on there, at such length and with so much particularity that I looked at her suspiciously. "Why, you talk as if you'd been in that crow's-nest yourself!" I said. Charlotte answered nothing, but pursed her mouth up and nodded violently for some minutes; and I could get nothing more out of her. I felt rather hurt. Evidently she had managed, somehow or other, to get up into that crow's-nest. Charlotte had got ahead of me on this occasion.

It was necessary, no doubt, that grown-up people should dress themselves up and go forth to pay calls. I don't mean that we saw any sense in the practice. It would have been so much more reasonable to stay at home in your old clothes and play. But we recognized that these folk had to do many unaccountable things, and after all it was *their* life, and not ours, and we were not in a position to criticise. Besides, they had many habits more objectionable than this one, which to us generally meant a free and untrammelled afternoon, wherein to play the devil in our own way. The case was different, however, when the press-gang was abroad, when prayers and excuses were alike disregarded, and we were forced into the service, like native levies impelled toward the foe less by the inherent righteousness of the cause than by the indisputable rifles of their white allies. This was unpardonable and altogether detestable. Still, the thing happened, now and again; and when it did, there was no arguing about it. The order

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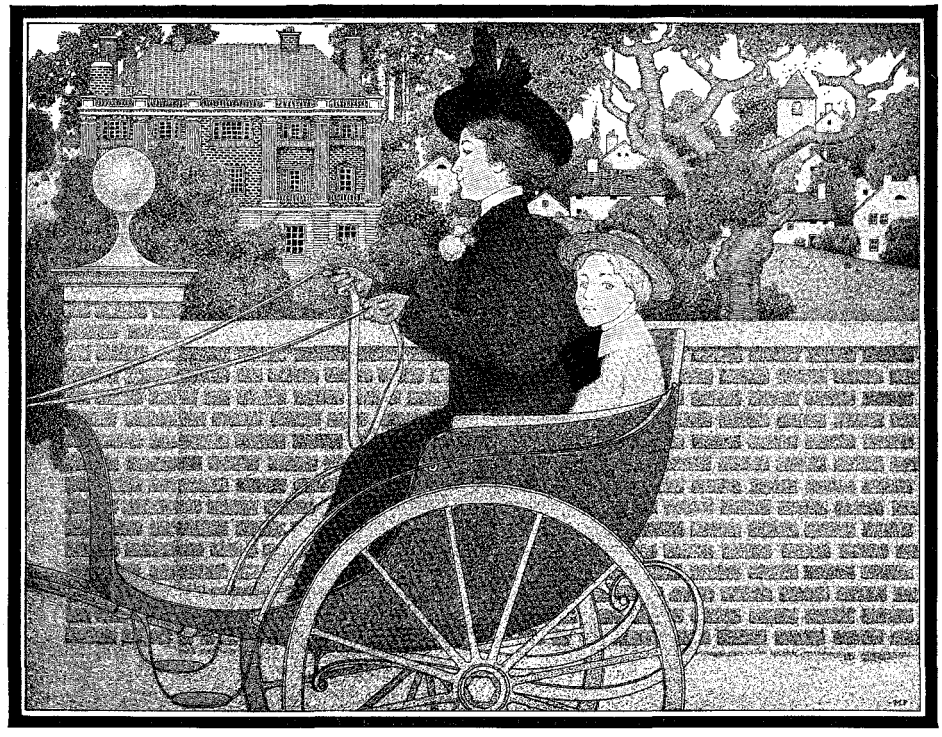

As we eventually trundled off, it seemed to me that the utter waste of that afternoon, . . . could never be made up.

was for the front, and we just had to shut up and march.

Selina, to be sure, had a sneaking fondness for dressing up and paying calls, though she pretended to dislike it, just to keep on the soft side of public opinion. So I thought it extremely mean in her to have the earache on that particular afternoon when Aunt Eliza ordered the pony-carriage and went on the war-path. I was ordered also, in the same breath as the pony-carriage; and, as we eventually trundled off, it seemed to me that the utter waste of that afternoon, for which I had planned so much, could never be made up or atoned for in all the tremendous stretch of years that still lay before me.

The house that we were bound for on this occasion was a "big house;" a generic title applied by us to the class of residence that had a long carriage-drive through rhododendrons; and a portico propped by fluted pillars; and a grave butler who bolted back swing-doors, and came down steps, and pretended to have entirely forgotten his familiar intercourse with you at less serious moments; and a big hall, where no boots or shoes or upper garments were allowed to lie about frankly and easily, as with us; and where, finally, people were apt to sit about dressed up as if they were going on to a party.

The lady who received us was effusive to Aunt Eliza and hollowly gracious to me. In ten seconds they had their heads together and were hard at it talking *clothes*. I was left high and dry on a straight-backed chair, longing to kick the legs of it, yet not daring. For a time I was content to stare; there was lots to stare at, high and low and around. Then the inevitable fidgets came on, and scratching one's legs mitigated slightly, but did not entirely disperse them. My two warders were still deep in clothes; I slipped off my chair and edged cautiously around the room, exploring, examining, recording.

Many strange, fine things lay along my route — pictures and gimcracks on the walls; trinkets and globular old watches and snuff-boxes on the tables; and I took good care to finger everything within reach thoroughly and conscientiously. Some articles, in addition, I smelt. At last in

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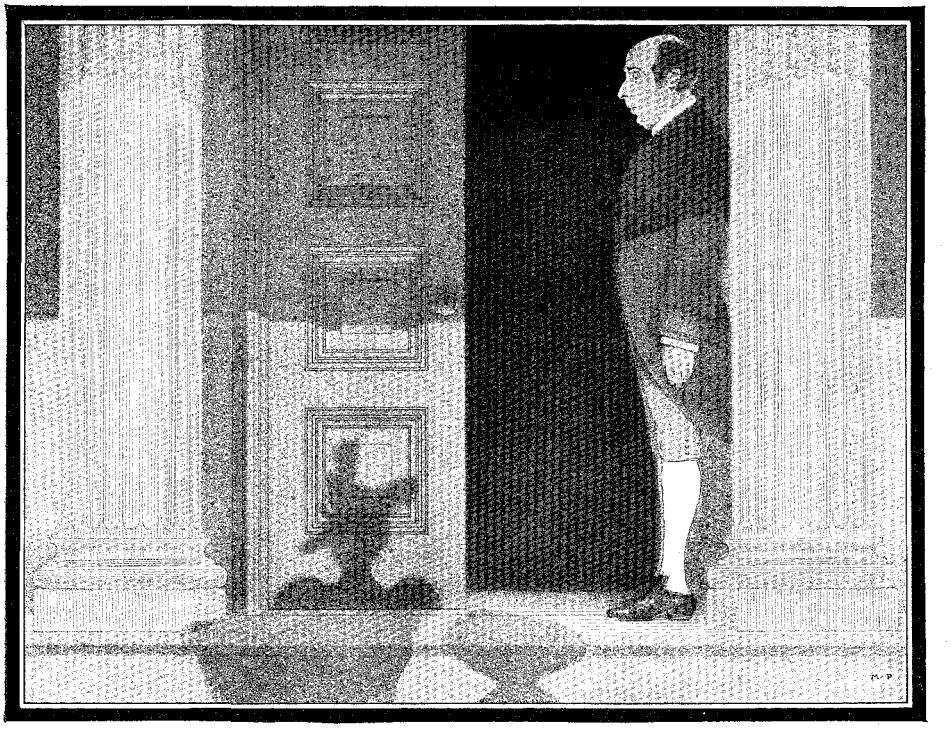

A grave butler who . . . pretended to have entirely forgotten his familiar intercourse with you.—Page 162.

my orbit I happened on an open door, half concealed by the folds of a curtain. I glanced carefully around. They were still deep in clothes, both talking together, and I slipped through.

This was altogether a more sensible sort of room that I had got into; for the walls were honestly upholstered with books, though these for the most part glimmered provokingly through the glass doors of their tall cases. I read their titles longingly, breathing on every accessible pane of glass, for I dared not attempt to open the doors, with the enemy encamped so near. In the window, though, on a high sort of desk, there lay, all by itself, a most promising-looking book, gorgeously bound. I raised the leaves by one corner, and like scent from a pot-pourri jar there floated out a brief vision of blues and reds, telling of pictures, and pictures all highly colored! Here was the right sort of thing at last, and my afternoon would not be entirely wasted. I inclined an ear to the door by which I had entered. Like the brimming tide of a full-fed river the grand, eternal, inexhaustible clothes-problem bubbled and eddied and surged along. It seemed safe enough. I slid the book off its desk with some difficulty, for it was very fine and large, and staggered with it to the hearth-rug — the only fit and proper place for books of quality, such as this.

They were excellent hearthrugs in that house; soft and wide, with the thickest of pile, and one's knees sank into them most comfortably. When I got the book open, there was a difficulty at first in making the great stiff pages lie down. Most fortunately the coal-scuttle was actually at my elbow, and it was easy to find a flat bit of coal to lay on the refractory page. Really, it was just as if every thing had been arranged for me. This was not such a bad sort of house after all.

The beginnings of the thing were gay borders—scrolls and strap-work and diapered backgrounds, a maze of color, with small misshapen figures clambering cheerily up and down everywhere. But first I eagerly scanned what text there was in the middle, in order to get a hint of what it was all about. Of course I was not going to waste any time in reading. A clew, a

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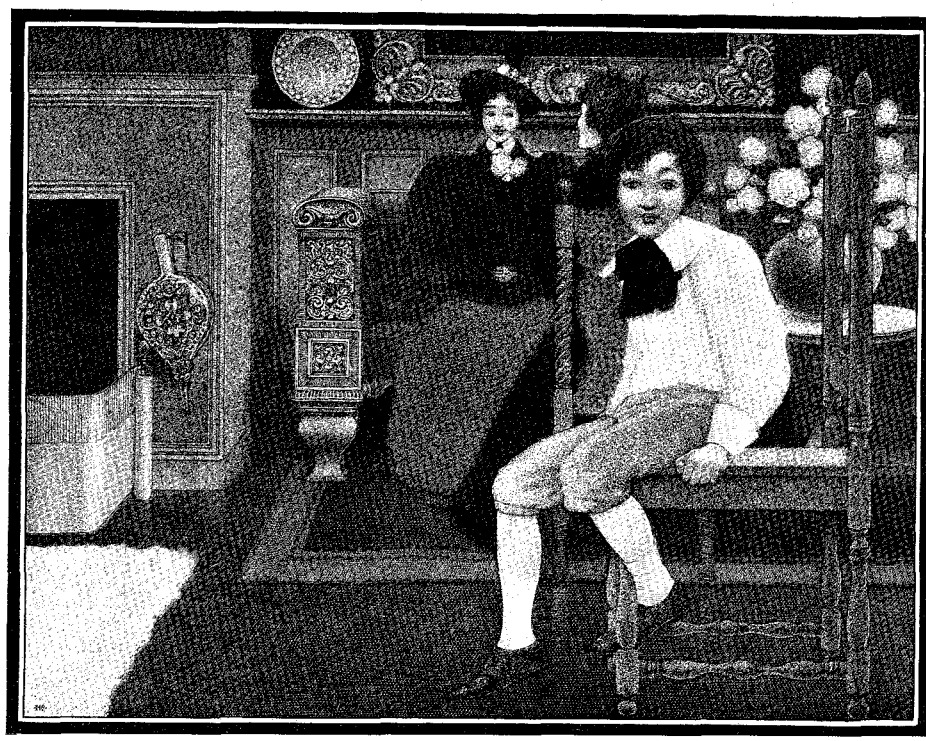

In ten seconds they had their heads together and were hard at it talking *clothes*.—Page 162.

sign-board, a finger-post, was all I required. To my dismay and disgust it was all in a stupid foreign language! Really, the perversity of some people made one at times almost despair of the whole race. However, the pictures remained; pictures never lied, never shuffled nor evaded; and as for the story, I could invent it myself.

Over the page I went, shifting the bit of coal to a new position; and, as the scheme of the picture disengaged itself from out the medley of color that met my delighted eyes, first there was a warm sense of familiarity, then a dawning recognition, and then—O then! along with blissful certainty came the imperious need to clasp my stomach with both hands, in order to repress the shout of rapture that struggled to escape—it was my own little city!

I knew it well enough, I recognized it at once, though I had never been quite so near it before. Here was the familiar gateway, to the left that strange, slender tower with its grim, square head shot far above the walls; to the right, outside the town, the hill—as of old—broke steeply down to the sea. But to-day everything was bigger and fresher and clearer, the walls seemed newly hewn, gay carpets were hung out over them, fair ladies and long-haired children peeped and crowded on the battlements. Better still, the portcullis was up—I could even catch a glimpse of the sunlit square within—and a dainty company was trooping through the gate on horseback, two and two. Their horses, in trappings that swept the ground, were gay as themselves; and *they* were the gayest crew, for dress and bearing, I had ever yet beheld. It could mean nothing else but a wedding, I thought, this holiday attire, this festal and solemn entry; and, wedding or whatever it was, I meant to be there. This time I would not be balked by any grim portcullis; this time I would slip in with the rest of the crowd, find out just what my little town was like, within those exasperating walls that had so long confronted me, and, moreover, have my share of the fun that was evidently going on inside. Confident, yet breathless with expectation, I turned the page.

Joy! At last I was in it, at last I was on the right side of those provoking walls;

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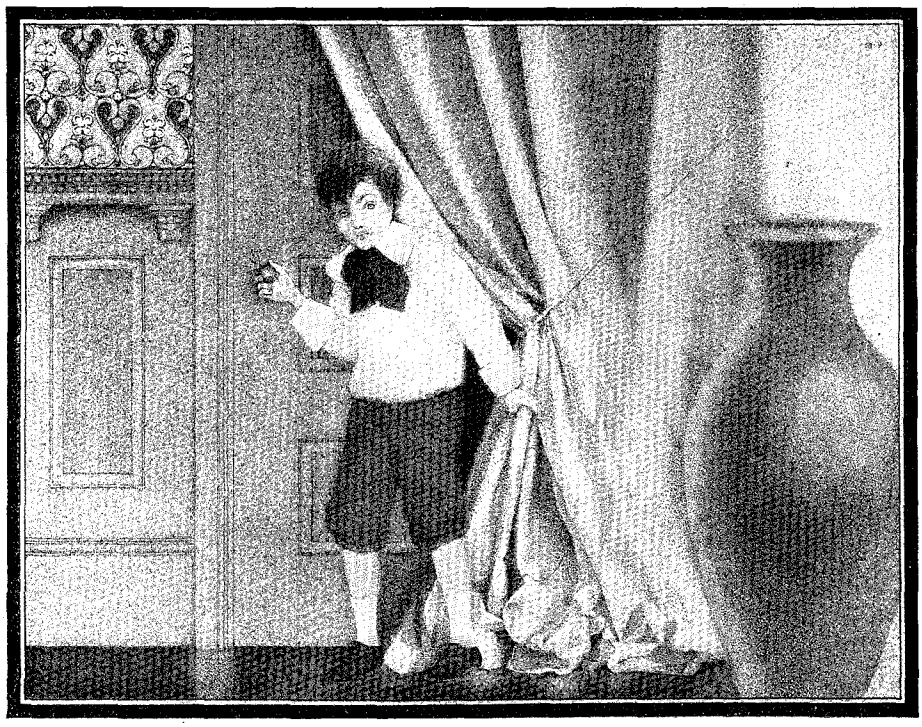

I glanced carefully around. They were still deep in clothes, both talking together.—Page 163.

and, needless to say, I looked about me with much curiosity. A public place, clearly, though not such as I was used to. The houses at the back stood on a sort of colonnade, beneath which the people jostled and crowded. The upper stories were all painted with wonderful pictures. Above the straight line of the roofs the deep blue of a cloudless sky stretched from side to side. Lords and ladies thronged the foreground, while on a dais in the centre a gallant gentleman, just alighted off his horse, stooped to the fingers of a girl as bravely dressed out as Selina's lady between the saints; and round about stood venerable personages, robed in the most variegated clothing. There were boys, too, in plenty, with tiny red caps on their thick hair; and their shirts had bunched up and worked out at the waist, just as my own did so often, after chasing anybody; and each boy of them wore an odd pair of stockings, one blue and the other red. This system of attire went straight to my heart. I had tried the same thing so often, and had met with so much discouragement; and here, at last, was my justification, painted deliberately in a grown-up book! I looked about for my saint-friends—the armor-man and the other fellow—but they were not to be seen. Evidently they were unable to get off duty, even for a wedding, and still stood on guard in that green meadow down below. I was disappointed, too, that not an angel was visible. One or two of them, surely, could easily have been spared for an hour, to run up and see the show; and they would have been thoroughly at home here, in the midst of all the color and the movement and the fun.

But it was time to get on, for clearly the interest was only just beginning. Over went the next page, and there we were, the whole crowd of us, assembled in a noble church. It was not easy to make out exactly what was going on; but in the throng I was delighted to recognize my angels at last, happy and very much at home. They had managed to get leave off, evidently, and must have run up the hill and scampered breathlessly through the gate; and perhaps they cried a little when they found the square empty, and

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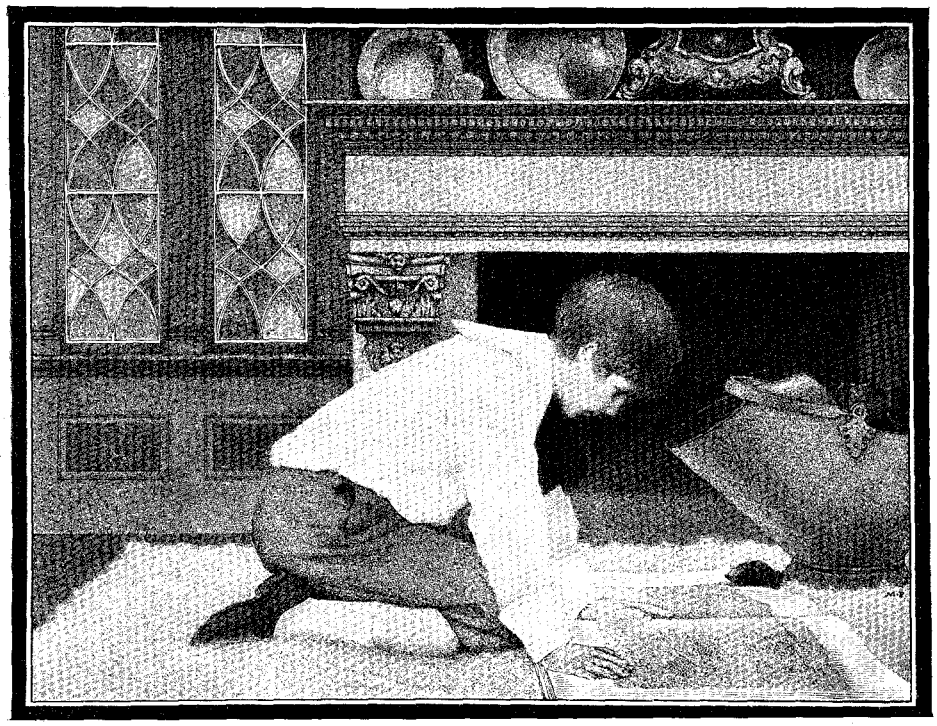

When I got the book open, there was a difficulty at first in making the great stiff pages lie down. —Page 163.

thought the fun must be all over. Two of them had got hold of a great wax candle apiece, as much as they could stagger under, and were tittering sideways at each other as the grease ran bountifully over their clothes. A third had strolled in among the company, and was chatting to a young gentleman with whom she appeared to be on the best of terms. Decidedly, this was the right breed of angel for us. None of your sick-bed or night-nursery business for them!

Well, no doubt they were now being married, He and She, just as always happened. And then, of course, they were going to live happily ever after; and *that* was the part I wanted to get to. Story-books were so stupid, always stopping at the point where they became really nice; but this picture-story was only in its first chapters, and at last I was to have a chance of knowing *how* people lived happily ever after. We would all go home together, He and She, and the angels, and I; and the armor-man would be invited to come and stay. And then the story would really begin at the point those other ones always left off. I turned the page, and found myself free of the dim and splendid church and once more in the open country.

This was all right; this was just as it should be. The sky was a fleckless blue, the flags danced in the breeze, and our merry bridal party, with jest and laughter, jogged down to the water-side. I was through the town by this time, and out on the other side of the hill, where I had always wanted to be; and, sure enough, there was the harbor, all thick with curly ships. Most of them were piled high with wedding presents—bales of silk, and gold and silver plate, and comfortable-looking bags suggesting bullion; and the gayest ship of all lay close up to the carpeted landing-stage. Already the bride was stepping daintily down the gangway, her ladies following primly, one by one; a few minutes more and we should all be aboard, the hawsers would splash in the water, the sails would fill and strain. From the deck I should see the little walled town recede and sink and grow dim, while every plunge of our bows brought us nearer to the happy island—it was an island we were bound

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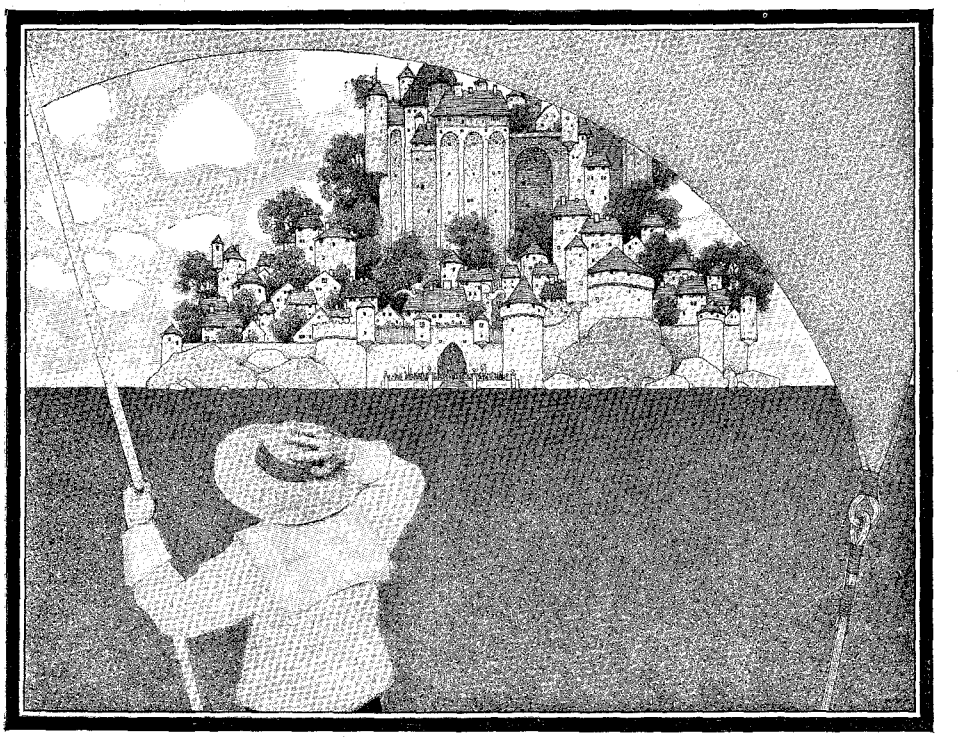

From the deck I should see the little walled town recede and sink and grow dim.—Page 166.

for, I knew well! Already I could see the island-people waving hands on the crowded quay, whence the little houses ran up the hill to the castle, crowning all with its towers and battlements. Once more we should ride together, a merry procession, clattering up the steep street and through the grim gateway; and then we should have arrived, then we should all dine together, then we should have reached home! And then—

Ow! Ow! Ow!

Bitter it is to stumble out of an opalescent dream into the cold daylight; cruel to lose in a second a sea-voyage, an island, and a castle that was to be practically your own; but cruellest and bitterest of all to know, in addition to your loss, that the fingers of an angry aunt have you tight by the scruff of your neck. My beautiful book was gone too—ravished from my grasp by the dressy lady, who joined in the outburst of denunciation as heartily as if she had been a relative—and naught was left me but to blubber dismally, awakened of a sudden to the harshness of real things and the unnumbered hostilities of the actual world. I cared little for their reproaches, their abuse; but I sorrowed heartily for my lost ship, my vanished island, my uneaten dinner, and for the knowledge that if I wanted any angels to play with, I must henceforth put up with the anæmic, night-gowned nonentities that hovered over the bed of the Sunday-school child in the pages of the *Sabbath Improver*.

I was led ignominiously out of the house, in a pulpy, watery state, while the butler handled his swing-doors with a stony, impassive countenance, intended for the deception of the very elect, though it did not deceive me. I knew well enough that next time he was off duty, and strolled around our way, we should meet in our kitchen as man to man, and I would punch him and ask him riddles, and he would teach me tricks with corks and bits of string. So his unsympathetic manner did not add to my depression.

I maintained a diplomatic blubber long after we had been packed into our pony-carriage and the lodge-gate had clicked behind us, because it served as a sort of armor-plating against heckling and argument

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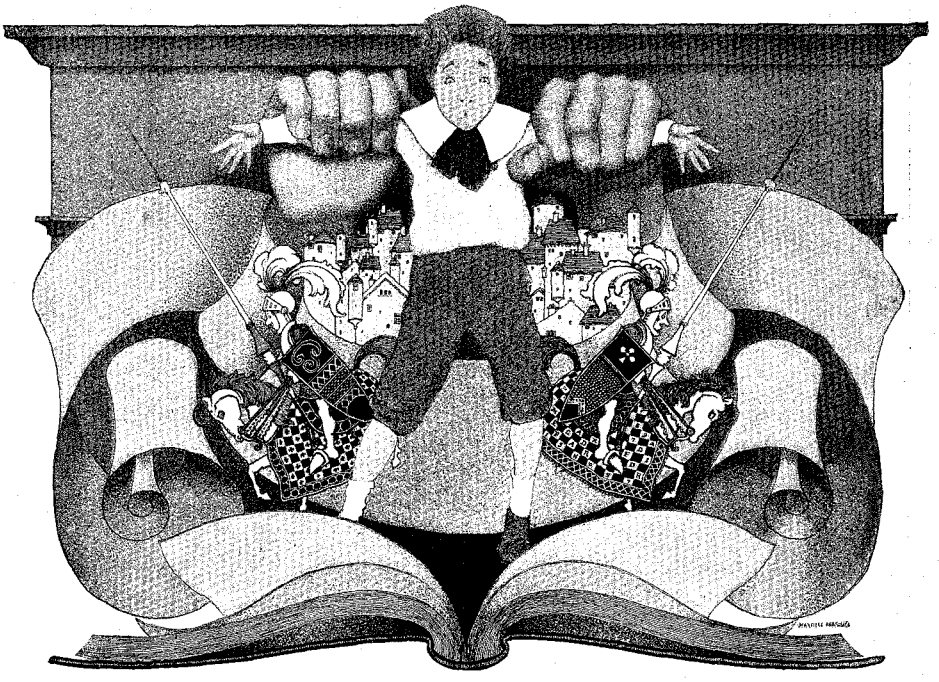
and abuse, and I was thinking hard and wanted to be let alone. And the thoughts that I was thinking were two. First I thought "I've got ahead of Charlotte *this* time!" And next I thought "When I've grown up big, and have money of my own, and a full-sized walking-stick, I will set out early one morning, and never stop till I get to that little walled town." There ought to be no real difficulty in the task. It only meant asking here and asking there, and people were very obliging, and I could describe every stick and stone of it.

As for the island, which I had never even seen, that was not so easy. Yet I felt confident that somehow, at some time, sooner or later, I was destined to arrive.



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A PRAYER FOR RAIN

By Rupert Hughes

Lo, Father, how thine earth is devastate,
Thy far-spread greenlands yellowing with the heat,
While skies gleam on in mockery or deceit,
And helpless man can only hope and wait.
Now shall this piteous ruin be his fate?
Shall all the ploughing and the seeds of spring,
And all the summer's fruitward hastening,
Meet, at their fiery goal, a curse, and hate?
Look in the million anxious eyes that cling
Upon the heaven, whence suns unpitying beat,
Whence laugh the unveiled stars no longer sweet;
Then hide the garish moon in clouds, and fling
Athwart the day wide banners black with rain!
Yea, grant thine earth the bounty of thy rain!

Iowa.

IMPRESSIONS OF MOUNT RAINIER

By Israel C. Russell

ONE July evening my boat was drifting with drooping sail on the placid waters of Puget Sound. The glories of a long northern twilight were slowly fading into the more mysterious beauties of a perfect summer night.

Against the pale yellow of the western sky was drawn the serrate outline of the blue-white Olympic Mountains. In the north rose the solitary cone of Mount Baker, with the now extinct crater near its summit clearly visible. Beyond the dense forests of the eastern shore several of the snow-clad summits of the Cascade Mountains were bathed in ruddy light. Most glorious of all, in its massiveness and strength, was Mount Rainier, eighty miles away to the southward. At the base of that monarch of the mountains of the Far Northwest, the forests were shrouded in mist, but far above the vapor-wreaths, in calm repose, rose the vast snow-covered dome, so clearly illuminated by the rosy light that each crag and precipice, each glacier and snow-field, was distinctly traceable. As the twilight deepened the great mountain became a silhouette of delicate blue against the deeper tints of the darkening sky. Slowly the image faded, leaving me half in doubt whether an earthly scene of exquisite beauty had met my gaze or a vision of dream-land crossed my fancy.

A few weeks later I was treading a narrow pathway through the magnificent forests to the southward of Puget Sound. About me rose the massive moss-covered columns of ancient fir-trees and giant ce-

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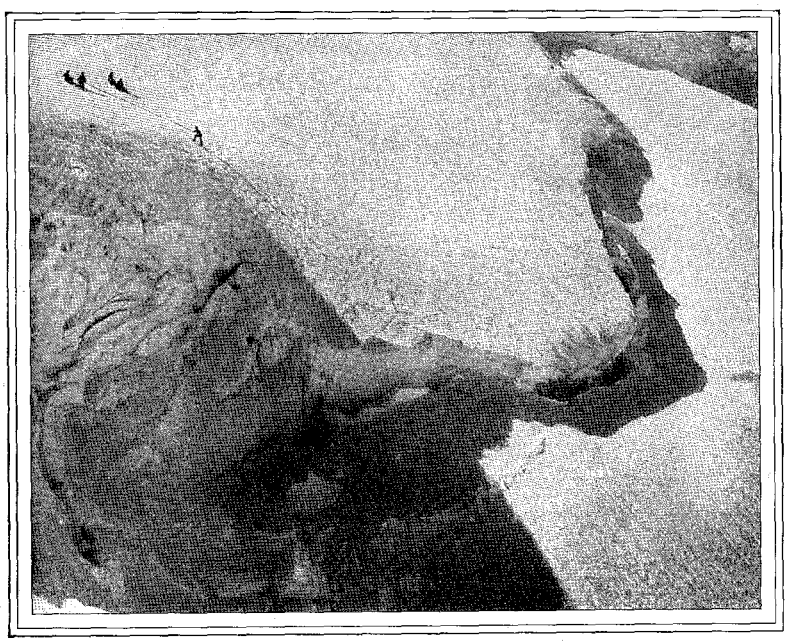
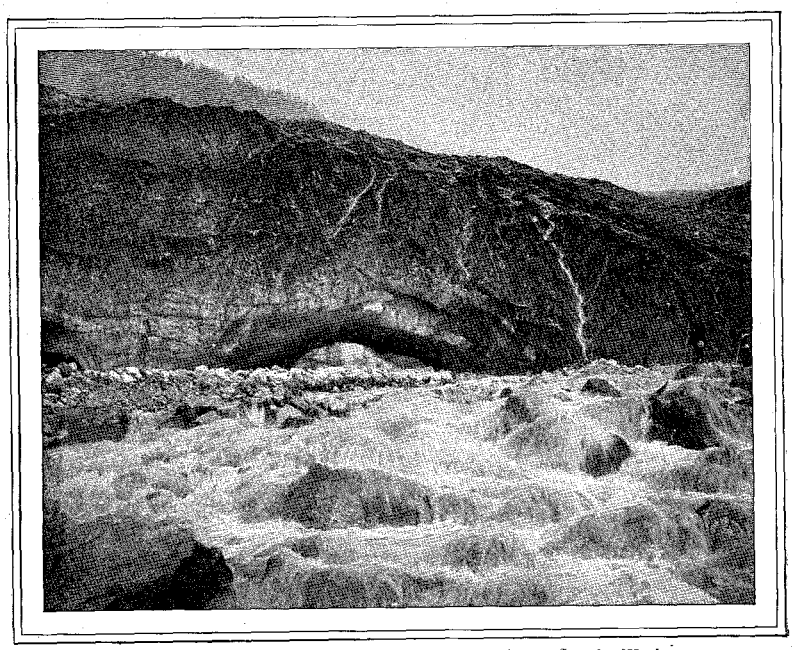


The Ice above Gibraltar. (Photograph by Braas, Seattle, Wash.)

dars, shooting straight upward from the fern-decked ground to heights of two and three hundred feet. All was shadowy and still in the depths of the forest, but far above, the roar of the wind could be heard in the tree-tops. A turn in the narrow trail brought into view a great white dome, which towered far above the giant trees and seemed the crowning glory of a mighty temple. Exclamations of surprise and admiration greeted the apparition. There was no mistaking the massive snow-white



Source of the Nesqually River. (Photograph by Braas, Seattle, Wash.)

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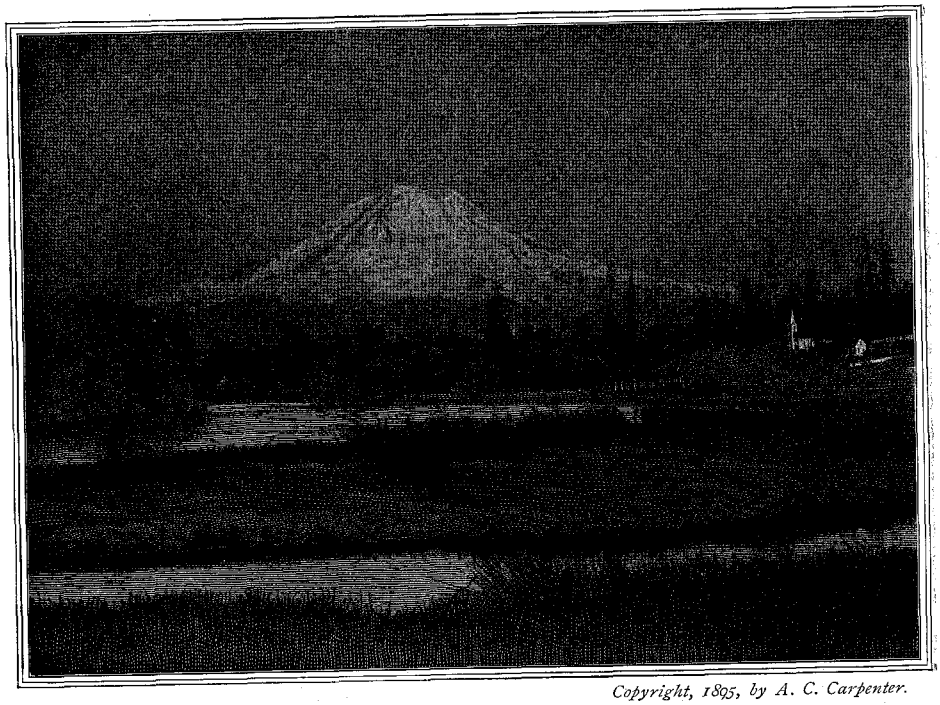
mountain-peak. It was the summit of Mount Rainier, toward which we were travelling and which we hoped to climb.

Beyond the forest our course led us along the bowlder-strewn borders of Carbon River, between rugged mountains, to the foot of the glacier from beneath which, roaring and foaming among great rocks, the milky river rushes. With heavy packs on our backs we climbed the steep, débris-covered surface of the glacier, and pitched our tent near Lace Falls, in a dell between ancient moraines clothed with spruce and cedar trees. About us were snow-fields, and towering cliffs, down which coursed lace-like cascades of foam. The air was filled with never-ceasing music that rose and fell on the varying winds in the wild chant that only mountaineers may hear.

The grassy slopes and mossy banks about our camp were brightened and beautified by millions of gorgeous blossoms. Yellow and white lilies, among the hardiest of Alpine flowers, fringed the lingering snow-banks and gave a sheen to the boggy meadows. Gorgeous banks of purple bryanthus, resembling closely the heather of Scotland, rose through openings in the snow. With the royal purple, and not less charming, were strewn the white, waxy bells of the cassiope, which recalls another of the loved flowers of Scotland—white heather. Among these hardy plants, and growing in rank luxuriance, were blue lupins, white valerians, the golden-yellow mimulus, and a host of other forms of light. A botanist would perhaps rejoice in plucking the shining blossoms and noting the details of petals and stamen, or in recording the number of genera and species, of which there is seemingly no end. To the mountain-climber, however, who loves simply the boundless freedom of the hills, and rejoices in the vast sweep of precipices or the burnished silver of snow-fields, the numberless flowers are a throng of fairy forms that lade the air with perfume and enamel the mountain-side. Though individually nameless, collectively they are glorious.



Copyright, 1895, by A. C. Carpenter.

Mount Rainier at Twilight, from near Tacoma.

Near the upper limit of tree-growth, the spruces and balsams, gnarled and twisted from their battles with winter storms, stand in clumps for mutual protection. The de-

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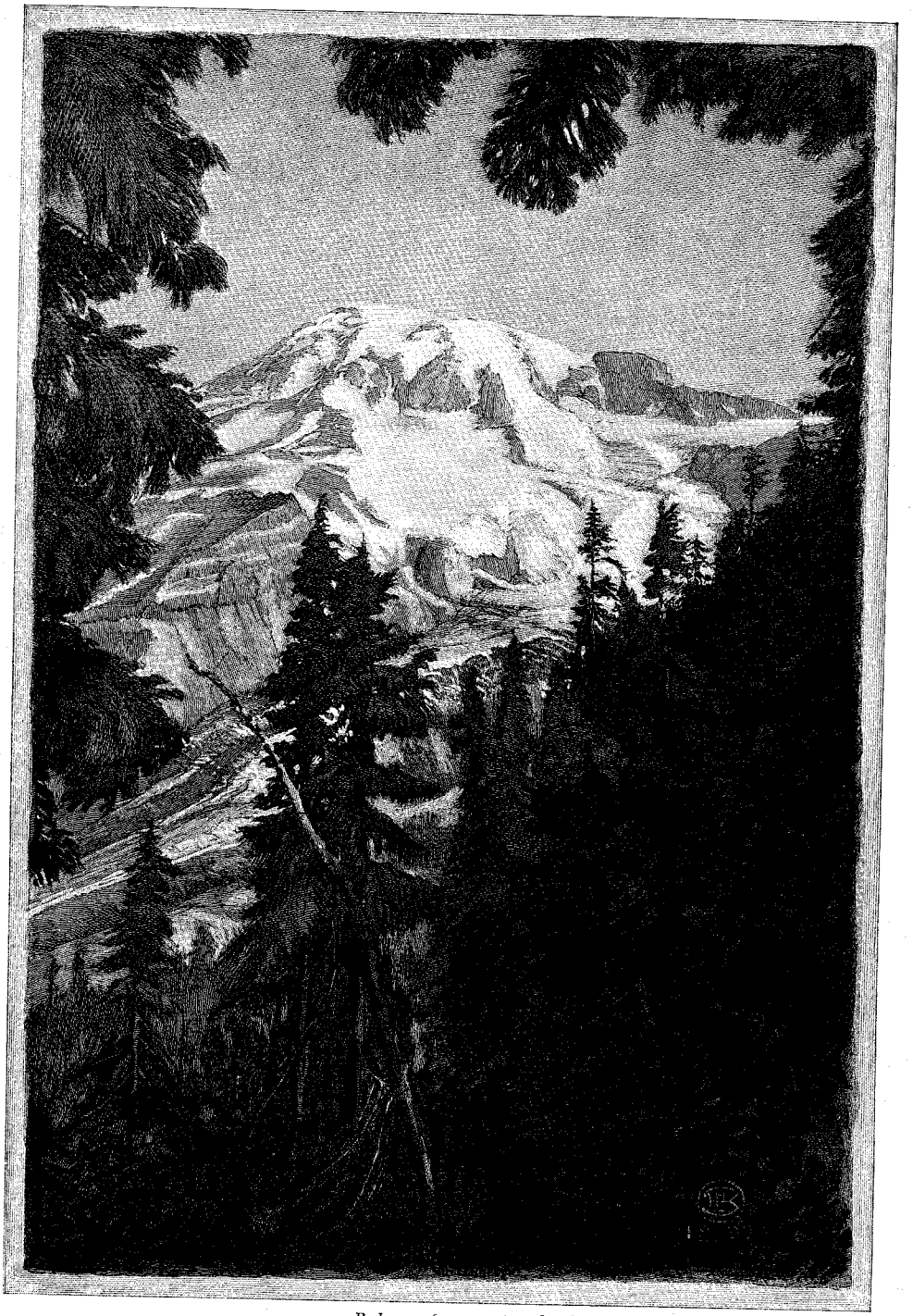

Redrawn from a copyright photograph by Braas, Seattle, Wash.

Mount Rainier from the South.

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formed trees, some of them prone on the ground, seem to crouch before even the summer breeze. Where the struggle for existence is less severe, each grove is a cluster of tapering spires and minarets of evergreens. Between the irregularly scattered groves there are grassy meadows and flower-strewn glades, all combining to make park-like retreats of rare beauty. There are several of these natural parks about the slopes of Mount Rainier, at elevations between five and seven thousand feet. Spray Park, on the north side of the mountain, is one of the most inviting localities of the region, and now has a trail leading to it through the forests by way of Crater Lake. It commands wide-reaching views of the densely forested country to the north, and of the shores of Puget Sound, as well as of the great central dome of the mountain. The white pyramid, clearly outlined against the sky and known as the Liberty Cap, is in sight. Though not the actual crowning summit of the mountain, its sky-line forms the apex of the grandest profiles. Moraine Park, on the east side of the mountain, and Paradise Park and Henry's Hunting-Ground, on its sunny southern slopes, have similar attractions. Each of these great parks embraces thousands of acres, and can accommodate many camping parties at one time. There are, besides, numerous smaller retreats, hidden glens, and lake-shores, each of which has its own special charm.

From our camp near Lace Falls we tramped eastward with heavy burdens across Carbon Glacier and through Moraine Park. Throughout all this region the extremely rugged northern side of the central mass of Mount Rainier is in full view. The vast cliffs, some four thousand feet high, forming the walls of the amphitheatre in which Carbon Glacier has its source, are the grandest on the mountain. This northern side of the central dome has suffered more than any other portion from the agencies which are slowly destroying the great mountain. Sculptured into cliffs and buttresses and swept by avalanches, it defies the boldest mountaineer.

Our next camp was in a thicket of flattened and gnarled balsam-trees at an elevation of about seven thousand feet, on the border of the Winthrop Glacier. These trees are the highest that grow on the northern or eastern side of the mountain, and mark the actual "timber-line." Beneath their shelter were the beds of mountain-goats, but recently vacated. Many trails led to neighboring feeding-grounds and on down the mountain. On sunny days the shrill whistle of marmots was heard on all sides. We were in fresh pastures through which coursed swiftly a snow-fed brook. Not an axe-mark scarred the trees. No embers indicated the sites of former camp-fires.

Three of our party remained at this camp, while five of us visited the top of the mountain. Taking blankets, a small supply of rations, an alcohol-lamp, alpenstocks, and other appliances for mountain-work, our party of five roped themselves together in true Alpine style, and began the climb. We ascended the moderately steep but greatly crevassed surface of Winthrop Glacier, to a great wedge of rock which divides the snow and ice flowing eastward from the higher slopes of the mountain, at an elevation of about ten thousand feet, and causes it to separate into the Winthrop and Emmons glaciers. This sharp prow of rock, formed by the meeting of two lines of precipices, we termed The Wedge.

We reached our desolate and utterly barren resting-place late in the afternoon. While some of the party, to obtain a supply of water, spread snow on smooth, sloping rocks, or on rubber blankets, and allowed it to melt by the heat of the sun, others arranged a shelter with alpenstocks and a canvas bed-cover for our lamp, and prepared coffee. Shelf-like ledges were dug in a steep slope of loose stones, on which we arranged our blankets and passed the night.

The great wedge of rock that furnished us a resting-place rises some five hundred feet above the ice that breaks against it, and is the apex of a broad V-shaped portion of the lower mountain-slope which has been spared by the glaciers. It owes its prominence to the excavation of the deep glacial valleys that border it and diverge from its apex. There are several great wedges of a similar character at various localities on the sides of the mountain, at about the same general elevation, which oppose their sharp angles to the flowing sheet of névé-snow as it descends

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the sides of the central dome, and part it into separate glaciers.

The largest of these prow-like mountain masses against which the ice currents divide is Little Tahoma, on the east side of the mountain separating the ice mass of Emmons Glacier from that of Cowlitz Glacier. The ice, as it is parted by this obstruction into two currents, is greatly shattered and forced high on the cliffs. The rugged pile of weather-beaten rocks rises in nearly vertical precipices a thousand feet above the glaciers at its base, and has an elevation above the sea of approximately 11,500 feet. It stands as an independent peak on the slope of Mount Rainier, but the lava-sheets which form its mass present their broken edges in its cliffs. Their relations show that they are remnants of more extensive sheets. The peak, like a ruined outwork of a mighty structure, suggests the magnitude which Rainier formerly possessed. The mountain was once a perfect cone, with smooth, even slopes, having the form common to volcanoes built up by eruptions from a central crater. But glaciers flowing from its heights have sculptured its slopes into canyons and amphitheatres of grand proportions. The present general ruggedness, and the great rocks that seem to project from its sides, of which Little Tahoma, just mentioned, Gibraltar, on the southern slope, and the Guardian Rocks on the north side, are examples, are not without order and significance. The mountain has not always been what the awe-inspired traveller now beholds, but has a long and instructive history inscribed on its surface or concealed in its inner structure. Much of the fascination that draws the student of geography and geology to the mountain is due to the interest that the interpretation of its history awakens.

The perennial snows which gather on the sides of the mountain form extensive névé-fields, and these, flowing downward, divide into many individual glaciers. The great streams of ice, which are still working at the task of tearing to pieces the mountain that gave them birth, are fine examples of the class of glaciers to which they belong. They are of the Alpine type, and present all the characteristic features of the glaciers of Switzerland. They are the largest glaciers yet discovered in the United States, not including Alaska, and would well repay careful study.

Early on the morning of July 24th we breakfasted as frugally as we had supped the previous evening. Leaving our blankets at The Wedge, and taking only our oil-coats for protection against the wind that we expected to encounter on the mountain-top, together with our alcohol-lamp and a meagre supply of provisions, we began the ascent of the snow-covered slope towering above us.

So far as I have been able to learn, no one had ascended the east side of Mount Rainier previous to our excursion. No trail, nor, in fact, any evidence of the former presence of man was visible. We had to rely on our own judgment and find a way between the yawning crevasses as best we could. There was but one general principle to guide us; our course led upward. Much of the way the slope was so steep that we could barely retain a foothold in the hard snow with our spiked shoes, aided by our alpenstocks. In only a few places, however, was it necessary to cut steps. The snow was greatly crevassed and numerous snow-bridges had to be crossed. Owing to the steepness of the general slope, the upper sides of the crevasses frequently stood as walls, which rose in front of us in ascending, and were the most troublesome of all the obstructions to overcome. Several times after wearily threading our way through a maze of intersecting fractures for an hour or more, an impassable gulf or a vertical wall barred farther progress. A retreat and another attempt was then the only resource.

Our advance was slow even on unbroken slopes, as we were roped together, and it was necessary for safety that some of the party should always have a firm hold in the snow with alpenstocks while others were advancing. Once we were in danger of a disaster. While crossing a steep snow-slope diagonally, and having a yawning crevasse immediately below us, the man next the rear end of the line slipped and slid down the slope on his back to the very brink of the yawning gulf. Unfortunately the man behind him at that critical moment removed his alpenstock from the snow, was jerked from his feet, and, shooting head first down the steep incline, dis-

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appeared over the edge of the crevasse. A severe strain came on the rope, but the three men in advance held fast with their alpenstocks. Before assistance could be extended to the man dangling in mid-air in the crevasse, he climbed the taut rope and stood unharmed among us once more. The only unfortunate result of the accident was the loss of an alpenstock. Continuing our climb, and having learned caution by experience, we at length slowly approached the dark rocks that marked the position of the crater at the summit. Weary, and some of the party suffering severely from mountain-sickness, we gained the base of the crater-wall and among the stones found shelter from the freezing gale that was blowing from the westward.

Throwing off the life-line, which had become almost an intolerable burden, I scaled the pile of bare rocks and gained the rim of the crater. The great bowl within was deeply filled with snow, but the black circle forming its rim could be distinctly traced. Descending the inner slope for about a hundred feet, I found a place where steam was issuing from a crevice in the rocks, and warmed my benumbed fingers. Soon my companions joined me and we took refuge in one of the many caverns that the heat of the rocks and of the escaping steam had melted in the lower portion of the snow and ice partially filling the crater. In these weird caverns one may descend far beyond the light of day. The white vapors drifting silently through the dimly lighted passages assume grotesque shapes and suggest to the imaginative visitor that spirits of the time when Pluto's reign was supreme there make their homes.

By melting snow in our tin cups over the cracks from which steam was issuing we soon had water enough with which to prepare tea. In the absence of sugar and cream, a little alcohol from the supply brought for fuel was added to each cup and proved a welcome stimulant. Making ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, we passed the night in the cavern of ice. There were no ledges broad enough to lie down on, and we were forced to stand or crouch against the hot rocks all night. The floor of our cavern sloped steeply and led down to an ugly opening of unknown depth, between the descending roof of ice and the rocks. To guard against accidents, the life-line was stretched across the cavern and made fast to crags. This proved a wise precaution, as we were able during the night to walk up and down with the rope in our hands and avoid the stiffness and discomfort that comes from remaining long in one position.

The roar of the gale among the rocks above our roof of ice made us glad of the shelter our retreat afforded, and lessened the discomfort of leaning all night against the hot, moist rock, while the icy drafts from branching caverns blew over us. Our clothing was soaked with condensed steam. All rules of health were disregarded, but when the dome of ice above us became blue with the light of the rising sun, we found that we had suffered no ill-effects from our exposure.

Climbing to the topmost point on the crater's rim, we stood 14,500 feet above the sea. The magnificent view we had hoped to behold was obscured. The entire land was covered with a dense ocean of smoke, the undulating surface of which was some three or four thousand feet below the mountain-top and shut out every vestige of the land beneath.

Far to the north, like a solitary island in the sea, rose the summit of Mount Baker, above the smoke, and several of the snowy summits of the Cascades visible to the eastward outlined the course of that beautiful mountain-range. To the south, and seemingly near at hand, we could discern the more elevated portions of Mount Adams and Mount St. Helens. The two mountains last named and Mount Baker, like the mountain on which we stood, are of volcanic origin, but their energy is expended. These grand volcanic piles once cast a glare over hundreds of miles of the Pacific Ocean, but the formerly molten rocks now retain only a remnant of their heat. That renewed eruption from these ancient volcanoes or in their vicinity will occur, is more than probable.

In descending, we passed down the south side of the mountain, skirting the base of the massive rock known as Gibraltar, at an elevation of about twelve thousand feet, and gained Paradise Park. This side of the mountain is easy of ascent, and affords the usual route taken by

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tourists and others. Scores of people, including a few ladies, have climbed the mountain by way of Gibraltar, and returned in safety and without excessive fatigue.

We found friends encamped in Paradise Park, who extended to us a warm welcome. In the evening we gathered around a blazing camp-fire and discussed the pleasures of mountain-climbing, but more especially the many varied charms of Mount Rainier. Several other parties were encamped in the broad, beautiful park, and all the people I met there were enthusiastic over the healthful life they were leading and the marvellous beauties of the scenes about them.

Bidding our kind friends good-by the following morning, we continued our tramp and passed around the east side of Mount Rainier, crossing the Cowlitz and Emmons Glaciers, and on the evening of the second day after leaving Paradise Park, regained our camping-place at The Wedge. Thence we retraced our steps, still visible in the snow, to the main camp. The tramp about the east side of the mountain, although fatiguing and beset with difficulties, was the most instructive and interesting portion of the entire excursion. Later, a visit was made to the west side of the mountain, which included Spray Park, Willis Glacier, Eagle Cliff, and Crater Lake. The most magnificent view that can be had of Mount Rainier is from Eagle Cliff. This in fact is one of the most sublime scenes presented anywhere in America. From among the firs on the cliff's overhanging ledge the descent of two thousand feet into the canyon is impressive as a view into Yosemite, and beyond this gulf rises the snowy mass of Rainier, a pyramid of flashing ice nine thousand feet high, relieved by the deep-blue lines of the crevasses and the black and red rock-ribs of the volcano. The view is toward the east. With the golden glory of sunrise as a background, the Liberty Cap tipped with roseate hues, the glaciers half hidden in purple shadow, and the canyon's abyss immeasurably deep in darkness, the scene is worthy of a poet's journey from the farthest Orient.

All who have scaled the icy slopes of the monarch among the mountains of the Far Northwest, breathed the clear air about it, and been lulled to sleep on a couch of fragrant boughs by the music of falling waters, return to the prosaic tasks of every-day life with two wishes firmly rooted in their breasts. These are, that they may be permitted to return to the mountain, and that it may be preserved in all its natural beauty and sublimity as a legacy for generations to come. Steps have already been taken for reserving Mount Rainier and the rugged country immediately about it as a national park, to be held in trust by the general Government, for the free use of all who may wish to visit it, providing only that they will spare the trees and do no injury to the birds and harmless animals that make their homes among them.

A bill has been presented to Congress in which the boundaries of the proposed Washington National Park are designated. They embrace an area about twenty-five miles square, within which, as I can testify from observation, there are comparatively few trees of value to lumbermen, and such as do occur are in a rugged region and so difficult of access that it will be long before they are of any commercial value. There are no mines, and geologists see no reason for believing that valuable deposits of ore or coal will ever be discovered. The proposed park includes a portion of the extremely rugged crest of the Cascade Mountains, but not Cowlitz Pass, through which it is expected a railroad will soon be built.

There is nothing within the limits of the proposed reservation to excite the greed of man, except the natural beauties of the region. If the gateways to Mount Rainier and the beautiful natural parks on its sides pass into the ownership of individuals or syndicates, toll may be charged for breathing the free air, maintaining health, and cultivating the æsthetic sense that is awakened in every heart by an intimate acquaintance with nature in her finer moods.

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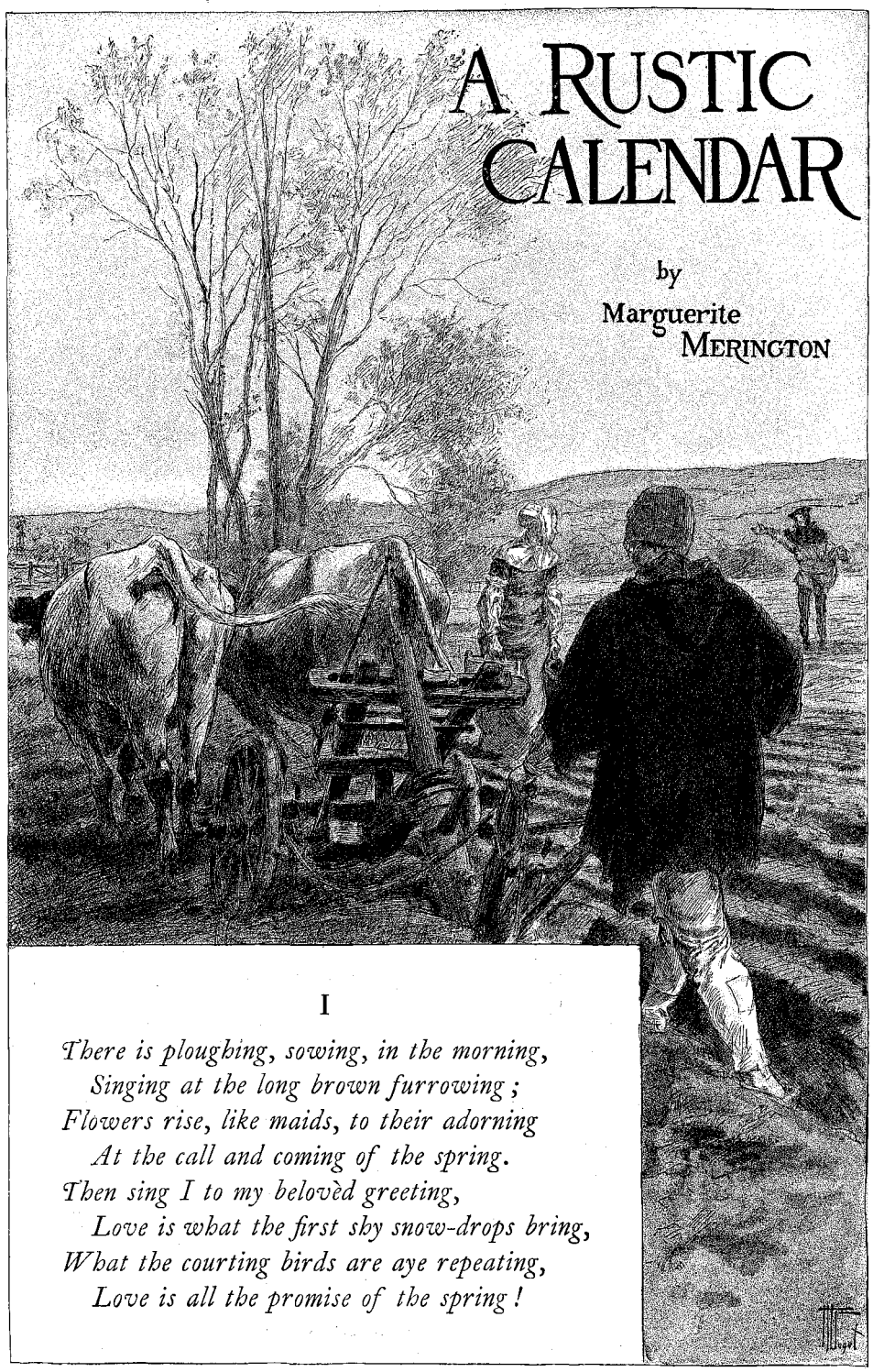

A RUSTIC CALENDAR

by

Marguerite MERINGTON

I

There is ploughing, sowing, in the morning,
Singing at the long brown furrowing;
Flowers rise, like maids, to their adorning
At the call and coming of the spring.
Then sing I to my belovèd greeting,
Love is what the first shy snow-drops bring,
What the courting birds are aye repeating,
Love is all the promise of the spring!

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II

There is piping, lilting, in the meadow,
Ripening grain with scarlet poppies gay,
Toil in sunshine, sweethearting in shadow,
And the moonlight scything of the hay.
Then sing I to my belovèd greeting,
Love outlives the passing of the may;
Summer's heart sets heart of Love a-beating
At the turn and cocking of the hay.

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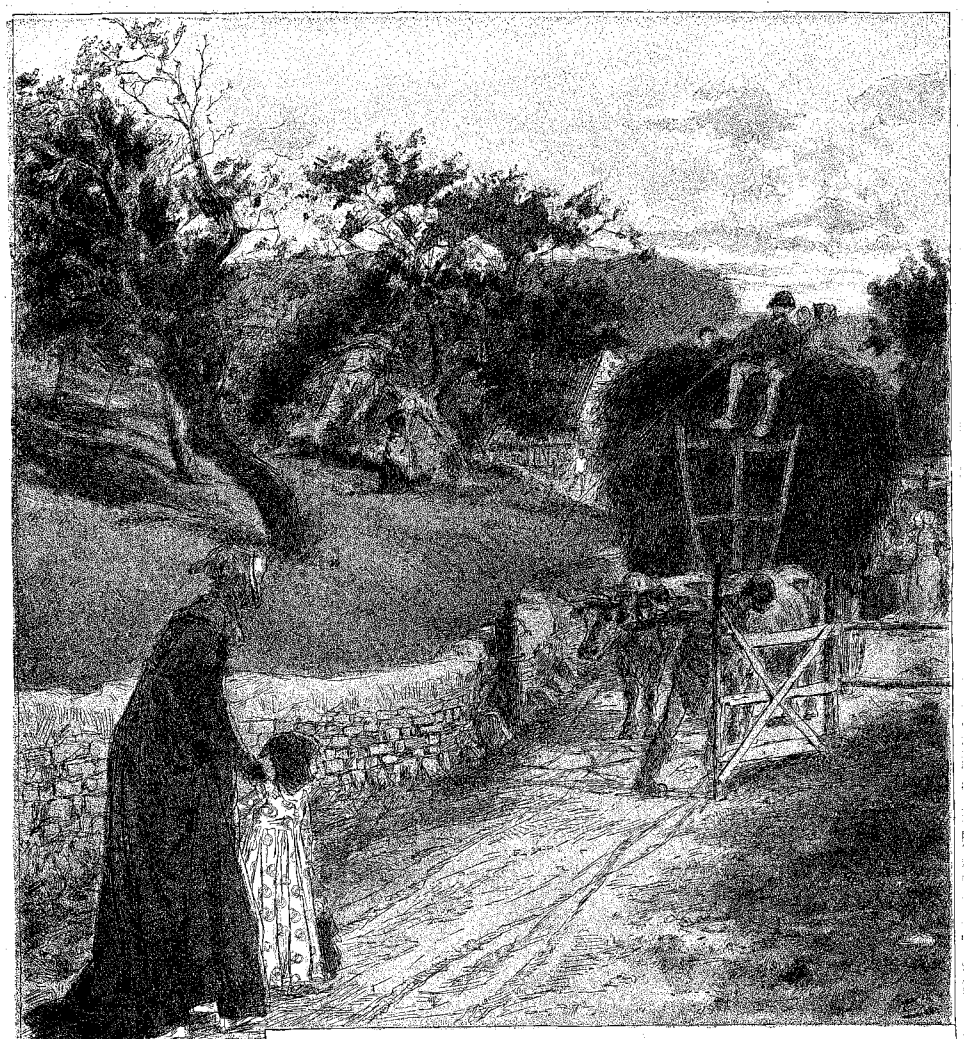

III

There is ruddy fruitage to be carted
To its garner, now the star-nights come;
Tawny sheaves, and gleaners thankful-hearted,
Merrily we bring the last load home.
Then sing I to my belovèd greeting,
Love is bud of spring and summer's bloom
In the fulness of the vintage meeting;
Love is Giving-thanks and Harvest-home!

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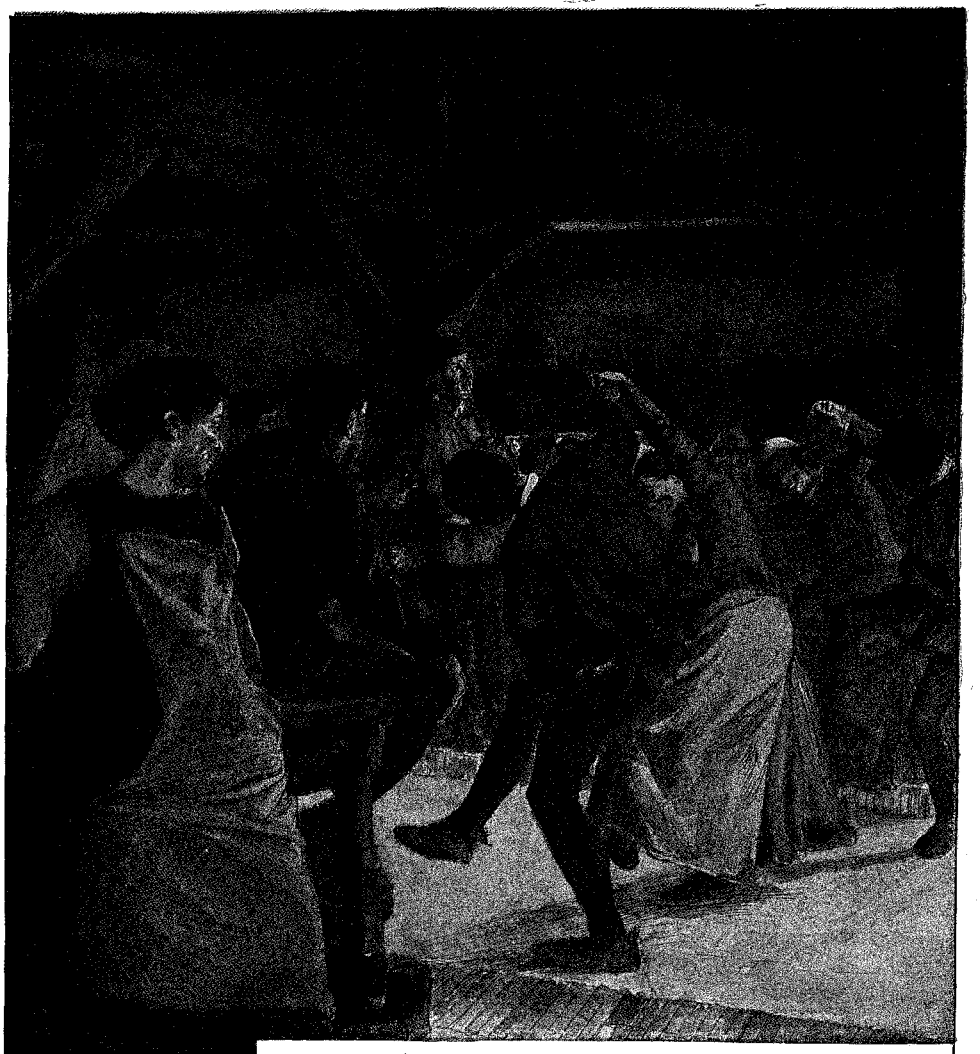

IV

There is felling in the white wood's drifting;
Song and laughter round the yule-log's glow;
Nowel-praising to the heavens lifting
Where the Christ-star beams above the snow.
Then sing I to my belovèd greeting,
Love outlasts the seasons' come-and-go,
Love shall rise beyond this life's completing
Till it shine, a star, above the snow!

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IN MEMORY'S GLASS

Do you remember, Love—can you forget!—
How the sky looked when we had climbed the hill?
Our horses' hoofs with glimmering dews were wet;
We stood a moment still.

There was a bar of crimson in the west
Wherein a great star palpitating hung,
So close, so close to earth, it seemed to rest
Our own dear haunts among.

And higher, as if shrinking from that glow
Where yet we knew she must be drawn full soon,
Reluctant in her maiden silver, lo,
The slim and virgin moon.

And underneath those heavenly ones we saw
The lights of home beyond the darkening plain;
Fair, shining beacons, set to softly draw
Us to themselves again.

Sweet sounds familiar filled the hour with peace;
Lowing of kine, faint chirp of nested birds,
Voices of children, tender minstrelsies
That had no need for words

When mothers hushed their babes upon the knee;
Somewhere a dog barked; then a silence fell,
And we could only hear the ancient sea,
Murmuring the ancient spell.

There at our feet it lay; and purple Night
Clothed it with her dim broideries, and its breast
Heaved with the thousand secrets none may write
Save who know Sorrow best.

But you and I lightly took hands and turned
From the unmated, sad, complaining strand,
To where the fires of love and home still burned
Across the shadowy land.

We had no thought to bid the moment stay,
Because it seemed that all would follow so;
—But I forget if it were yesterday,
Or ages long ago!

Do you remember—O could I forget!—
How the sky looked when we had climbed the hill?
The night has long since fall'n; the star has set;
But Time for me stands still.

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THE TRUE STORY OF COMMANDANT LIÈVRE

By Molly Elliot Seawell

ILLUSTRATIONS BY L. MARCHETTI

RANK and fortune are everything. That I know, not from having them, but from the want of them. To cast a man upon the world with nothing but merit is like throwing him headlong into a den of tigers with a wooden sword to defend himself. If I knew how to use a pen as well as I know how to use a carbine, I could make this much clearer, but the plain recital of what I have done and suffered will be a convincing argument that what I say is true.

I was born in the town of Marne, while my father was there on conscript service. He was a man of sense and of spirit, and lost his life—how do you think? In a quarrel with a brother officer over a dancing dog! My mother, poor soul, soon followed him into the other country. I had a great-uncle in Marne, a notary, and I was about to say that he fed and clothed me until my sixteenth year—but let that pass. He kept me from starving, and I was never arrested for being in rags.

I think I could have stood my hard fare and thin jacket better if I had not seen at intervals the little Marquis de Ravenel—the handsomest youngster imaginable, a younger and slighter boy than I, always galloping over the country on his pony, and a regular little prince thereabout, for he was the heir of the splendid château on the hill. He stood for me as the embodiment of youth and happiness. He was a fiery little fellow, and would fly into rages with his tutor and his grooms, and even his horses and dogs; and I remember seeing him one day on the highway, in a gust of temper, swearing like a pirate and wanting to fight a groom twice his size, who ran away laughing, but looked frightened too. Oh, how I longed to be like that little Marquis!

My uncle did not think I had the capacity for the profession of the long robe; and God knows if I had the capacity, I had not the taste, for I meant to be a soldier. My uncle determined to make me apprentice to an apothecary. We argued the point, and my uncle brought a clinching argument to bear on me in the end—he put me on bread and water. I stood it stoutly for exactly nine hours—but hunger is a creditor who will not be put off with promises to pay—so, next morning, I was busy at pounding drugs in a mortar. I pounded industriously for about an hour, thinking all the time what a shabby trade was drug-pounding compared with soldiering, and my reflections brought me to the point of resolving that if ever I engaged systematically in the business of killing my fellow-men, I would at least give them an equal chance with myself—in short, I concluded to run away and enlist. Having thus determined, I sneaked out of the apothecary's shop, and without going through the formality of asking my uncle's consent, I made for the high-road at the top of my speed.

Never shall I forget that day. It was at the beginning of May, and not ten thousand poets could describe its beauty, or the rapture it inspired in my breast; so, being a plain soldier, please excuse me from trying to tell of it. By hook and by crook, with the assistance of a few francs I had, I managed, next day, to reach the little town where the conscript depot was, and just as the officer in charge was about shutting up his bureau for the night, I presented myself. Now, being under eighteen, I had been wondering how I would get in the army, and had gloomily determined that it would be my fate to enlist as a drummer; but one look on the officer's part at my height and

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figure showed me he meant to have me. I may say, now that I am as yellow as a kite's foot, with my face embroidered by several sabre cuts from Kabyle swords, with the rheumatism all over me, and one knee as stiff as iron, that I was a stalwart fellow at sixteen.

"Eighteen, did you say?" said the officer, taking down his book. I had said nothing, but I was put down as eighteen. The Sergeant who took me into another room and examined me, as a butcher examines a bullock, would not have let me go for a hundred francs; and so, before I slept that night, I was enlisted in the forty-third regiment of the line. So came to an end the first epoch of my life and so opened the second.

I would like to tell all that happened in the next twelve years, but I perceive that when one is writing about one's self the smallest particulars appear important, and if one put down all that appear interesting, a hundred books could be written in each life. I shall, therefore, only say that I early perceived my fate was in my own hands. The system of conscription has this advantage, that it brings one into contact with all classes of people; and the fact that there must be a separation of classes among the enlisted men, opens a door to those, like myself, who wish to make an honorable place in the world; and when my term of enlistment was up, I saw myself, at twenty-one, a sub-lieutenant.

Perhaps, if I had known the agonies of trying to live upon my pay, my heart might have failed at the last moment. My regiment was commonly known in the army as the Misers—there were so many poor men in it that our brother officers affected to believe that we were saving up millions. Occasionally, one of us made a good marriage; but immediately on making it the lucky man would either resign from the army altogether, or get a transfer to some other regiment. And thus we remained the Misers, that is, enduring all the penury of the miser, without his substantial gains.

Let it not be supposed that I spent all my youth in the pursuit of virtue and knowledge. Unluckily, no. But as I know that I can never bring myself to relate exactly all the faults, the follies, the rebuffs, the disappointments I suffered, so will I pass over them in silence—but I had my share—I had my share. One, however, I will admit. I was fool enough, and found a man willing to co-operate with me in folly, to get in debt two thousand francs. When I tell you that I learned to like horse-flesh before I paid that money, perhaps it will be understood what I suffered. I was very lonely. I was too poor to have friends; even too poor to have enemies. At last my debt was paid; and on the very day that I had got my release, and was feeling as happy as a king, I fell into another snare, more terrible, more hopeless—I fell in love.

We were then stationed at St. Quentin. The town is well known. I came across an account of it written in 1783, and I own that it might be written in this year of 1845—so little has it changed—even to the promenades on the grass-grown ramparts. It was on a June evening, walking on those green ramparts, that I met Renée Dufour. She was the daughter of the new Commandant, General Dufour. From the first moment that Renée's eyes met mine, it was all up with Pierre Lièvre.

I saw her often. Her father was very kind to me, and so was her old aunt, who was supposed to act a mother's part toward Renée. And Renée was very, very kind to me.

I will not attempt to describe her, but I cannot forbear mentioning the soft splendor of her eyes and the exquisite slenderness of her figure. She was not strictly beautiful—I believe the women of overpowering fascinations never are—but I will say no more.

Once there was to be a great military ball. I had not thought of going, but Renée asked me to go, and that was enough.

It was a very magnificent ball. The night was glorious, and the moon and stars looked down on a vast illuminated place, where fountains played, and music swelled and died, and the breath of roses ascended. The *coup d'œil* of the ball-room was splendid. At the top of the room stood General Dufour, a soldierly man with his breast covered with decorations—none of your time-of-peace decorations, but all earned by hard knocks—and at his side stood Renée, smiling and palpitating with

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pleasure. I danced with her once, and afterward I fancied her eyes followed me pretty steadily; but I dismissed the thought as one only fit for a vain fool. I stood about, scarcely knowing anyone, except my brother officers, who were busily engaged. I felt that divine elation with which every human soul greets Love, the conqueror. I saw Renée dancing with the younger officers, promenading with the older men, whom she seemed to bewitch. I had no eyes for anything but her. Finding myself close to General Dufour after awhile, he turned as if to speak to me. The next moment he seemed stricken dumb, uttered a slight groan, put his hand to his head, and fell forward. I caught him in my arms. His daughter must have seen it, for she ran forward. At the first look she turned to me and gasped:

"Get a priest."

There were plenty of military surgeons at hand in a moment. I slipped out, ran to the house of a curé opposite, hauled him out of bed, and had him at the door of the ball-room in ten minutes. I looked in, and saw at the head of the room General Dufour lying on a sofa, his daughter kneeling by him on one side, a surgeon on the other. The group was directly under the gallery of the musicians, who, mute and awe-stricken as the gayly dressed crowd below, sat motionless, holding their instruments. There was a slight commotion, and the surgeon said, in a clear voice:

"He wishes a priest."

I caught the surgeon's eye at that moment, and opening the door wider, he saw the curé about to enter. He whispered something to the dying man and then to the girl. Renée raised her eyes as I advanced slowly, ahead of the curé.

He carried, wrapped in a veil, the sacred pyx. At the sight all present fell on their knees; and from the musicians' gallery, as if by inspiration, came the celestial thrilling of the violins in the *Stabat Mater*. The strains, ineffably sweet and solemn, filled the vast hall, as the curé walked, with bent head, toward the dying man. The offices were soon over, and as the curé was reading the prayer for the dying, Renée said, softly:

"He is gone."

She was a soldier's daughter, and she walked bravely and quietly out of the room on the surgeon's arm. I followed her without my own volition. There were others with me. The General's carriage was drawn up at the bottom of the marble stairs. She turned as she reached the head of the stairs, and, looking at me, managed to say:

"I thank you all. I thank the curé and Lieutenant Lièvre."

Never shall I forget the expression of her face, as she stood for a moment, the lamplight and the starlight falling upon her bare head, in her white gown, with a white mantle dropping off her beautiful white neck.

Next morning a great piece of good fortune befell me. I was ordered, with a part of my regiment, to Algiers. I call it good fortune, for I could have no peace near Renée Dufour, and it was a thousand times better for me to be far away from her, where I could neither see her nor hear her name. Before I left St. Quentin for good, I wrote her a very respectful note; and after some weeks, when I was at Toulon, I got a reply from her. It was brief—but just the kind of sweet, sincere thing that she might be expected to write. Like a fool, I imagined something in it—a word or two which indicated a continuing interest in me; but I soon saw the folly of such vain imaginings. That very night, at mess, General Dufour's death being mentioned, Captain Duval-Choisy, a steady, reliable fellow, said he supposed that Mademoiselle Dufour's marriage with the Marquis de Ravenel would follow soon. He had heard on good authority that the Marquis, a handsome, dashing young man, with nothing against him but a rather hasty temper, was always with her now, with the consent of her relations. This gave me a great deal of pleasure. What a fitting match for her! Youth, love—for she had no fortune—rank, and wealth. And de Ravenel must be a fine fellow; a hasty temper was nothing. I was in such spirits with this news that I ordered champagne, and laughed and talked more gayly than ever before in my life. I even tried to sing, and I have no more voice than a crow. I took my gayety with me to my quarters, and sat up looking at a black and starless sky, and listening to a restless night-wind until near daylight, all

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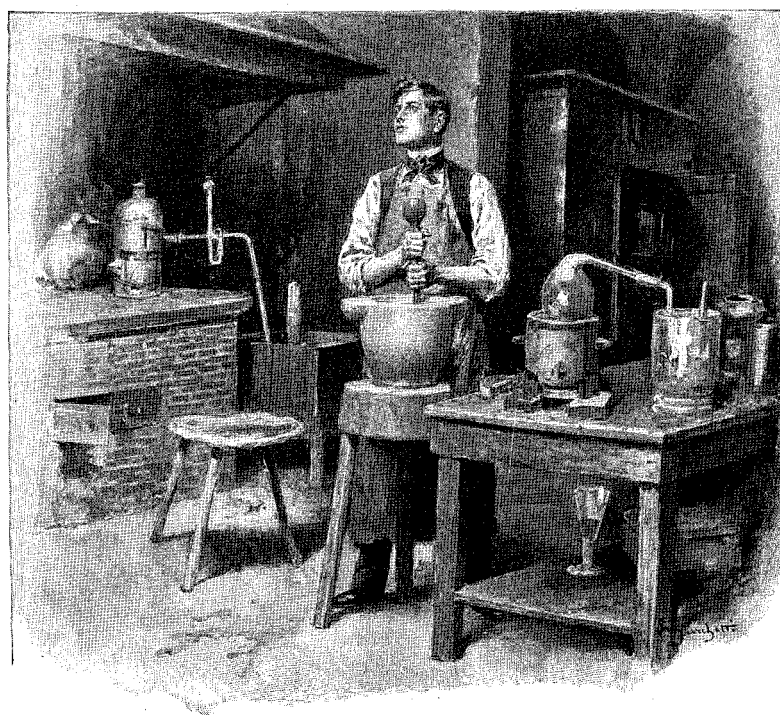

Next morning I was busy at pounding drugs in a mortar.—Page 182.

the time rejoicing at Renée's good fortune. What a thing it was for a man to be well born and rich! I was neither.

It was in May, 1830, that with a part of my regiment—the Misers—I was ordered to embark on board the Diadème, ship of the line, at Toulon. There were in round numbers thirty-five thousand men engaged in that first great African expedition. I remember that everything was done to inspire us with enthusiasm, but it was not in the Bourbons to inspire soldiers. And when the poor old Duc d'Angoulême came down to review us—such a melancholy, cadaverous, croaking, tongue-tied, lantern-jawed, megrim-haunted creature never was seen — the men laughed at him, and the officers swore at him, under the rose. It was frightfully depressing when he undertook to make us a speech. There was Marshal Marmont—I happened to see him in the Duc's suite when that speech was made—and I thought the old soldier would have died of disgust. The Duc told us that none of us would come back, advised us to settle our worldly affairs, and make our peace with Heaven. The men looked quite blue when they were marched back to their quarters, and the officers felt bluer still. It is a very terrible thing to begin a campaign in bad spirits. Soldiers are apt to die when they are in bad spirits. Some of us remembered what the Emperor had said concerning the Duc's wife—she was "the only man in the family"—but we dared not speak of this, for any mention of the Emperor always affected the army deeply, and the authorities, very properly, ordered us to keep silent on the subject of Napoleon. The Bourbons were in a bad way with the army after the Revolution. They might forbid us to talk of Napoleon, but we only thought of him the more—and we forced them to bring his ashes back to us before many years.

We were to embark on May 11th, and ten days beforehand two of our sub-lieutenants were obliged to be sent to the hospital—one to have his leg cut off, the other raving with fever. Two more had to be drafted into our battalion immediately, and one was the Marquis de Ravenel, from a crack lancers regiment. Although myself only a few grades ahead of him in rank, I happened to be the senior officer present

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when he reported. The others all had wives and families to say farewell to—I, alas! had no one.

He was as handsome, as dashing, as ever. How admirably would he suit with Renée Dufour! We had a very pleasant conversation, and the next morning, when the battalion was about to be paraded before me, I admired him more than ever. The men were drawn up under some trees on the edge of the town—we were encamped instead of being in barracks—and they certainly appeared very well. I was about to compliment de Ravenel upon the smart appearance of his men, when, as he approached, I saw that he was pale with rage—he looked as he did that day, so many years before, when I had seen him raving with the groom in the high-road. And this is what he said to me—his superior officer:

"So you are the man for whom Renée Dufour refuses to marry me. You, a beggar, a vulgarian, fit only to associate with her footman."

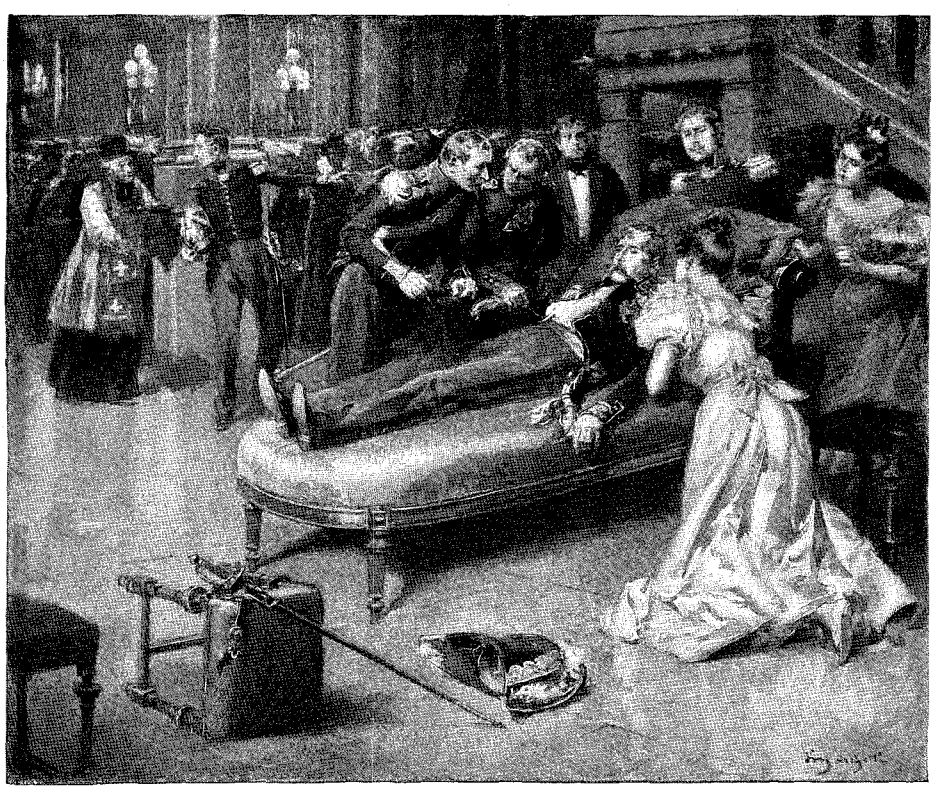
He spoke in a low voice, and I, staggered for a moment, replied in the same low tone:

"M. le Marquis, return to your quarters and consider yourself under arrest."

As quick as a flash he raised his sword, and gave me a swinging blow over my head with the hilt, and I knew no more. I did not know anything for several days. When I recovered consciousness I was in a hospital ward, and Duval-Choisy was sitting by me. I said to him, with an effort:

"Do you think de Ravenel will be shot?"

"He is shot already," answered Duval-Choisy, bluntly, "and by his own pistol, too—that is to say, it is so given out—but let me tell you, my dear Lièvre, although de Ravenel's body and the smoking pistol were smuggled out, I have grave doubts whether he is not just as much alive as you or I. His family are powerful at court, and royalists are not shot nowadays—there are not enough of them to be rashly disposed of. So don't trouble yourself about de Ravenel."



I . . . saw . . . General Dufour lying on a sofa, his daughter kneeling by him on one side, a surgeon on the other.—Page 184.

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"I thank you all. I thank the curé and Lieutenant Lièvre."—Page 184.

I found that the general opinion was the same as Duval-Choisy's. The offence was so flagrant that it could not be passed over; striking an officer is punishable with death, and the sentence is generally carried out in our army. De Ravenel's family had got to him at once; and before the court-martial could be notified, here had come the story of his suicide. There were many suspicious circumstances about the prompt removal of the body; the military authorities were strangely reticent; and I had a hint given me from a high quarter that I need not suffer my mind to be agitated about de Ravenel's tragic fate.

I recovered rapidly, and was ready to leave with my battalion, on May 11th. I had heard no word of Renée Dufour in that time. I had some hours of madness before leaving, when I felt like writing her a letter, bidding her farewell, but some instinct of manliness stopped me. Even if she were insane enough to wish to marry me, her family would be justified in preventing it. I had nothing; I could give her nothing. No. The story of her preference for me, which had maddened de Ravenel, was mere idle gossip, because I had got the priest for her father when she asked me. She had probably never thought of me again.

At last, on a June evening, we sighted Algiers, and next morning the debarkation began. Everybody knows what followed. We beat the Algerians and the Kabyles and all the other tribesmen in all the pitched battles when they dared to face us, but they kept up a harassing guerilla warfare which was infuriating. We had to build a chain of block-houses

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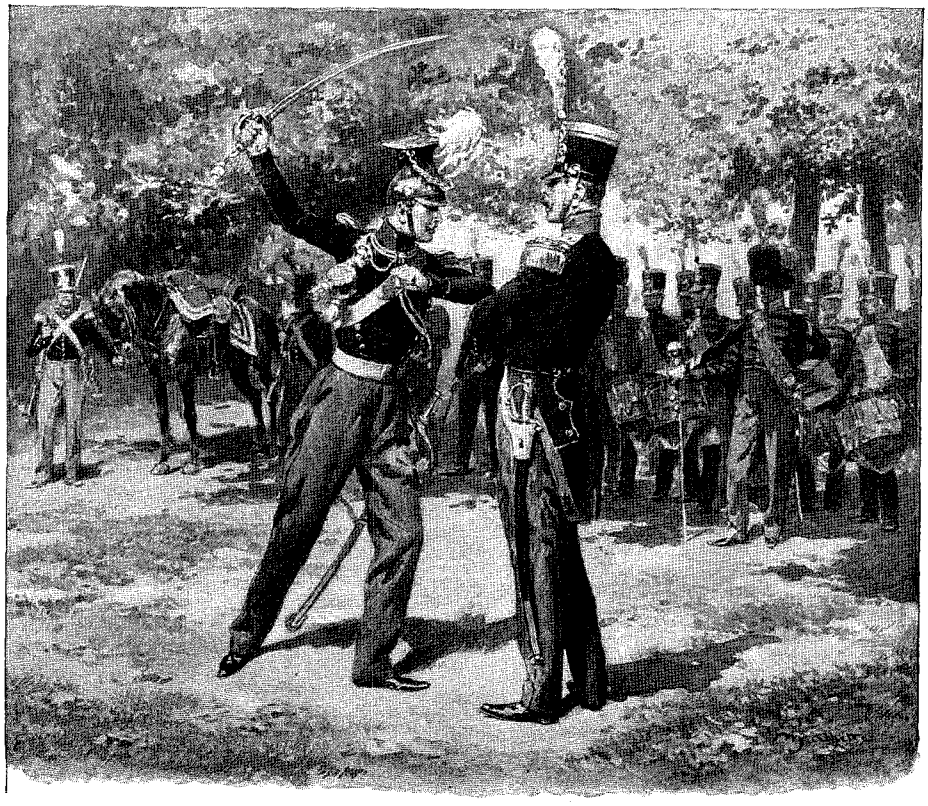

As quick as a flash he raised his sword, and gave me a swinging blow over my head with the hilt.—Page 186.

along all the territory outside the city of Algiers to protect our outposts and the few people who dwelt there.

The first year or two was exciting enough. Many of us got promotion—I got my captaincy—but after that, there was a time of stagnation. There were troubles in France and the troops were withdrawn, leaving only a handful in Africa. I had done my share in the campaign, and after that the homesickness which seizes every Frenchman away from France seized me. We were quite idle, the authorities being content that we should simply hold what we had got—and to be idle in Africa, as it was then, was very dreadful. The officers who had friends at home got ordered back, but I, with a few other Misers, remained on the plain around Algiers.

The men suffered more, of course, than the officers. From some of the best disciplined regiments in France they grew to be among the worst. At every departure for France there would be an outbreak from those who remained behind. Expeditions were organized against the Kabyles and Bedouins to counteract this and give the men something to talk about—but soldiers, unluckily, can think—and when they saw that we could not keep what we took, that we were not numerous enough to make a strong demonstration against the tribesmen, that beyond our line of block-houses we were powerless, and, above all, the occasional finding of a soldier with his head cut off, it was hard upon them. They would talk about the Emperor then; there was no stopping them. For my own part, I stood the ordeal fairly well. I tried to put Renée out of my head—and how well I succeeded may be imagined when I say that I never looked at those great, brilliant, golden stars of the African nights, which seem so large and so near, without thinking of her, and wondering if she were still alive, and if she were married—

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and this dreamer was a battered, middle-aged Captain of the line! And this lasted for thirteen years. Yes, I was thirteen years in Africa. Of course I might have gone back to France many times, but, unluckily, I learned Arabic, with many of its dialects, very well. It has always been my perverse fortune to get in trouble, not through my faults—which are numerous enough, and all well grown for their age—but by my few good qualities. The authorities put me into the *Bureau arabe*. I, a soldier, was made a clerk. In vain I swore I would resign, I would leave the army, I would turn Mahometan, but it was no use. After my time the officers were astute enough never to acknowledge how much Arabic they really knew; but I, in an insane moment, had boasted of mine, and I had thirteen years in which to repent of it. Algiers in the 30's was a dreary place, half desert, half Paris, French African, the Arab slipper-maker next door to the French milliner—a boulevard on the edge of the desert. I think I grew morose in the thirteen years when I was a French grand-vizier. As chief of the bureau, I had the privilege of ordering Arabian heads to be cut off. I did not avail myself of the privilege, but sometimes longed rather to cut some other heads off. I grew to be "old Lièvre" among the young sub-lieutenants. I kept away from the quarters where the French ladies with their smart gowns were to be found. The ugly ones I did not like, and the attractive ones always reminded me of Renée; so I avoided women altogether.

At last this slavery to a bureau became intolerable. One day I determined to be free. I went to head-quarters and announced that I would like to be relieved from the *Bureau arabe*. The Commandant smiled, and made out my orders at once. I was to proceed to Fort Mastagnan, nearly two hundred miles from Algiers, and take command of the little fort, with a garrison of—what do you think? One hundred and fifty *disciplinaires*.

To command a mud fort, two hundred miles in the interior, with a garrison of a hundred and fifty rapscallions under punishment! Of course the Commandant expected me to beg off at once, and to go back to doing a clerk's work in the *Bureau arabe*. But I swore to myself that I would not go back to the *Bureau arabe*. The Commandant did not urge me. He evidently thought that a slight experience of Fort Mastagnan would bring me to terms; so he let me go. Within a week I was ready to start. It was a weary journey. My first sight of Mastagnan was not as melancholy as one might suppose; for *disciplinaires* are soldiers after all, and have the same childish light-heartedness of other soldiers. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon, and although it was in the rainy season, the sun shone every day at that hour. The fort was perched upon a plateau, with great mountain-peaks towering over it, and the sun glinted upon the silvery mountain-torrents that foamed down the face of the rocks.

My ragamuffins were drawn up to receive their new Commandant, and although not very smart looking—except one man who was orderly to the former Commandant—they were not very bad looking. The officer whom I was to relieve recommended his orderly to me.

"A very sharp fellow — calls himself Laurent—has a life-sentence for striking an officer, but I think he expects it to be commuted very soon. I can't make him out; I am afraid he is a gentleman; he writes a better hand than I do, and except for his damned superiority in everything, has not a fault."

"I will take him," said I.

The first time my orderly and I came face to face I saw he was the Marquis de Ravenel, and he saw that I was Captain Lièvre, and each knew the other recognized him. But never saw I such coolness and self-possession as Laurent's. He had, at last, learned self-control. Not a wink betrayed him, and I, scorning to be outdone by my orderly, was as cool as he. This, then, explained the mystery. By some sort of juggling his family had saved his life, and had got him off to Africa, ostensibly for life. They had probably been working all the time for the commutation of his sentence, the restoration of his civil rights, and he would return to France something of a hero, to be rehabilitated with title, money, and everything. But suppose the impulse to kill me should come upon him? Well, he had plenty of chances. We got on from the start—

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Laurent's face quite inscrutable, while I, in a very little while, had trouble to keep from smiling every time I saw, or even thought of, the Marquis touching his cap to Pierre Lièvre, holding my horse, running my errands, standing at attention whenever I spoke to him.

As with my predecessor, he did everything better than I did. His accent was Parisian — mine, I am afraid, was not. He wrote and spoke half a dozen other languages besides, of which I knew not a word. He had made himself a kind of mandolin, on which he played charmingly, while he sung airs from the operas that had been new thirteen years ago, and he was leader of the *disciplinaires*' band. Oh, it was a comedy to see us together! I wondered often if he remembered Renée Dufour. Alas for me! I had not forgotten her.

Meanwhile I had been looking closely about me, for the Commandant of a fort in the enemy's country, with a garrison of *disciplinaires*, needs to keep his eyes open. The fort had good walls, stout and high. On the northern side it was protected by an inaccessible precipice. We had one field-piece, and plenty of ammunition and provisions. I considered the fort practically impregnable, *if* I had a good garrison. I had no doubt they would fight; *disciplinaires* are generally good fighters; but suppose the tribesmen should come, five or six thousand strong, as they might, for they had lately begun to attack us in vast numbers when they attacked at all. Then, if only the *morale* of the *disciplinaires* could be kept up—but there is something overpowering to the rude mind of a private soldier in the thought that he is outnumbered fifty to one, even though he be well armed and protected. After considering this part of it, I sat down to do what I had always intended, but had not, until then, set about, and that was, to make my will. But when I actually began it, I was troubled with two difficulties—I had nothing to leave, and nobody to leave it to. So I did not make a will.

I am happy to say that I found Fort Mastagnan a great improvement on the *Bureau arabe*. I was as well satisfied as ever in my life. True, I had the same old pain at my heart, but that I should have had anywhere. And the sight of those solemn peaks piercing the clouds, and the vast loneliness of the hills and valleys around the fort in the mountains, was soothing to my soul.

Some months passed. We often saw bands of Kabyles and other tribesmen stealing along the valleys at nightfall, the light trampling of their horses' hoofs faintly audible in the clear air. Sometimes the morning sun shone on a group of dazzling white burnouses disappearing quickly in the gorges of the mountains. We had not so far had a single Kabyle carbine fired at us, but it was coming.

One night in December, when the air was sharp, as I sat at my supper of barley-broth and mutton — it was mutton, mutton, mutton, summer and winter— Laurent entered my room, and saluting, said, calmly:

"Sir, the tribesmen are pouring down the mountain-side."

I seized my field-glass and ran out. There was no moon, but the sky was bright with stars, and by their faint, unearthly shimmer I could see a cloud of horsemen pouring, as Laurent said, out of the great mountain-gorge above us. On they came, in myriads. The Arab horses rush noiselessly down the steepest declivities in an indescribable manner; it is more like the flight of eagles than the bound of horses. The riders, enveloped in their white burnouses, out of which their black eyes gleam like points of flame, looked ghostly, and if I were a poet, instead of a plain Captain of the line, I could tell, as it should be told, the weirdness, the wildness, the barbaric majesty of the sight. It was as if some great serpent of the night were unwinding himself, to spring upon that little fort on the mountain-side—for as the Arabs came into the plain, the vast circle coiled around the fort, and then gave one prolonged savage shriek of hate, and menace, and triumph. There were not less than eight thousand of them in sight—and we were a hundred and fifty.

Meanwhile my rapscallions were under arms by the tap of the drum, and I proceeded to harangue them.

"It is a movement in force," said I. "Thousands of tribesmen cannot move without the knowledge of our superiors.

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We shall be rescued—be sure of that—and meanwhile we must take care of ourselves. You know what Arabs do for their prisoners. Not always this—" I passed my hand across my throat—"that is mercy; but to be slowly tormented to death, to be dragged at the heels of horses, to die of blows and thirst and hunger—*that* is the punishment reserved for French prisoners—and afterward their heads are cut off. Now, my children, let us not die in that manner."

A shout arose from my fellows at this.

"However," said I, "there is small danger of that, for I have arranged, if ever the Arabs get over the stockade, to blow us all up at the first wink!"

This they cheered tremendously.

"And more," said I, "there is a chance for every one of you to wipe out everything against you. Gallantry in the face of an enemy will condone any crime a soldier may commit. *Vive l'armée!*"

At this, a great cheer went up. Fear and hope—the two great mainsprings of human action—had been touched, instead of a hundred and fifty *disciplinaires*, I had a hundred and fifty heroes.

And now my awkward pen falters and I can scarcely go on. Oh, for the burning words of a Froissart to tell what happened when eight thousand Kabyles and Bedouins came surging upon us! In the darkness the trampling of their horses' feet sounded like thunder. They had each a long, single-barrelled rifle, but they soon found that rifle-balls do not penetrate thick walls. We knew they would attempt to storm the place, and when we saw a hundred dark heads over the parapet on the south side, it took not a minute for us to direct all our fire at them, while our one gun was dragged across the courtyard, and pointed through a hole in the wall. And when it barked out, I heard, for the first time, the Arabs shriek with pain; for these followers of the Prophet are great and admirable in agony and death. They suffer and die with majestic calmness. But the very suddenness of the assault drew from them a yell that smote the black heavens above them.

All night the *disciplinaires* fought as I never saw men fight before or since—such coolness, such discipline!

All through that first dreadful night Laurent was my aide-de-camp as well as my orderly; and when the mountain-tops grew rosy in the coming dawn, he was at my side, cool, smiling, and spick and span as ever. That is the way with the thoroughbreds. I am afraid I was frowzy and rather ill-tempered. About sunrise the Arabs gave us a little peace, and, still under arms, we had something to eat. Laurent—that is, the Marquis de Ravenel—brought my coffee and barley-bread to me upon a tray with a white napkin. I was a long time eating and drinking—all for effect—it nearly choked me. Then I ordered the band out—we had a pretty good one—and Laurent, the leader, looked at me meaningly, and I understood and nodded back, and it burst into—not *Vive Henri Quatre*, or any of those Bourbon airs, for which soldiers do not care a fig—but into *La Marseillaise!* You should have seen my poor fellows! They shouted, they wept, they embraced—they cheered me—they cried, "*Now*, will we hold out!" Oh, it was an inspiration! They were every inch Frenchmen then! All day the attack continued intermittently. I was more sure of the *morale* of the men then than before; still I thought the day with its monotony more dangerous than the night with its excitement. As the sun sank in beauty—the day had been mild and clear—Laurent went and fetched his mandolin, and sitting in the middle of the courtyard, sang some of his gay songs, all about love and wine, and the men began to laugh and actually to dance. I daresay the Arab devils outside thought we were crazy, but we were watching them all the same.

As soon as night fell we again heard the marshalling of thousands of horsemen, the trampling of thousands of hoofs, that wild, far-reaching scream of thousands of voices. The sky became inky black with the clouds that were to pour down rain on us; the air grew sharp, and a cold wind from the mountains swept down and roared through the gorges, and soughed among the branches of the trees. And over all hung a pall of dusk and gloom; it was as if the few souls in that fort in the African wilderness were the sole human beings in the universe. And the sudden rush of thousands of Arabs, which came at midnight, the earth trembling as the multitude

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of iron hoofs smote it, seemed rather the assault of demons than of men. That night we repelled them, too; every head that appeared over the parapet was shot off. The Arabs rode round and round the fort, wheeling as they reached the one inaccessible side. This second night the sight of this vast wheel of horsemen circling around us, the hoof-beats sounding always at the same distance, began to show its effect upon the *disciplinaires*. One of them, a hale, hearty young fellow of twenty-four, grew deadly pale and faint as he listened. I was passing at the time, and afraid to notice him for fear the panic would communicate itself to the others. I saw him walk unsteadily toward the centre of the courtyard, as if to get a better view of the enemy, and suddenly he put his foot upon the trigger of his carbine, and the next moment the bullet went through his head. He shrieked out twice, "I was afraid! I was afraid!" and then breathed no more.

This first indication of panic was very alarming. Presently, Laurent, touching his cap, whispered to me, "Captain, may I get my mandolin?"

I nodded, and in a little while he was sitting under an umbrella to keep off the rain, thrumming his mandolin, and singing in a rich voice some of the songs from the operas. And he kept this up until the dreary dawn of the rainy day came. Then it was his turn to do duty, but his singing was having so good an effect on the men that I allowed him to continue an hour longer. The band then played *La Marseillaise*, and I knew we were safe as long as the inspiration from it lasted. I thought as I made my rounds that morning that surely no commander was ever placed in a more singular position. Here I was, locked up alone with one hundred and fifty criminals. We were perfectly safe as long as we thought ourselves to be safe; but the instant we doubted our safety, all was up with us.

In all that time we listened, and hoped, and waited every hour for the relief column. The authorities kept a close watch on our enemies, and they must soon become acquainted with the assembling of so many thousands of them. Yet for seven days and nights we endured the agony of waiting. Seven days and nights! Rather did it seem seven months. There was not the smallest break in the routine. At last I began to fear that the men would give way under this strain of monotony. I was convinced that were a few men killed by the enemy, it would have been better on the whole. But nothing I can write could give the smallest idea of those seven days and nights of agony, before one morning, just at sunrise, we heard the French bugles. Oh, the rapture of that silver sound! I think every man wept, even Laurent, and in an hour the misery was over. Our enemy was flying to the mountains, our comrades were marching in, grasping our hands, embracing us, and calling us heroes. Some of the heroes, though, were so unnerved that they lay in heaps upon the ground crying like nervous women. Laurent, I noticed, was overflowing with joy and happiness. He had the nerve to stand joy as well as agony.

Well, when my hundred and fifty bad fellows marched into Algiers, one bright morning, they were received as if they were the glory of the French army. Troops lined the way on both sides, all the Europeans cheered us, the ladies threw us bouquets and waved their handkerchiefs, and wept and laughed—even the Arabs and the Jews looked at us with some interest. Every man had all his misdeeds wiped out, and every man got a medal for gallantry, and every man was drafted into a line regiment, except one—Laurent.

Within an hour of the time we reached Algiers I had forwarded Laurent's application for leave; and in another hour it was returned, "Granted."

That night, after he had attended to my wants in his usual submissive manner—for he was still my orderly—he came up to me, and suddenly changing his whole aspect, he said:

"Adieu, comrade. I have got leave, and I am off to-morrow to—never mind where. You have been an excellent master, and I will give you a certificate of character to that effect whenever you want it."

"Thank you, comrade," replied I, offering him my hand, which he shook warmly. Next morning Laurent was gone—to France on a merchant vessel. The Commandant, who knew a good deal more than he would admit, made a wretched business of an explanation to me, but I

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We had to build a chain of block-houses along all the territory outside the city of Algiers.—Page 187.

knew that Laurent had influences at work which would get him to France the instant his time was up. No doubt, it was all arranged months beforehand. I was made a Commandant, and given the cross of St. Louis; and then the resolve came into my mind to return to France, and to begin a search for Renée Dufour.

I reached Paris one afternoon in April, and going to a lodging near the Champs-Élysées, recommended to me by a brother officer, engaged a modest apartment, and the very first person I met on the stairs when I came home at midnight was my old acquaintance Duval-Choisy. He seemed pleased to see me, asked me about Mastagnan, and invited me to sit on his balcony and smoke before going to bed.

I thought I had never seen anything so beautiful and brilliant as Paris that spring night. The lights, the cheerful crowds on the streets, the merry cafés, and, over all, the solemn stars and great, vivid moon that had shone over Mastagnan. Next us was a splendid hotel lighted from *entresol* to attic; a ball was going on and we could hear the rhythm of the music borne out on the soft night-air of April, and could see the dancers whirling past the windows. We watched it in silence for some time — I was thinking of that other ball, now more than fourteen years ago, and, as always, thinking, thinking of Renée Dufour. But I could not bring myself to ask Duval-Choisy about her, although I felt sure he knew. Presently he spoke, without looking at me—he was always a kind-hearted fellow.

"That hotel belongs to the Marquis de Ravenel; you have not forgotten him? Of course, he did not commit suicide. His family got him sent to Africa for life, it was said, but as soon as the citizen-king came in, they began to work to have him pardoned, and they succeeded. He was at Mastagnan; did you recognize him?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Of course, that wiped out everything.

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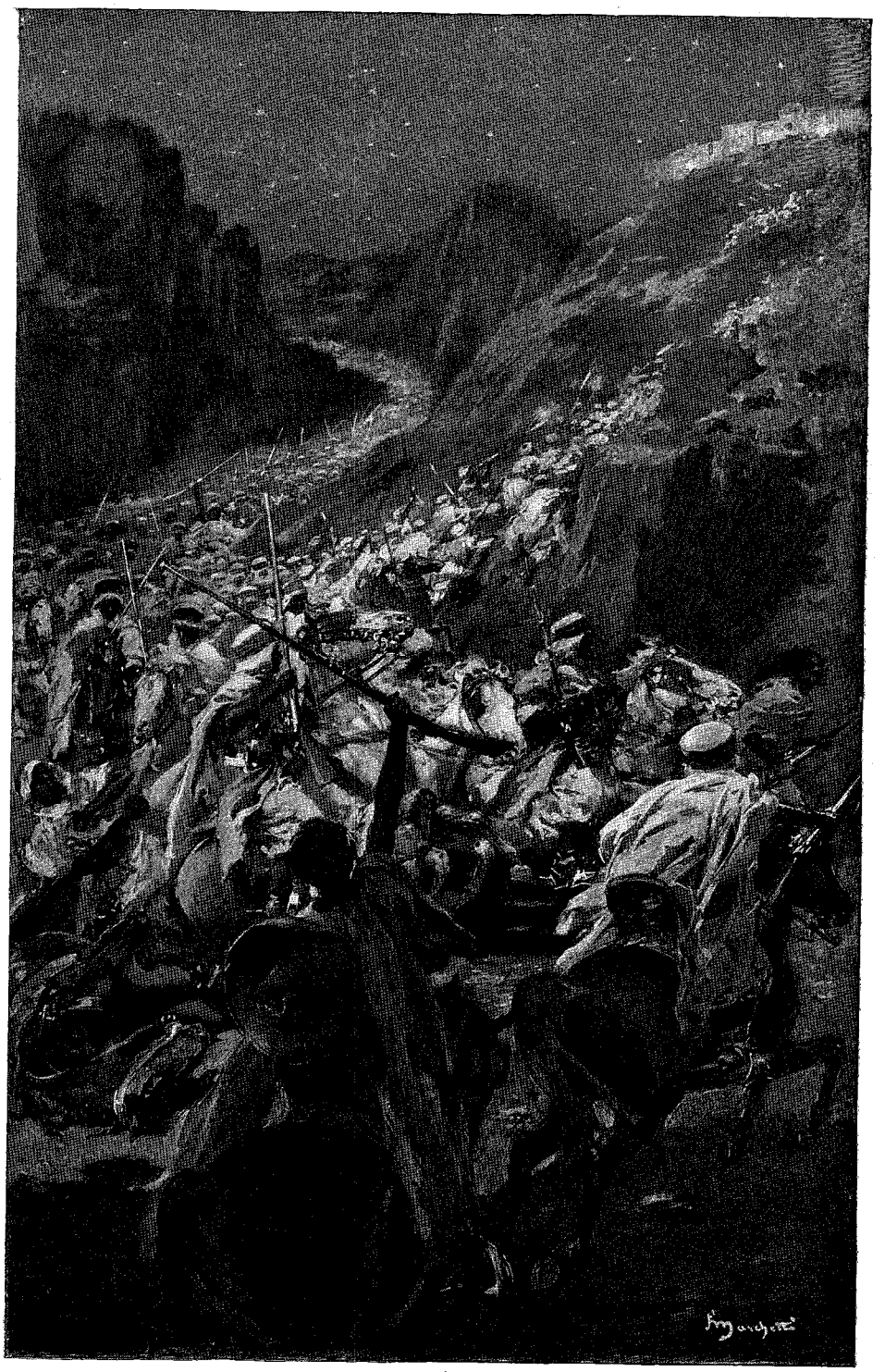

The Arabs rode round and round the fort, wheeling as they reached the one inaccessible side.—Page 192.

NOTE.—The incident of a hundred and fifty *disciplinaires* defending Mastagnan against eight thousand tribesmen actually occurred.

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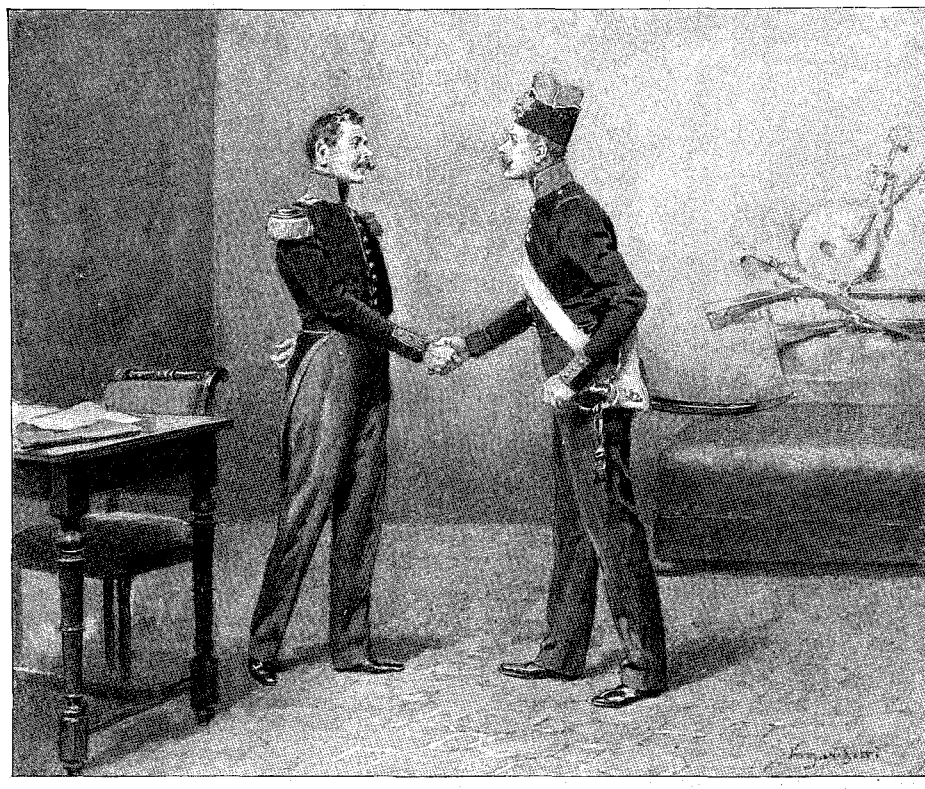

"Adieu, comrade. I have got leave, and I am off to-morrow to—never mind where."—Page 192.

His family made a hero of him; his mother bought this hotel for him, and he married Mademoiselle Dufour at last."

The music rose and fell as before, but the air of the melodious waltz seemed to me to blend strangely into the strain of the *Stabat Mater* that I had heard played at that other ball so long ago.

I said not a word. Duval-Choisy continued, after a little while:

"I have heard that Renée Dufour remained unmarried all those years, not for the sake of de Ravenel, but for some other man—someone who had been kind to her at the time of her father's death—there was a mysterious reason for her conduct. She rewarded de Ravenel's constancy in the end, but I do not think she has the air of a happy woman."

The ball was still going on, but at that moment a woman dressed in white, with diamonds flashing all over her, came out on a little balcony directly opposite ours. She raised her face, and the moonlight fell upon it. How sad it was! And it was the face of Renée de Ravenel.

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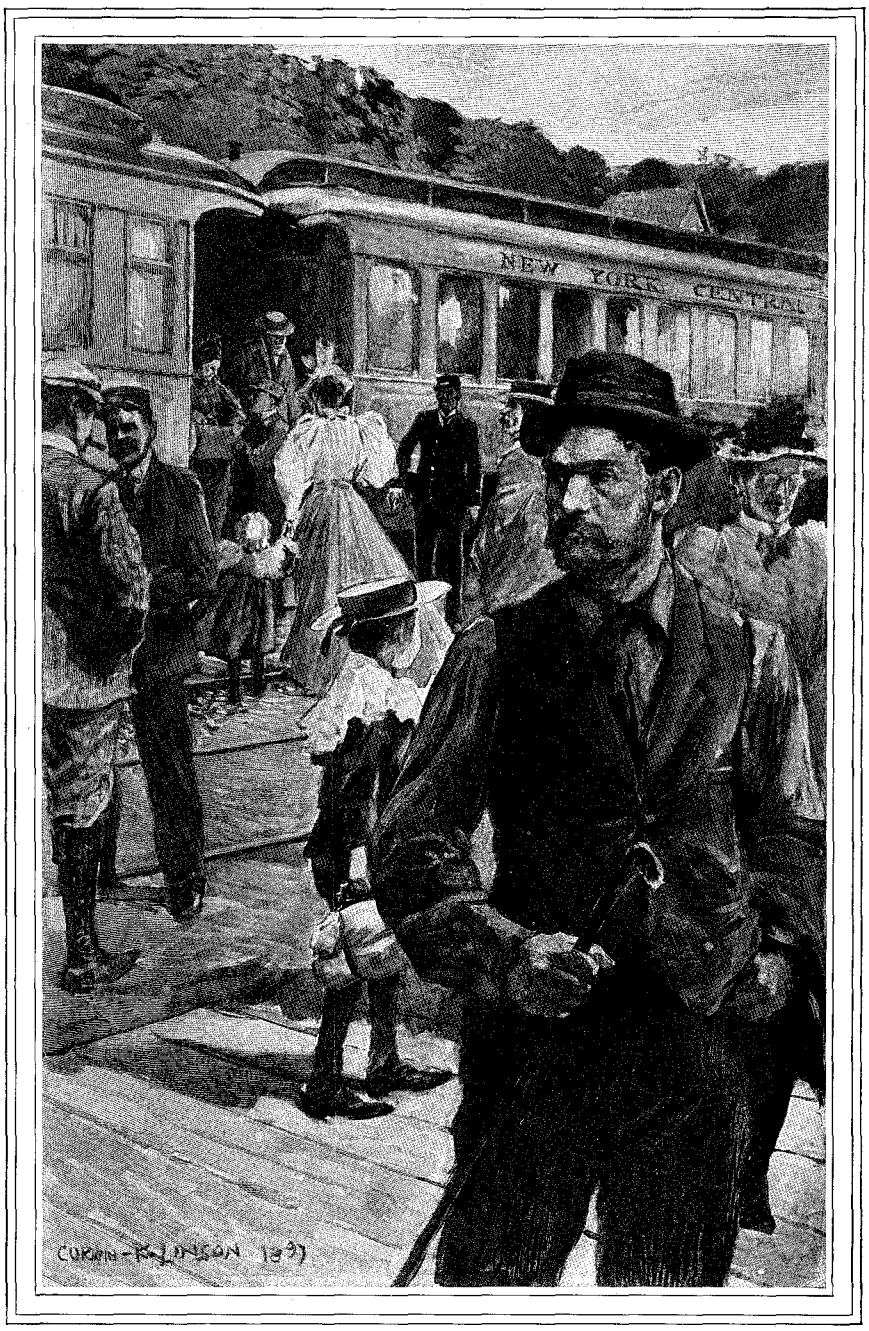

I easily passed unnoticed in the crowd.—Page 203.

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THE WORKERS

AN EXPERIMENT IN REALITY

BY WALTER A. WYCKOFF

I—THE ADJUSTMENT

HIGHLAND FALLS, N. Y.,
Monday, July 27, 1891.

THE boss at the work on the old Academic building in West Point gave me a job this morning, and ordered me to come to work to-morrow at seven o'clock. A gang of laborers is fast removing the old building, which is to give place to a new one. From one of the workmen I learned that the men live in Highland Falls, a mile down the river, and so I came here in search of a boarding-house. There was some difficulty in finding quarters, for the place is crowded with workingmen attracted here by the new buildings at the Post and work on the railway.

Mrs. Flaherty has taken me in as a boarder. That is not her name, but it sufficiently indicates her. She came to the door with the odor of soap-suds and boiling cabbage strong upon her, and told me at first that she guessed that she couldn't take me. She relented when I explained that I had work at the Post; and, having admitted me as a member of her household, she gave play to her natural hospitality. When I was shown to a little carpetless room under the roof, with two double beds in it, I spoke of needing water, and she showed me where I could get a plentiful supply. I said that I should like to write, and she at once invited me from the torrid heat of the attic to a place at her dining-room table.

Here then, in the temporary security of a boarding-house, and as an assigned member of the industrial army, I can review the first week of enlisted service.

I am vastly ignorant of the labor problem, and am trying to learn by experience; but I am so far familiar with Socialistic writings as to know that, from their point of view, I have not gone from one economic class into another. I belong to the proletariat, and from being one of the intellectual proletarians, I am simply become a manual proletaire. In other words, I no longer stand in the market ready to sell what mental ability I have, I now bring to the market instead my physical capacity for work, and I sell that at its market price. Expressed in every-day language, the change is simply this: from earning a living as a teacher, I have begun to earn it as an unskilled laborer.

But, nevertheless, the change has in it elements of real contrast. One week ago I shared the frictionless life of a country-seat. Frictionless, I mean, in the movement of an elaborate system which ministers luxuriously to the physical needs of life. Frictionless, perhaps, only to those to whom it ministers. Now I am out of all that, and am sharing instead the life of the humblest form of labor upon which that superstructure rests.

This is not a frictionless life in its adjustment to daily needs—very much the reverse. And whatever may be its compensations, they are not of the nature of easy physical existence.

The actual step from the one manner of life to the other was sure of its own interest. It was painful to say good-by on the last evening, and there was enough of uncertainty in the prospect to account for a shrinking from the first encounter with a strange life; but there was promise of adventure, and almost a certainty of solid gain in experience.

At sunrise on the next morning I was ready to set out. I descended quietly to the hall. The butler stood there, politely urging some pretended necessity as excuse for so early an appearance, and he invited me to breakfast.

Often had he seen me off for a day's fishing or shooting in the old suit which I

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wore, but I could feel his eye fixed upon me now with perplexed interest. He had heard my expedition discussed at the table, and in some vague way he took in that I meant to earn my living as a workman. With his wonted dignity, he helped me adjust my pack and strap it; and then he stood under the *porte cochère*, and watched me hurry across the lawn in the direction of the highway.

Two hours' walk carried me beyond the point of my acquaintance with the country roads; but this presented no real difficulty, for I had but to keep a steadily westward course. Other details of my expedition were not so simple, and I began to have an uncomfortable sense of unsuspected difficulty. I look back from the vantage-point of a week's experience, with a feeling of amused tolerance, upon my naïve preconceptions. It is like a retrospect of years. My notion of earning a living by manual labor was the securing of an odd job whenever I should need a meal or a night's lodging. Much advice had come my way before I set out. As a means of access to people, I was told to take with me a book or magazine, and to invite subscriptions. I adopted this plan; and a copy of a magazine was under my arm as I walked on through the dust and heat of a country road, wondering how long it would take me to reach the Hudson, and how I should earn my first meal.

There was nothing at all adventurous or exciting in a dusty walk. My pack was taking on increments of weight with each mile of the journey. I was beginning to feel conscious of change in unexpected ways. There was no money in my pocket, and a most subtle and unmanning insecurity laid hold of me as a result of that. The world had curiously changed in its attitude, or rather I saw it at a new angle, and I felt the change most keenly in the bearing of people. My good-morning was not infrequently met by a vacant stare, and if I stopped to ask the way, the conviction was forced upon me that, as a pack-pedler, I was a suspicious character, with no claim upon common consideration.

In the shade of his porch sat the keeper of a country store, at a fork of the road. His chair was tilted against the outer wall, and his feet rested upon the balustrade. My question as to the course of the two roads before me was responded to by the merchant, first with a look, and then a spurt of tobacco-juice, which stirred the dust between my feet, and finally, a caustic sentence to the effect that he "did not much know, and did not care a damn," while his blue eyes swept the horizon, and rested finally on the Sound, gleaming golden in the morning sun, and the purple line of the Long Island shore.

The new-born self-consciousness which I found asserting itself was like a wound on the hand, exposed to constant injury. I had walked several miles before I summoned courage to speak to any one else. Finally, very hot and thirsty, I knocked at the door of an unpainted cottage which stood on the road. The door opened to the touch of an old woman, who bent toward me in the emaciated angularity of a decrepit figure which must once have been strikingly tall and vigorous.

I asked leave to show her the magazine, and she invited me into the cool of her home. The middle floor was covered with a yellow oil-cloth, on which there stood a table. A large cooking-stove occupied one side of the room. A few wooden-bottom chairs were ranged around the walls. An old kitchen clock rested on the mantel-shelf; and on either side of it hung a faded photograph, each in an oval wooden frame.

The old woman asked me to draw up a chair to the table, and she sat beside me, looking with the excited interest of a child at the pictures which I showed her, but paying little heed, I thought, to what I was saying. Presently, without warning, she veered mentally with the facility of childhood, and now she was looking at me intently between the eyes, while one long skeleton hand lay on the open page before her.

"Be you a pedler?" she asked, and her eyes dilated to the measure of the protruding sockets over which the yellow skin was tightly drawn. "I am trying to get subscribers for this magazine," I told her.

"Was you raised in these parts?" My negative gave her the opening for which she was unconsciously feeling. She was born and "raised" on that spot, and had lived there for nearly eighty years, and she hastened to tell me so. There was noth-

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ing voluble in the recital of her history, only a directness and simplicity of speech and a certain quiet reserve which rendered the narrative absorbing to us both. Some bond of sympathy began to make itself felt, for she was dwelling on the losses of her life, and, quite unconsciously, she wept as she told me of the death of one and another, until not one of all her family or kindred was left to her, except her grandson, with whom she now lived. She said no word of complaint; and, in the presence of her human sorrows, she had no memory of poverty, and of the bitter struggle against want which life had plainly been for her. She was sobbing softly, with her head bent upon the table, when she ceased speaking, and no comfort that I could offer her was comparable to the relief that she felt in telling her story. When I arose to go, she was breathing deeply, like a comforted child.

For a stretch of several miles of country road I spurred myself to knock at every door to which I came. My reception was curiously uniform. I never got beyond the request for leave to show the magazine. The reply was invariably a negative; sometimes polite, but always emphatic. Once I did not get so far as that. A portly negress saw me approaching her cottage from the road, and, standing strident on guard before her door, she shouted to me across the meadow that nothing was wanted there, and that I might save myself the walk.

It was nearing noon, and I was very hungry. The question of earning a meal was no longer an interesting speculation, but a pressing necessity. I turned all my attention to that. A large iron gateway leading into a cemetery attracted me. Several ragged, tow-headed children were playing about the lodge. One of them told me that his father was inside, and he indicated the general direction of the tombstones. I found the digger sweating freely in a half-finished grave, and instantly offered my help as a means of earning a dinner. The grave-digger was an Irishman. He leaned at ease upon his spade, and soberly looked me over, and then declined my offer. He was polite, but not at all communicative, and he met my advances with the one remark that his "old woman" was not at home.

A little farther on, I saw three women in pursuit of a hen. I eagerly volunteered my help, and asked for a dinner in payment. They quit the chase, and stood confronting me with serious faces, while I eloquently pleaded my readiness to help them. Nothing in the situation seemed to strike them as strange or irregular, but they touched upon it with short, grave speech, until I had the feeling of something momentous, and I accepted their refusal with a sense of relief.

At last, in the outskirts of the village of Westport, I found a man mowing his lawn, and he was willing to give me a dinner for completing the work. My final success in getting an odd job was a splendid stimulus. I urged the mower over the lawn with a vigor that surprised me, and the dinner which I ate in the dim corner of an immaculate kitchen was a liberal return for the labor.

All that long summer afternoon I went from house to house, asking subscriptions for the magazine. The rack would have been easier upon my feelings, but I was eager to discover some ready way of approaching people. Not even the loafers at the station were in the least inclined to share their company with me. At nightfall I earned, by sawing wood for an hour, a supper and the right to sleep in an unused barn.

When I awoke, in the early morning, I looked with bewilderment at the dull gray light that shone between the parted boards and through the rifts among the shingles. I came to myself with homesickness in full possession of me, and my back aching from the pressure of that intolerable pack. At the pump in the barn-yard I washed myself, and sat down to eat a slice of cold meat and some pieces of bread which I had saved from supper. An unfriendly collie watched me, and growled threateningly until I won him over with a share of the breakfast.

The village was muffled in a heavy, clinging fog. The buoyancy of the previous morning was gone. It was with some difficulty that I found the road which had been pointed out to me as the shortest cut across country to the Hudson. I could not shake off the feeling of homelessness and isolation; and, under its influence, the lot of the farmers' boys, whom I met driv-

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ing their carts to early market, appeared infinitely to be desired. A life of any honest work which accounts for one, and includes some human fellowship, and a reasonable certainty of food and shelter, began to take on undreamed-of attractiveness, in contrast with vagrancy. I felt outside of the true order of things, and as having no contact with any vital current of the world. Perhaps it was in some measure the Philistine in me asserting himself, in the absence of his customary bath and hot coffee; for, as the fog lifted and the sun appeared, I came upon a brook which I had only to follow a hundred yards or more to a well-shaded pool, where the bath was soon achieved, and I emerged feeling that a vagrant life, with some purpose in it, was, after all, rather desirable.

The morning was only fairly begun when I reached the village of Wilton, eight miles from Westport. Already I was tired, and certain muscles of the shoulders and back were in violent revolt. I left my pack at the post-office. Passing up a street, which runs at right angles to the one by which I entered the village, I presently knocked at the last of a row of comfortable cottages.

When the door opened I knew instantly that the gentleman who stood framed in it was the village pastor. I said that I was looking for work. He asked me inside. I thought this a curious change of subject, but willingly followed him into a dim sitting-room, fragrant of perfect cleanliness. I explained that I was on my way to West Point in search of work, but was without money, and so obliged to earn my living by the way, and that I would gladly do anything that offered in payment for bread and board. He questioned me closely, with an evident purpose of drawing me out further, and then he abruptly offered me work on his wood-pile, and appeared surprised at my instant agreement.

The wood was green, and the saw, with which it had first to be cut into proper lengths, was not sharp, and it was certainly not skilfully handled. The work was hard, but at noon there was ready for me in the shed, a dinner of beef, and potatoes, and slices of bread, which for lightness and color were like flakes of snow, held by a band of crisp brown crust.

In the afternoon the minister interrupted my work with the request that I would join him in the house, and he indicated where I could first wash in the wood-shed. I steeled myself for a lecture on the evils of vagrancy, with incidental references to drunkenness as its probable cause in my case. Instead, I found the family seated for an early "tea," and myself invited to a place at the table. I am bound to say that I was rattled. I had expected a meal in the kitchen, and a bed in common with the preacher's horse.

Not the least curious position in which I have so far been placed, was that which I occupied at the minister's board. His family, I shrewdly suspect, did not share his hospitable feelings toward me, and I could venture a guess that it was under protest from them that I took a seat next to the minister's daughter.

She was a pale, delicate girl, of seventeen, perhaps. Her short, brown hair curled close to her head, and her dark eyes looked dimly at you through huge spectacles. The light, crisp stuff in which she was dressed seemed to create about her an atmosphere some degrees cooler than that of the rest of the room.

By way of beginning, I offered some fatuous commonplace about the surrounding country. Instantly I realized that I was not to venture upon a conversation that implied terms of social equality. The child bristled with outraged dignity, and let fall in reply a sharp monosyllable. Further conversation with her would have been highly diverting, but not very considerate, and so I turned to my host, who maintained through the meal the air of one who is on the defensive, but who is sustained by the conviction of doing his duty.

My sympathies were all with the girl. Her feeling was very natural, so natural as to suggest the rather disturbing ideas with which Count Tolstoi is again confronting us. It was a very practical application of the teaching of brotherhood, that of asking a chance workman to a seat at one's family table. But if ministering to Him is really, in part, in such recognitions of the least of His brethren, the instinctive shrinking of the girl brought up in a Christian home in the country was a commentary on our drift from the simplicities of the Gospel.

In the evening I went with the minister to a prayer-meeting in his church. A handful of people sat at solemn intervals in the

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audience-room. I was plainly the only common laborer among them. The men appeared to be comfortable farmers, and there was a village shop-keeper or two, while the women were clearly their wives and daughters.

In one of the agitating silences which fell upon the company after the minister had declared the meeting open, I rose and took part; and at the door, when the benediction had dismissed us, several of the men spoke to me cordially. There was entire kindliness in their manner, and they, perhaps, were not conscious of showing surprise in welcoming a laborer to their meeting.

That night the minister insisted upon my taking a bed in his house. I pleaded an early start. He, too, was to be up early, and in the morning I found him in the kitchen before me. On the table were bread and milk; and as I ate, I parried the somewhat searching questions of my host.

My course from Wilton lay through Ridgefield and Salem and Golden's Bridge, and then, crossing the line between Connecticut and New York, it made directly for the Hudson River.

This was no great distance; but in the early stages of the march I was much delayed by rains. Driven to shelter, I found it usually in a barn, or a shed under which were housed the farming implements. Here is an example: From a sudden downpour of rain I ran to an open barn. A farmer, whom I found there unhitching his horses, eyed me suspiciously, and gave a halting assent to my request for shelter. He soon left me alone. I tried to read, and could not. The dull day was deeply depressing. Like the burden of a haunting sorrow the trial of separation weighed upon me. It was not homesickness alone, but added to that a feeling of isolation. Poverty, I had thought, would at once bring me into vital contact with the very poor. Instead, it had made me an object of unfailing distrust. The very poor I found in an occasional cottage of a farm laborer, or some grotesquely dilapidated hovel, swarming with negro life. But they were no more hospitable to my approach than were the well-to-do farmers, and I met not a single vagrant like myself in the course of my walk to the Hudson. I was lonely with the loneliness of a cast-away, and I climbed into the hay-loft and fell asleep. Here, at least, was comfort; the deep, dreamless sleep, to which I had long been a stranger, was making gracious advances. When I woke, the rain was past for the time, and I resumed my journey, with a leaden sky overhead, and soft, clinging mud under foot; but I was strangely refreshed, and walked on quite enheartened.

The intermittent rains interfered with my progress, and increased the difficulty of finding chance work. Repeatedly I was offered a meal, but denied the privilege of working for it. For twenty-four hours I went hungry, and spent much of that time asleep in a hole which I burrowed into a hay-stack.

But under a brightening sky on Friday, I was given some wood to chop, and the promise of a dinner in payment.

The work was soon done, and to the dinner there was given an added pleasure in the company of one of the two old women for whom I chopped the wood. She sat at the table and talked to me. Perhaps she was solicitous for her spoons. Certainly she was very entertaining. Her dark calico dress fitted closely her thin figure; and she sat very straight in her chair, with her hands folded in her lap, and her eyes bright with gentle benignity.

In all the farming region through which I have passed on my way to the Hudson, I have been much impressed by an unlooked-for quality in the intelligence of the people. The books, of which I now and then caught glimpses in their homes, were often of a surprising range. On the sitting-room table of one farm-house, I noticed a Milton, and several volumes of Emerson, and a copy of Stevenson's Essays, besides much current literature. Not infrequently, the conversation of these people had in it a curious suggestion of cultivation, curious only because a dainty choice of words, and the graceful turn of a phrase were accompanied by habitual inaccuracies of speech. They have, for example, their own forms of the verb "to be." "I be" and "You be" are invariable in their common usage. I wondered whether the conventional forms, which they find in their reading, did not strike them as oddly foreign.

The prim little lady who sat near me

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through my dinner proved charming. She showed no curiosity about my history, nor the least anxiety to tell me hers. With an air of quiet self-possession she followed the conversation into its natural channels, and sometimes followed it far; for at one time she was describing for me, with admirable vividness, the methods of irrigation in use in Colorado. But she consistently made *done* do duty for *did*, and she used, in some of her sentences, negatives enough to satisfy the needs of negation in the purest of Attic speech.

One more incident of the tramp to the Hudson: Late on Friday afternoon, I was nearing Golden's Bridge, a village on the Harlem division of the New York Central Railroad. My road lay over the hills of a rolling farm-region. The fields of corn were radiant with sunlight reflected from great drops of rain which rested on the nodding blades. In the meadows was the rich sheen of the after-growth. Golden-rod and sumach grew thick on the roadside, and half concealed the rails of the zigzag fences. From the forests there came a breath of fragrant coolness.

After sundown, the twilight soon faded into dark. My efforts to secure further work had been unsuccessful. Once I was nearing the ruin of a little wooden cottage, on the porch of which sat a woman enjoying the cool of the evening. Upon seeing me enter the gate, she fled within, and slammed the door; and I heard the key turn in the lock. I was growing tired. The actual journey had not carried me far, but the long fast of the previous day and the toilsome walking over soft roads had resulted in exhaustion. Scarcely physical strength remained with which to move farther, and I was ready to throw myself down, with infinite relief, under any chance shelter, when I caught sight of the village lights not a quarter of a mile beyond.

I knocked at the first door on the street. A farmer's wife appeared, and kindly offered to consult her husband on the subject of work. She soon returned with a favorable reply, and invited me to follow her into the kitchen. Carpetless as it was, and stained as to walls and ceiling, and low, and dimly lighted, the shelter of that room was like softest luxury. A pitcher of milk and some slices of bread were placed on the table, and I ate ravenously.

At one end of the table sat the farmer in his shirt sleeves, with a newspaper spread before him. He was in the midst of his haying, he said, and had plenty of work, and was willing enough that I should join the other men in the hay-field. The shed for the hands was full, so I offered to go to the barn, and was soon fast asleep on the loose hay in a stall.

As the farmer and I walked to the barn, I had taken occasion to fortify myself in the agreement regarding work. He was an old man, very hale and hearty and genial, and he walked with a curiously stiff movement of the legs, and with his feet nearly at right angles to the line of progress. He set my mind at rest with the assurance that there would be plenty of work for me, if the morning proved good.

The morning was all that could be desired. I got up early, and went to the kitchen, where an Irish maid-of-all-work gave me a bit of soap and some water in a tin basin, with which to finish my preparation for breakfast. She was a beautiful girl, large and awkward and ill-groomed; but her features were strikingly handsome, and her clear, rich complexion would of itself have constituted a claim to beauty, while sprays of golden hair fell in effective curls about her forehead, and heightened the charm of her deep-set Celtic blue eyes. I was drying my face and hands on a coarse towel which hung on a roller near the kitchen-door, and which was used in common by all of the hired men. She watched me curiously. Presently she ventured an inquiry as to whether "the boss" had given me "a job." I said that he had. "Her eyes were homes" of deep concern, and in her voice was that note of pity so effective in the Celtic accent. She was saying that my hands did not look as though I was used to work. I was blushingly conscious that my hands were against me, but she tactfully tried to relieve the situation by supposing that I was a "tradesman." Then had to come the damaging confession that I was not. But the other hired men now began to enter, and we sat down to breakfast.

A breakfast on a farm is not always the appetizing reality that the inexperienced imagination paints. The cloth, in this case, was ragged, and showed signs of long use since its last washing, and there were

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no napkins. The service was repulsive in its hideous tastelessness. Flies swarmed in the room, and crowded one another into our food. The men were in their working clothes, coatless, sleeves rolled up, and their begrimed shirts open at the neck. When our coffee was poured out and handed to us, each used his own spoon in dipping sugar from a bowl which was passed from hand to hand. The butter, in a half melting condition, and dark with imprisoned flies, was within reach of us all, and each helped himself with his knife, and then used it in conveying food to his mouth. This last feat I did not try. There was in it a suggestion of necromancy, and I had doubts of my success. We ate in silence, as though the gravity of the occasion was beyond speech. The farmer did not appear until we had finished breakfast, and I waited at the kitchen-door for orders from him.

He came at last, kind and cordial as ever, but quite changed in purpose regarding my going to work. He urged my confessed inexperience, and the danger of exposure to the sun. I protested my willingness to assume the risks, and begged to be allowed at least to work for what had been given me. But he would not listen, and appeared to think that he set matters right by assuring me repeatedly that to what I had received I was "perfectly welcome." His wife gave me, at parting, some tracts, and a religious newspaper, and in these I found presented, in somewhat lurid light, the evil consequences of insobriety.

Knowing that I was within walking distance of Garrison's-on-Hudson, I resolved to reach that point before night. My letters had been forwarded there, and my eagerness to get them was of a kind unexperienced before. It was Saturday, and, late in the afternoon, I reached Garrison's after a hard day's march. The heat was intense, and although I walked but a little more than twenty miles, the effort of carrying my pack was thoroughly exhausting. The woman in charge at the post-office was in evident doubt about the safety of giving me so large a packet of letters, but yielded at sight of others which I showed her, and readily agreed to look after my pack until I should call for it.

Between the station and the river was a tavern, and there I meant to apply for work. As I neared the station platform, a train from New York drew in. Something familiar in one of the passengers who alighted put me on my guard. In a moment I recognized a fellow-guest at a dinner-party of a few evenings before, and I remembered, with an odd sense of another existence, that, over our coffee, on a broad verandah, overlooking a harbor, bright with the night-lights of a squadron of yachts, he had given me the benefit of an amazing familiarity with the details of the recent baccarat scandal. My anxiety was needless, for I easily passed unnoticed in the crowd.

I walked on to the tavern. Its keeper was busy behind the bar when I asked him for a job. He surprised me immensely with a ready promise of work, and he asked me to wait until he could arrange matters. I went into an adjoining room, and took out my letters.

It was the pool-room, and the walls were hung with colored prints of prize-fighters, with arms folded on their bare chests in a way that put their biceps much in evidence. And there were pictures of race-horses which had won distinction. An old, much-battered pool-table occupied the middle of the room. Around the walls ran a rough wooden bench. Dirt was everywhere conspicuous. The ceiling and walls were filthy. The floor was bare and unswept, and there were accumulations of dust about the table-legs and in the corners under the benches, which could be accounted for only by a liberal allowance of time. The two small windows, through which one could see the dismal tavern yard, apparently had never been washed.

I sat on a bench, and opened the letters. The dim past of my "respectable" life began to brighten with increasing vividness. Quite lost to present surroundings, I was suddenly recalled to them by the appearance of the boss, who came with a cloth in hand, with which he aimlessly dusted the table while he questioned me. I was so absorbed in letters that, for a moment, I could not place myself, nor in the least account for the situation. The keeper was asking me what I could do. This was a natural question under the circumstances; but it took me by surprise, and it staggered me. I covered my con-

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fusion with a profession of willingness to be useful, and of a desire to work. The boss, a coarse, blear-eyed, sensuous-looking man, eyed me doubtfully, and suddenly concluded that he had no work for me.

But I was wide awake now. I knew that the nearest farms were some miles back in the country, and that, except at the tavern, I had slender chance of food or shelter. I said that if there was work to be done, I was eager to do it, and that if, after a trial, he found me incapable, he could dismiss me at any moment.

I fancied that I had gained my point, for he told me to follow him, as he led the way into the kitchen. There we found the cook bending over a range, in which the fire refused to burn. "Mrs. Murphy," said the boss, "here's a man I've hired to help Sam," and then he turned sharply upon me with a "Damn you now, work! if you know how to work!" My opportunity lay in the smouldering fire, so I hastened to the wood-pile, and presently returned with an armful of fine wood which insured a fire for dinner.

Mrs. Murphy was a little, old, emaciated Irish woman, with her thin white hair parted in the middle, smoothed back, and twisted into a careless knot on her crown. Her face was wrinkled almost to grotesqueness, and she had the passive air of one to whom can come no surprises of joy or sorrow, as though the capacity for sensation was gone, and life had reduced itself to mere existence. I watched for opportunities of helping her, and she accepted the services as though she had been accustomed to them always.

She began to interest me deeply. I learned from her that Sam, whom I was hired to help, was a scullion and stable boy. When she had nothing further for me to do in the kitchen, I returned to the wood-pile, and chopped industriously, hoping to give evidence of my fitness for the place. In an hour or more, the proprietor called me, intending, I supposed, to give me a change of work; but, instead, he gave me a quarter, and told me, not unkindly, but firmly, that he did not want me.

The situation was discouraging. I had tramped some twenty miles through dust and heat over a hilly country, and, since the early morning I had had nothing but a few apples to eat. Besides, it was fast growing dark, and so too late to look for work on the farms back in the country.

The immediate neighborhood is largely taken up with country-seats, and I made repeated efforts to get work at the hands of a gardener. I soon discovered that I was in a community where special provision is made against my class. At the carriage gates I not infrequently found a notice which warned me of the presence of dogs, and although the dogs gave me no trouble, a lodge-keeper, or footman, or gardener, upon learning my errand, was invariably seized with fervent anxiety for getting me unnoticed out of the grounds.

At night-fall, I walked back to the tavern, and asked the proprietor if I might sleep in his stables. To my surprise, he was exceedingly friendly. He readily agreed to that, and, of his own accord, he invited me to remain at the tavern over Sunday, and to take my meals in the kitchen; and he added that, on Monday morning, he would give me some work to do as compensation.

Already I had made a friend of the cook, and she now received me warmly. Perhaps it was her habitual good-nature, for she had the same kindly manner toward the other men, Sam and the three Irish section hands from the railway, who took their meals with her. More than ever I was attracted to her. She cordially greeted the workmen as they entered her hot, reeking, ill-lit kitchen, addressing them by affectionate diminutives of their first names, as Johnnie and Jimmie and the like. They clearly had a warm regard for her, and they respectfully lowered their voices and said "ma'am" in addressing her. To be sure they swore viciously in her presence; but then she swore too, not ill-naturedly, but simply as an habitual means of emphasizing her usual language.

I watched her for some sign of ill-temper. In stifling quarters and under exasperating inconveniences she toiled on at work far beyond her strength, not patiently merely, but with the cheerfulness which is always thoughtful of the comfort of others.

In spite of fatigue, that night in the stable was not a restful one. The air lay heavy and hot in the unventilated loft, and through the night the horses, tortured by flies, stamped ceaselessly in their stalls.

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About midnight, two men came into the barn. I soon knew them for bedless wanderers like myself, and I awaited them in the hay with an interest that was lively. They did not climb to the loft, but lay down in a wagon; and for an hour or more I heard their gruff voices in antiphonal sentences replete with strange oaths. They were speaking in low tones and not excitedly, but their speech seemed little else than profanity.

The heat and darkness intensified the quiet of the night. The breathless stillness was broken only by the hoarse blasphemies below, and the nervous stamping of the pestered brutes. I tried to shut out the sounds, and at last fell asleep.

In the early morning I woke to a beautiful mid-summer Sunday, the first of my vagrant life. Sam was whistling at his work in the stables and the tramps were gone. I found a path behind the barn leading to a point on the river-bank where I could bathe.

The military cadets were out on Sunday parade, and the music of their band was the summer morning itself, vocal in notes other than the songs of birds, and the soft murmur of the river. The tents of the camp shone spotlessly white on the bluffs above the water. Some of the buildings were visible among the trees. The sheer approach to the post and its dark background of well-wooded highlands threw into strong relief its commanding position. Among the hills to the north the river appears. The immediate section of it might be a lake, girt with steep hills, that are dense with infinite shades of green. About the post the river sweeps in a magnificent curve, and disappears among the hills to the south.

The few books that my pack contained made generous amends, on this day of rest, for the weight which they had added to my load. After breakfast, I took one of them to a shaded corner of the churchyard, and read there until the service hour, and then I slipped into a seat half hidden by the baptismal font.

In his sermon, the rector contrasted the emasculated ideas of the present with reference to God's judgment of sin, with the virile thinking of the Middle Ages, expressed in such works of art as Dante's Inferno, and Angelo's Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel. Earnestly and eloquently he pleaded the reality of spiritual things to the minds of men in those ages of belief, and then he solemnly urged a return to the plain truths of inspiration, and to the teaching of the Church, that "God cannot look upon sin with the least degree of allowance," and that the punishment of unrepented evil is "eternal death."

The church was well filled, and I looked it over with a quickened interest. The sexton and I, so far as I could see, were the only representatives of the poor. Outside were a number of coachmen and grooms and nurse-maids; but these, it is likely, were of another persuasion. Certainly they would have looked curiously out of place to our Protestant eyes among that well-dressed, prosperous company. I knew this body of worshippers at a glance; some of them I knew personally. It was easy to follow them all in imagination to country houses where the afternoon would be spent in what escape there offered from the heat. On the next day would be begun again the round of wholesome recreation and of social intercourse, relieved from the formality of town life, which makes up the summer rest, and which implies the leisure which is rendered possible only by the continuous work of a multitude of the poor, who constitute the parts of intricate social and domestic machinery. I seem to be dwelling upon a costly immunity from physical labor. It was not this that appealed to me. These worshippers had leisure, but they were far from being idle. My personal acquaintance went far enough to recognize among them persons whose lives are full of strenuous activity in channels of splendid usefulness. It was the social cleavage which yawned to my vision from the new point of view. The rich were there in the house of God, but not the poor; and the very atmosphere of the place seemed to preclude the presence of the poor.

I had asked Sam to go to church with me. Sam had been watering the horses, and now had an empty bucket in each hand and some tobacco in his mouth. He stood still for a moment, regarding me intently, and shifting the tobacco from one cheek to the other. Then he asked me with much directness if I took him for a

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"dude." I said that I should then go alone. "That way?" asked Sam, with an eye to my gear. "It is the best that I can do," I explained. "Then go, and be fired for a bum," he replied, as he moved on toward the pump.

(To be continued.)

THALATTA

By Blanche Willis Howard

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. VOGEL

"IT was glorious!" thought Henriette Vischer, with exultation, as she mechanically smoothed her iron-gray hair, put on her plain dress and prim collar, set her room—austere as an anchorite's cell—to rights, opened her casements, and turned back her bed to air.

"It was so strong, so vivid. I never had a stronger. It was wonderful. It will last till I get there. *Ach, grosser Gott im Himmel*, to think I am going! What will Ottilie and Miezle say? How will they bear the surprise? It seems a crime to undertake it all alone. Twenty-two hours by rail. *Du, meine Güte!* Two days there to spend exactly as I like. Twenty-two hours back—remembering. How I ever got so far as to plan it and set the day I don't know, and I feel like the Prodigal Son. Yet if you've hungered and thirsted for just one thing all your life, and are sixty-eight years old, and never saw the day you could do it, and now you can with a clear conscience, at least so far as the money is concerned—well, selfish or not, I'm going to behold it once with waking eyes before I die!"

With an expression of singular determination even for Henriette Vischer, she went briskly downstairs to see that Fritz, the little apprentice and errand-boy, had opened the shop and properly begun his day's work.

Her mouth looked grim, but the deep wrinkles about her shrewd eyes were benevolent and humorous. The grimness had, of necessity, waxed strong, confronting the inordinate silliness of the two sisters she was trailing through life, and, Heaven knows, daily intercourse with those dames required a liberal seasoning of benevolence and humor to make it in anywise palatable. She had an excellent head, both in its outward form and interior furnishings, a resolute profile, and a still erect and vigorous figure. In her little shop she sold lamp-shades, be-ribboned boxes, photograph-frames, leather handkerchief and glove cases, and other very clean and respectable objects of home manufacture, besides cards for birthdays, confirmations, Christmas and the like. Hers were the patient old hands that might always be depended upon to complete embroidered tokens of affection for blushing girls to present to their lovers. In the background was a somnolent bookbindery, relic of her husband—dead these thirty years—and still conducted by his old foreman. Altogether, she enjoyed steady patronage, much respect, and had no fault to find with her modest humdrum business in a back street of a small inland town, except—in the most secret chamber of her heart—that the town was inland.

"Eberhard not yet down?" she asked, glancing into the work-rooms.

"No," grumbled old Gottlieb, "and I never set eyes on him yesterday and hardly on Monday, either."

"He's younger than you and I," she responded, with so strong a note of good cheer that the old man looked up from his work and smiled.

In the breakfast-room, her sister Ottilie, a heavy woman with blurred features and a sententious manner, was talking thus, between large sips of coffee and liberal mouthfuls of bread:

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"It was a green silk frock, apple-green, with white polka dots—good-morning, Henriette—made with five tucks and a frill. And I wore a pink-sprigged jaconet bertha-cape and a broad Leghorn hat trimmed with straw-colored ribbons. They had been washed and ironed, but they looked perfectly new. I remember Martha Pfitzer, she that was afterward Frau Gemeinderath Stolz, said to me that morning what pretty ribbons they were. That was the twenty-seventh of April, 1840. Ribbons were better then. She had three boys. On the third day of June, I wore the dress again to the Kränzchen, and Lucie Kaltenbock spilled whipped cream all down the front breadth. She was fifteen, just confirmed, and already engaged to her cousin Carl, and they moved to Ulm and set up a hardware business. She that was afterward Frau Revisor Berner whispered to me at the Musik Fest on the nineteenth of June at half-past six in the evening, as we were going up the stairway to the left gallery, third row back, in an awful jam—I remember it was the nineteenth because it was the day after Cousin Helene Ritter's birthday, and the next Musik Fest three years later they began on the twenty-first in unusually hot weather for the season—that she could not for her life imagine what any man could see in that silly little Lucie Kaltenbock. The stains never came out."

Meanwhile Miezle, a spoiled child of fifty-six, was toying capriciously with her roll, feeding her canary with sugar, and chirping to him with shrill coquettish cries and trills a sort of airy clarionet-solo, insolently independent of the heavy bassoon accompaniment of Ottilie's voice.

"It was a pretty frock," Henriette remarked, benevolently, her thoughts returning from a wide and breezy flight as Ottilie paused for breath and refreshments. In a moment her vast flood of reminiscence was rolling on anew, while Miezle, impertinently unheeding, fitfully babbled to her bird.

With a distinct sense of guilt, Henriette regarded their unsuspecting faces. What she was contemplating savored of wild adventure. Then her motive—how explain it? How put her longing into words, she, a staid old woman? Years before she used to speak of the dream, but nobody cared about it. Not even her good husband had understood. After all, what was so utterly devoid of interest and significance as another's dream? Yet her dream, if the truth were known, was no small part of her existence.

From her earliest childhood it had haunted her. Sometimes it came night after night in an unbroken series; again after varying intervals. If it was ever absent longer than eight or ten days, she missed it sorely, and grew ill at ease. Always inherently the same, it presented itself under changing conditions. There might be great ships at anchor, innumerable masts, crowds of hurrying men with vivid, dark faces, and steep, narrow streets between houses such as she had never seen—but *It* lay beyond. Or ultra-foreign scenes—quaint, neat, like pictures on tea-cups—and *It* waiting in its might. *It*—shoreless, trackless, boundless, and no vestige of humanity except her itinerant dream-self. Oftenest, a vast expanse of rocky coasts, *It* surging gloriously, and a group of strong men hailing *It* with cries of joy.

She had waked, indeed, with that triumphant cry almost upon her lips, but never in all the years could she carry it quite over the mystic boundary of dreamland, though a subtle sense of gladness and exhilaration would linger, and pervade her homely and monotonous duties. If she dreamed other dreams, she never remembered them. Why always this unique vision—strenuous—dominant? Did other souls seek by night scenes diametrically opposed to the whole tenor of their lives, traditions, and occupations by day? Not Ottilie, not Miezle, at all events. She had heard them tell their dreams. They were precisely like their other experiences.

"Helma and Julia Kernick write they are coming to have coffee with me this afternoon," said Miezle, wiry and autocratic. "You must get me some cakes, Ottilie, and some whipped cream. But don't spill it on your front breadth," she added, with a school-girl cackle and a gratified sense of aptness.

"On the day of old Otto Kernick's funeral," Ottilie began, portentously, "the sixth of November, 1837, at three in the afternoon, from the Hospital Church, Emilie Braun's first husband, Herr Assessor

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Greiner was just coming round the corner of——"

"Don't spoil your front breadth," giggled Miezle, still enjoying her wit. "I hope it will not rain. I think it looks like rain. I said to Cousin Dorothea Siegle I thought we were probably going to have rain. And Cousin Dorothea said she didn't know, but it did look like rain. I said I thought when it looked as it has looked lately it generally rained. I said to myself the first thing this morning it looked cloudy and as if it might rain."

"The bearded man near me wore sandals," reflected Henriette. "I saw them distinctly on the shore. Is there nothing else you would like, Miezle?"

Miezle considered, interpolating flippant, satisfied ejaculations in Ottilie's droning verbosity.

"They will resent it," mused Henriette, with a pang of self-reproach. "They will think me crazy and wickedly extravagant, and I suppose I am. I shall never hear the last of it, it is so altogether like riotous living. There they sit, suspecting nothing. I shall not dare to tell them till half-eleven to-morrow, just as I'm flying off to catch the noon train."

"Some jelly, Miezle? How would some Rheinwein jelly do? Oh, Ottilie, if you would like the real lace barb on your summer hat, I don't mind letting you wear it this season."

Whereupon Ottilie, amid effusive thanks, began to weave a convoluted tale of lace, her numbers as unassailable as an astronomer's.

"And if they should ever discover I had dared to speculate a wee bit in stocks and had good luck, and was going to use my gains for this journey, I believe they would simply faint." Conscience-stricken, with the soul of a conspirator, she surveyed their familiar features, her calm, shrewd face betraying no trace of emotion. "But it was the first and last time, and how else could I ever have gone? Nothing could induce me to touch my little capital; the business goes about so-so, well enough it is true; but living is dearer every year, and it would be a sin to let them suffer in the slightest degree through my wild notions. No, there was really no other way. If it *was* gambling—and I fear it was—may the Lord forgive me, crazy old woman that I am!"

Ottilie's recital continued imperturbably. Miezle interrupted ruthlessly, meanwhile inspecting her hands—tiny, claw-like objects of which she was very proud. She was one of the ugliest and daintiest little women on earth. All three sisters were scrupulously neat, but Miezle seemed almost preternaturally exquisite. They had always been proud of her—no one inquired why or demanded her credentials. It was the family tradition, even before her illness, that she should be admired and humored in all things.

For many years she had been a chronic invalid, having early in life lost the use of her legs. Her complaint, fortunately, was painless, and, by another beneficent dispensation, her mental horizon, not spacious at the start, had assumed, in her narrow environment, dimensions more or less similar to her canary's, so that she seemed not to beat against her cage. It is true she now and then called attention to her imprisonment, but rather as a histrionic attempt to increase her importance than as actual lamentation.

For she passed her days pleasantly enough, with minute attention to her toilette, pasting birds and flowers in her scrapbook, doing fancy-work, reading her evening paper gloatingly—that is to say, its local news, continued tale and advertisements, never its leaders or telegrams—tyrannizing over Ottilie, whose garrulousness never hindered her conscientious and patient servitude—and receiving visitors for gossip and coffee. At such feasts, the invalid in her wheel-chair presided with sovereign ease and dignity.

Doubtless noble resignation goes far toward rendering such a life endurable, but still more potent, it would seem, is inordinate self-satisfaction. It is fair, perhaps, to add that the gentle fidelity of spirit which forbids people ever to let a little, elderly, witch-like, unamiable woman—with a beaky face, an obvious mustache and no ideas—suffer from loneliness and neglect, and keeps them, merely because they happened to know her forty or fifty years ago, trooping in still with their children and children's children, offering flowers and modest gifts, is essentially "made in Germany."

Poor little Miezle, Henriette reflected, had never taken the smallest journey.

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Even Ottilie had been only to and from the near village where her husband was Bürgermeister, until he died, the profane insisted, of over-exertion of the larynx—Ottilie's larynx. Henriette also had never left her native town, yet contemplated them pityingly. It was almost as if she had gone, seen, and returned a conqueror.

She would bring them some remembrance from the wild, mad, roving (third-class return ticket to Hamburg), and Eberhard, too, although her conscience was at rest about him. He would inherit all she had, and the snug business. The time would come when he could travel at his pleasure. Her strange journey was no wrong to him, at least. She could hardly accuse herself of niggardliness to the boy, nor did he, she was well aware. Well, she was so fond of him, so glad to give him a pleasure, and he, too, loved her dearly. Not steady at his work of late, no—and somewhat moody and irritable—not his bright self. No doubt a little too wild. That would pass. He would sober down. He was a dear fellow at heart, always after the smallest fault penitent, gentle as a child, and full of the best intentions. She must have a good talk with him immediately upon her return.

She . . . . set her room . . . . to rights, opened her casements, and turned back her bed to air.—Page 206.

She knew her sisters had a way of calling her, behind her back, severe and even stingy, because she sometimes denied them a wish. They had good heads for reckoning their own money—a chancellor-of-the-exchequer, to say the least, was lost in Ottilie—but what Henriette expended upon them they deigned not to compute. Their little annuities they were wont to discuss rather grandly; that she for long years had provided them with their home and the necessaries of life, they ignored for the most part. It seemed more genteel to be silent on this point. If they ever distantly alluded to it, they took care to remind each other that, after all, she could "afford it"—she had "the business." The qualities that went to make her modest commercial success they never appreciated; Miezle from sheer incapacity, Ottilie because too preoccupied by her chronological tables. Besides, Henriette never explained her methods. The sisters helped her to fill extra orders at Christmas-tide and Easter, and this was almost their only connection with the shop. She was, therefore, the more content that Eberhard was quick, intelligent, in all practical things her confidant, more and more familiar with every detail of the business, particularly since he had become so clever a penman, and kept the books so handsomely; that was a great relief, now that she was getting older.

Henriette had long since finished her breakfast, but lingered still, torn by curious compunctions. After all, these sisters were the powers with which she had to reckon. Perhaps she was too curt with Ottilie and Miezle at times—in the hard years, especially. Thank heaven she'd paid off the mortgage. When she came back they should each have some great pleasure—whatever they liked best. Ottilie should

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"Eberhard not yet down?" she asked, glancing into the work-rooms.—Page 206.

buy a new mantilla, taking her own time and going to all the shops to talk and compare. Then she should wear it somewhere and show it, say at a garden-concert. She had always been fond of music because it collects a crowd.

Once Miezle had stayed ten days at some small baths in the suburbs, drunk water at the springs in the mornings, and wheeled herself with *grandezza* along shady walks. The self-glorification which she had brought back from this campaign made her incredibly happy, and doubtless no conqueror ever alluded to triumphs of a world-convulsing epoch with a tithe of the purely personal complacency which Miezle derived from her innocuous summer exploits. Ottilie had journeyed to her per tram every day and had the celestial pleasure of sitting on a bench and watching strangers, and being thereby voluminously reminded of the old exhaustless and never-to-be forgotten. The two should do it again. If anything else could be devised to make them happy, they should have it upon her return. Poor Ottilie was looking rather waxen and far from strong.

"Henriette, I forgot to mention that I

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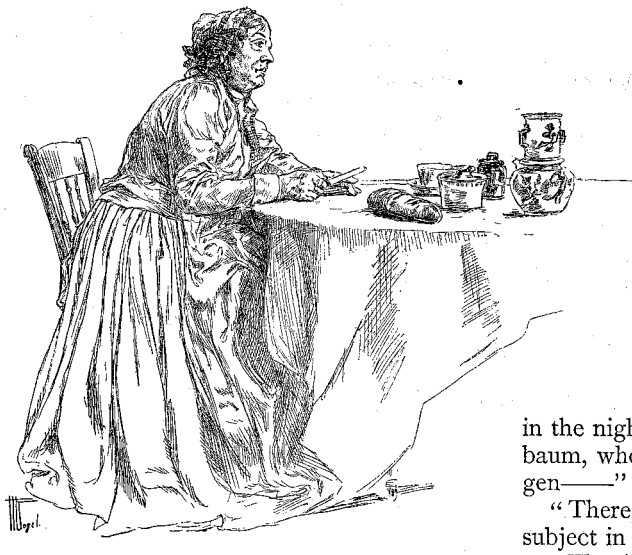

Her sister Ottilie, a heavy woman with blurred features and a sententious manner.—Page 206.

heard the same mysterious noises night before last that I noticed last Thursday at two o'clock in the morning, and I really should think you'd look into the matter. For you remember the great bank robbery that took place on March 2, 1863—and my sainted Sigmund was discussing it with the Herr Inspektor Botzen, on March 9, between ten and eleven in the evening, while I was embroidering a blue poppy pattern in the corners of my plum-colored lady's-cloth table-cover with the pinked edge. That was the year I had my sciatica in the following November after wetting my feet coming home from church on Sunday evening, the 17th. They were having four bottles of beer with black bread and kräuterkäs—and my Sigmund said, and the Herr Inspektor said also—and his father had been Bürgermeister—a solid man and father of a large family—that if proper precautions had been taken beforehand, that burglary never would have occurred."

"How can I look into the matter, Ottilie, two days after it happens? Besides, you never tell me what you heard — footsteps, doors, or what. You talk in riddles. It is quite mystifying."

"How can I tell you when I do not know myself? You know as much as I know, if it comes to that. I cannot pretend to explain what I did not see and do not understand. I'm worried, so I worry you. I'm mystified, so I mystify you. I tell you what I heard, and I surmise burglars. It is all very well to be scornful about noises in the night, but Frau Stadtpfarrer Nussbaum, who was a Mayer from Waiblingen——"

"There, there, Ottilie, let us keep to the subject in hand."

"That is just what we cannot do. There is no subject in hand. The subject is in the dark. The subject goes wandering round your house at night and bodes no good, and you refuse to be warned while there is yet time, before we are all murdered in our beds like the entire Polt-Schmidt family, on the seventeenth of August, 1856."

Miezle uttered a shrill little scream.

Miezle, a spoiled child of fifty-six, was . . . feeding her canary with sugar.—Page 207.

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Once Miezle had stayed ten days at some small baths in the suburbs.—Page 210.

"It is very inconsiderate of you not to mind, Henriette. It is your own house, and you ought to look after it. If there's anything I do detest, it's burglars prowling about by night."

"Child, what can I do?" returned Henriette, indulgently. "Had I heard anything I should have gone out to see what it was. Ottilie prefers to stay on the safe side of a locked door. I miss nothing. The till was quite right. I locked up below as usual. It must have been Ottilie's nerves—or ghosts, perhaps."

"If you do not hear that stealthy creeping——"

"Oh, if they should get *me!*" cried Miezle, as if she were a species of Koh-i-noor.

"——you must sleep like a log," continued Ottilie.

In Henriette's face was an indescribably happy light.

"I sleep—remarkably," she said. "But don't insist upon frightening poor Miezle, for probably your burglar is nobody but Eberhard."

"Eberhard! As if he would sneak about in the night and frighten his own mother! If my sainted Sigmund had lived to hear you say that, he would won-

Ottilie had journeyed to her per tram every day.
—Page 210.

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der, yes, wonder at you, Henriette! Eberhard, dear boy, having gone to his room night before last at twenty-three minutes past eleven, for I had just finished putting a new braid on my second-best cashmere skirt, and the lamp beginning to flicker, I——"

"Did you see Eberhard yesterday?" asked Henriette, abruptly. "Do you know where he was?"

"On Monday," replied the aggrieved mother, vaguely belligerent, slightly lachrymose, "he said he should go out of town on Tuesday to take Professor Hartwig's special orders for binding a lot of books."

"It is curious," thought Henriette, "that I've heard nothing from Professor Hartwig. Somebody wants me, Fritz? I'll come at once."

Miezle's bird was pecking her finger. She giggled girlishly, and prattled baby-talk, unmindful of Ottilie, who, wiping her eyes, discoursed upon the feelings of a mother, which she declared Henriette never understood.

Ottilie discoursed upon the feelings of a mother, which she declared Henriette never understood.

"No, I don't," Henriette admitted, with blunt good-humor, as she rose to go downstairs. "Some feelings of mothers I never pretend to understand—others, perhaps I may. But I meant no harm, Ottilie. You know very well I think the world of Eberhard. If he's a bit late now and then, I cannot say he goes to roost with the chickens, can I? But Eberhard's got no better friend on earth than Henriette Vischer."

In the middle of her shop stood her banker.

"Can I see you alone?" he said, and, as she closed the door of a private room: "I am so exceedingly distressed, I have come myself," he murmured. "Having always known you and your family—having so much esteem for you all—and—and——"

"Has anything happened to Eberhard?" she demanded. "An accident? Is he dead?"

"Control yourself, my dear Frau Vischer," he urged, as people will, though she was regarding him with the strength of a rock in her rugged face. "It may be quite in order, of course—yet I fear—and if there's anything wrong we've not a moment to lose—allow me——"

Taking two checks from his pocket-book he placed them in her hand.

As she stared at them it seemed to him her strong and comely face visibly shrank into that of an old, old woman with gray and haggard features.

"The first was presented on Friday last, you observe. It was submitted to me, as usual. I thought it rather large, but suspected nothing irregular. It was from your check-book and bore your signature. Your nephew, Eberhard, has frequently of late years presented your checks, payable to yourself or bearer. Yesterday, unfortunately, I was out of town, and have indeed only just returned this morning. I certainly should have hesitated to cash it without consulting you, the sum is so astoundingly at variance with your business habits. In

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In the middle of her shop stood her banker.—Page 213.

fact, the two checks practically close your account with us.

"It was shortly before we closed yesterday that the second was presented. There was rather a run and the cashier who received it was exceedingly busy. He cashed it, but afterwards became uneasy, thought he perceived something queer in the signature. The quirl of the 'V' is not yours, he maintains. He was waiting at my house this morning when I arrived—and here I am, deeply distressed, I need not assure you, to be the bearer of such tidings—but entirely at your service. It is most deplorable, but, of course, we must lose no time. With your permission, I will without delay inform the police. I am of the opinion your unfortunate nephew is on his way to Hamburg. Sometimes"—he spoke with a certain routine—"they try Zürich, but usually Hamburg and the first ship sailing."

Suddenly into that narrow room, between her and the solicitous face upon which her physical eyes were gazing, broke space — strength — freedom — the slow plunge of breakers—the poise of wide-winged birds.

"He will behold it," cried her heart with a mighty pang.

She set her lips grimly.

"There is nothing the matter with the quirl of the 'V,'" she said, in a matter-of-fact tone.

"You condone," gasped the banker—"you assume——"

Her grave gesture silenced him.

"The signature is mine."

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As she stared at them it seemed to him her strong and comely face visibly shrank into that of an old, old woman with gray and haggard features.—Page 213.

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AMOR TRIUMPHATOR

By W. J. Henderson

I SOMETIMES dream a sweet and sleepless dream
  Of world forgetfulness and clearer life.
  If I could set myself aside from strife,
From drum-beats and the thousand things that seem

To fill the world with struggle and with death,
  Throne in man's skull the graveyard worm, old Care,
  To gnaw her sightless channels of despair
And blast young Hope with her unholy breath,—

Then would I take myself away and lie
  Upon some cloud-encircled peak of snow,
  Beyond the cliffs where viewless eagles go,
And sweep the embattled earth with placid eye.

Thence could I pierce the soul of empty state,
  The curdled hopes, the crannied fears, the flood
  Of dark desires that make the recreant blood
Run darkling in the veins of jealous hate.

There would I hold my thought in silent poise
  Above the roar of those who dare not think
  While they are grappled on the eternal brink,
And read the riddle of a tired world's noise.

But lo! my peak stands yonder near the sun;
  And I crowd on with those who make the crowd,
  And loiter but a time to speak aloud
My feeble little dream; and it is done.

Yea, I am one with death and lordly love;
  For here is she who keeps my silly soul
  Under a sovereignty of sweet control—
Within the very finger of her glove.

Why, then let all the world go stark and mad;
  I, too, will plunge me in the whirling strife;
  Come, buffet me, ye billows of wild life!
For that I love her I am wholly glad.

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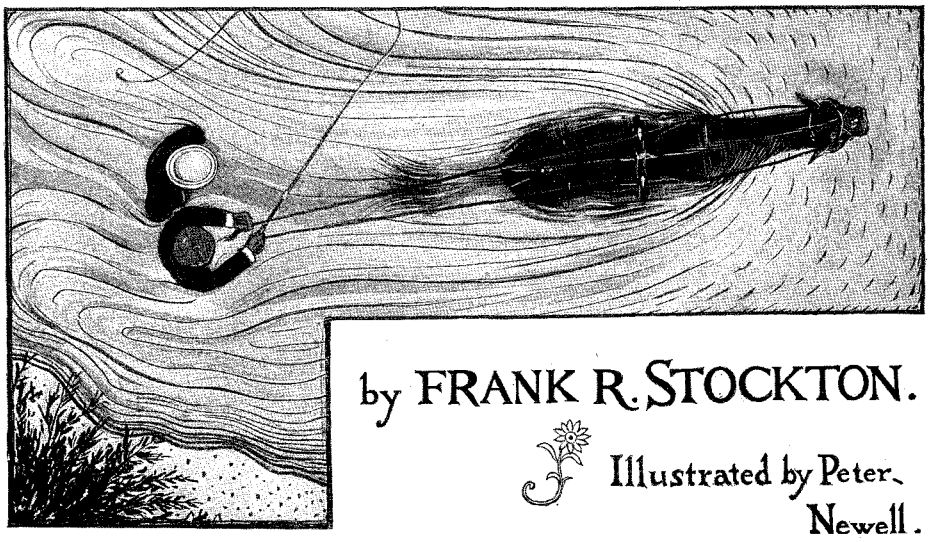
THE BULLER-PODINGTON COMPACT.



by FRANK R. STOCKTON.

Illustrated by Peter Newell.

"I TELL you, William," said Thomas Buller to his friend Mr. Podington, "I am truly sorry about it, but I cannot arrange for it this year. Now, as to *my* invitation—that is very different."

"Of course it is different," was the reply, "but I am obliged to say, as I said before, that I really cannot accept it."

Remarks similar to these had been made by Thomas Buller and William Podington at least once a year for some five years. They were old friends; they had been school-boys together and had been associated in business since they were young men. They had now reached a vigorous middle age; they were each married, and each had a house in the country in which he resided for a part of the year. They were warmly attached to each other, and each was the best friend which the other had in this world. But during all these years neither of them had visited the other in his country home.

The reason for this avoidance of each other at their respective rural residences may be briefly stated. Mr. Buller's country house was situated by the sea, and he was very fond of the water. He had a good cat-boat, which he sailed himself with much judgment and skill, and it was his greatest pleasure to take his friends and visitors upon little excursions on the bay. But Mr. Podington was desperately afraid of the water, and he was particularly afraid of any craft sailed by an amateur. If his friend Buller would have employed a professional mariner, of years and experience, to steer and manage his boat, Podington might have been willing to take an occasional sail; but as Buller always insisted upon sailing his own boat, and took it ill if any of his visitors doubted his ability to do so properly, Podington did not wish to wound the self-love of his friend, and he did not wish to be drowned. Consequently he could not bring himself to consent to go to Buller's house by the sea.

To receive his good friend Buller at his own house in the beautiful upland region in which he lived would have been a great joy to Mr. Podington; but Buller could not be induced to visit him. Podington was very fond of horses and al-

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ways drove himself, while Buller was more afraid of horses than he was of elephants or lions. To one or more horses driven by a coachman of years and experience he did not always object, but to a horse driven by Podington, who had much experience and knowledge regarding mercantile affairs, but was merely an amateur horseman, he most decidedly and strongly objected. He did not wish to hurt his friend's feelings by refusing to go out to drive with him, but he would not rack his own nervous system by accompanying him. Therefore it was that he had not yet visited the beautiful upland country residence of Mr. Podington.

Mrs. Buller and Mrs. Podington, often with their families, visited each *other at their country houses.*

At last this state of things grew awkward. Mrs. Buller and Mrs. Podington, often with their families, visited each other at their country houses, but the fact that on these occasions they were never accompanied by their husbands caused more and more gossip among their neighbors both in the upland country and by the sea.

One day in spring as the two sat in their city office, where Mr. Podington had just repeated his annual invitation, his friend replied to him thus:

"William, if I come to see you this summer, will you visit me? The thing is beginning to look a little ridiculous, and people are talking about it."

Mr. Podington put his hand to his brow and for a few moments closed his eyes. In his mind he saw a cat-boat upon its side, the sails spread out over the water, and two men, almost entirely immersed in the waves, making efforts to reach the side of the boat. One of these was getting on very well—that was Buller. The other seemed about to sink, his arms were uselessly waving in the air — that was himself. But he opened his eyes and looked bravely out of the window; it was time to conquer all this; it was indeed growing ridiculous. Buller had been sailing many years and had never been upset.

"Yes," said he, "I will do it; I am ready any time you name."

Mr. Buller rose and stretched out his hand.

"Good!" said he; "it is a compact!"

Buller was the first to make the promised country visit. He had not mentioned the subject of horses to his friend, but he knew through Mrs. Buller that Podington still continued to be his own driver. She had informed him, however, that at present he was accustomed to drive a big black horse which, in her opinion, was as gentle and reliable as

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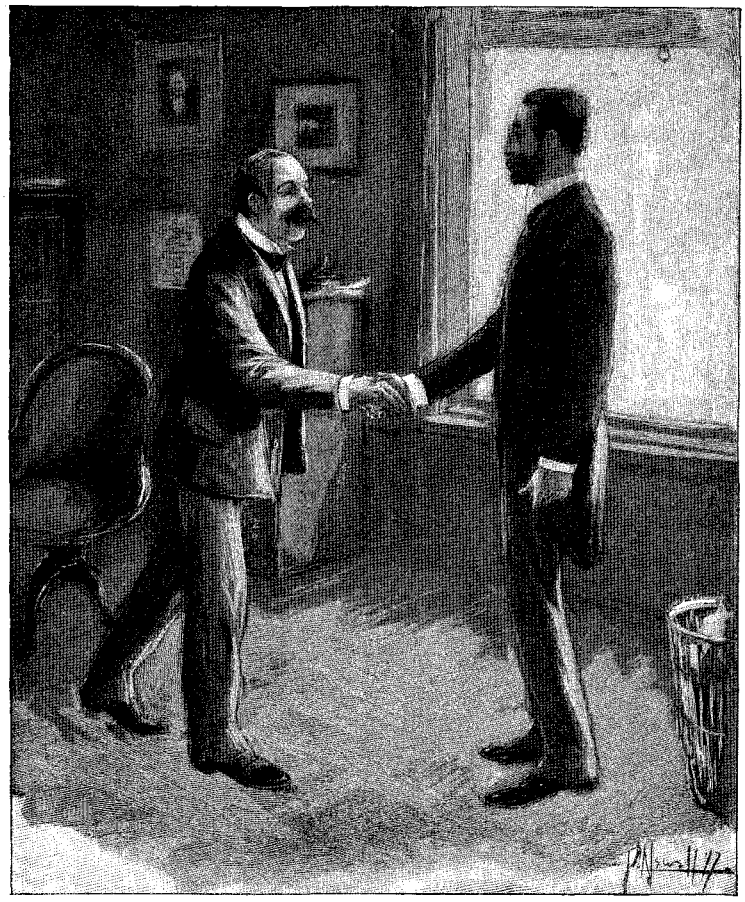

"Good!" said he; "it is a compact!"—Page 218.

these animals ever became, and she could not imagine how anybody could be afraid of him. So when, the next morning after his arrival, Mr. Buller was asked by his host if he would like to take a drive, he suppressed a certain rising emotion and said that it would please him very much.

When the good black horse had jogged along a pleasant road for half an hour Mr. Buller began to feel that, perhaps, for all these years he had been laboring under a misconception. It seemed to be possible that there were some horses to which surrounding circumstances in the shape of sights and sounds were so irrelevant that they were to a certain degree entirely safe, even when guided and controlled by an amateur hand. As they passed some meadow-land, somebody behind a hedge fired a gun; Mr. Buller was frightened, but the horse was not.

"William," said Buller, looking cheerfully around him, "I had no idea that you lived in such a pretty country. In fact, I might almost call it beautiful. You have not any wide stretch of water, such as I like so much, but here is a pretty river, those rolling hills are very charming, and, beyond, you have the blue of the mountains."

"It is lovely," said his friend; "I never get tired of driving through this country. Of course the sea-side is very fine, but here we have such a variety of scenery."

Mr. Buller could not help thinking that sometimes the sea-side was a little monotonous, and that he had lost a great deal of pleasure by not varying his summers by going up to spend a week or two with Podington.

"William," said he, "how long have you had this horse?"

"About two years," said Mr. Podington; "before I got him, I used to drive a pair."

"Heavens!" thought Buller, "how lucky I was not to come two years ago!" And his regrets for not sooner visiting his friend greatly decreased.

Now they came to a place where the stream, by which the road ran, had been dammed for a mill and had widened into a beautiful pond.

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He suppressed a certain rising emotion and said that it would please him very much.—Page 219.

"There now!" cried Mr. Buller. "That's what I like. William, you seem to have everything! This is really a very pretty sheet of water, and the reflections of the trees over there make a charming picture; you can't get that at the sea-side, you know."

Mr. Podington was delighted; his face glowed; he was rejoiced at the pleasure of his friend. "I tell you, Thomas," said he, "that——"

"William!" exclaimed Buller, with a sudden squirm in his seat, "what is that I hear? Is that a train?"

"Yes," said Mr. Podington, "that is the ten forty, up."

"Does it come near here?" asked Mr. Buller, nervously. "Does it go over that bridge?"

"Yes," said Podington, "but it can't hurt us, for our road goes under the bridge; we are perfectly safe; there is no risk of accident."

"But your horse! Your horse!" exclaimed Buller, as the train came nearer and nearer. "What will he do?"

"Do?" said Podington; "he'll do what he is doing now; he doesn't mind trains."

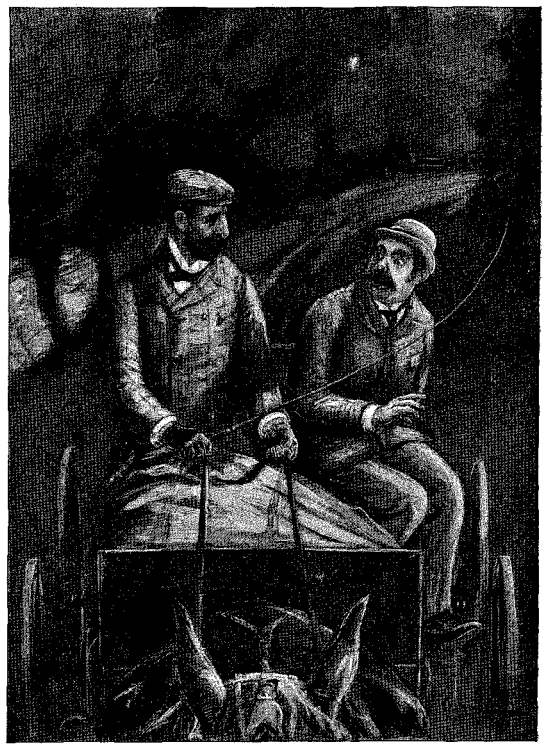
"But look here, William," exclaimed Buller, "it will get there just as we do; no horse could stand a roaring up in the air like that!"

Podington laughed. "He would not mind it in the least," said he.

"Come, come now," cried Buller. "Really, I can't stand this! Just stop a minute, William, and let me get out. It sets all my nerves quivering."

Mr. Podington smiled with a superior smile. "Oh, you needn't get out," said he; "there's not the least danger in the world. But I don't want to make you nervous, and I will turn around and drive the other way."

"But you can't!" screamed Buller; "this road is not wide enough, and that train is nearly here. Please stop!"



"Just stop a minute, William, and let me get out."

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The wagon continued to go backward, despite the efforts of the agitated horse to find a footing on the crumbling edge of the bank.

The imputation that the road was not wide enough for him to turn was too much for Mr. Podington to bear. He was very proud of his ability to turn a vehicle in a narrow place.

"Turn!" said he; "that's the easiest thing in the world. See; a little to the right, then a back, then a sweep to the left and we will be going the other way." And instantly he began the manœuvre in which he was such an adept.

"Oh, Thomas!" cried Buller, half rising in his seat, "that train is almost here!"

"And we are almost—" Mr. Podington was about to say "turned around," but he stopped. Mr. Buller's exclamations had made him a little nervous, and, in his anxiety to turn quickly, he had pulled upon his horse's bit with more energy than was actually necessary, and his nervousness being communicated to the horse, that animal backed with such extraordinary vigor, that the hind wheels of the wagon went over a bit of grass by the road and into the water. The sudden jolt gave a new impetus to Mr. Buller's fears.

"You'll upset!" he cried, and not thinking of what he was about, he laid hold of his friend's arm. The horse, startled by this sudden jerk upon his bit, which, combined with the thundering of the train, which was now on the bridge, made him think that something extraordinary was about to happen, gave a sudden and forcible start backward, so that not only the hind wheels of the light wagon, but the fore wheels and his own hind legs went into the water. As the bank at this spot sloped steeply, the wagon continued to go backward, despite the efforts of the agitated horse to find a footing on the crumbling edge of the bank.

"Whoa!" cried Mr. Buller.

"Get up!" exclaimed Mr. Podington, applying his whip upon the plunging beast.

But exclamations and castigations had no effect upon the horse. The original bed

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of the stream ran close to the road, and the bank was so steep and the earth so soft that it was impossible for the horse to advance or even maintain his footing. Back, back, he went, until the whole equipage was in the water and the wagon was afloat.

This vehicle was a road wagon, without a top, and the joints of its box-body were tight enough to prevent the water from immediately entering it; so, somewhat deeply sunken, it rested upon the water. There was a current in this part of the pond and it turned the wagon down stream. The horse was now entirely immersed in the water, with the exception of his head and the upper part of his neck, and, unable to reach the bottom with his feet, he made vigorous efforts to swim.

Perceiving that the objects he beheld were not aquatic birds, he dropped his gun and ran yelling down the road toward the mill.—Page 226.

Mr. Podington, the reins and the whip in his hands, sat horrified and pale; the accident was so sudden, he was so startled and so frightened that, for a moment, he could not speak a word. Mr. Buller, on the other hand, was now lively and alert. The wagon had no sooner floated away from the shore than he felt himself at home. He was upon his favorite element; water had no fears for him. He saw that his friend was nearly frightened out of his wits, and that, figuratively speaking, he must step to the helm and take charge of the vessel. He stood up and gazed about him.

"Put her across stream!" he shouted; "she can't make headway against this current. Head her to that clump of trees on the other side; the bank is lower there, and we can beach her. Move a little the other way, we must trim boat. Now then, pull on your starboard rein."

Podington obeyed, and the horse slightly changed his direction.

"You see," said Buller, "it won't do to sail straight across, because the current would carry us down and land us below that spot."

Mr. Podington said not a word; he expected every moment to see the horse sink into a watery grave.

"It isn't so bad after all, is it, Podington? If we had a rudder and a bit of a sail it would be a great help to the horse; this wagon is not a bad boat."

The despairing Podington looked at his feet. "It's coming in," he said in a husky voice. "Thomas, the water is over my shoes!"

"That is so," said Buller. "I am so used to water I didn't notice it. She leaks. Do you carry anything to bail her out with?"

"Bail!" cried Podington, now finding his voice. "Oh, Thomas, we are sinking!"

"That's so," said Buller; "she leaks like a sieve."

The weight of the running gear and of the two men was entirely too much for the buoyancy of the wagon body. The water rapidly rose toward the top of its sides.

"We are going to drown!" cried Podington, suddenly rising.

"Lick him! Lick him!" exclaimed Buller. "Make him swim faster!"

"There's nothing to lick," cried Podington, vainly lashing at the water, for he could not reach the horse's head. The poor man was dreadfully frightened; he had never even imagined it possible that he should be drowned in his own wagon.

"Whoop!" cried Buller, as the water rose over the sides. "Steady yourself, old boy, or you'll go overboard!" And the next moment the wagon body sunk out of sight.

But it did not go down very far. The deepest part of the channel of the stream had been passed, and with a bump the wheels struck the bottom.

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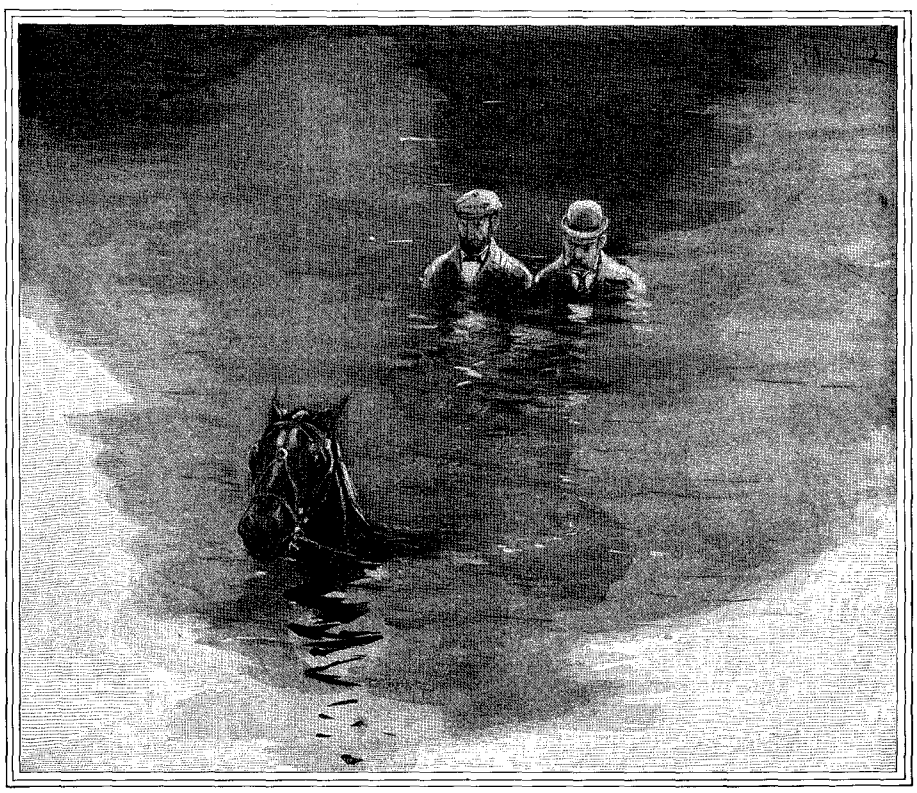

Nothing was visible above the water but the head and neck of a horse and the heads and shoulders of two men.—Page 226.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Buller, "we are aground."

"Aground!" exclaimed Podington. "Heaven be praised!"

As the two men stood up in the submerged wagon the water was above their knees, and when Podington looked out over the surface of the pond, now so near his face, it seemed like a sheet of water he had never seen before. It was something horrible, threatening to rise and envelop him. He trembled so that he could scarcely keep his footing.

"William," said his companion, "you must sit down; if you don't, you'll tumble overboard and be drowned. There is nothing for you to hold to."

"Sit down," said Podington, gazing blankly at the water around him, "I can't do that!"

At this moment the horse made a slight movement. Having touched bottom after his efforts in swimming across the main bed of the stream, with a floating wagon in tow, he had stood for a few moments, his head and neck well above water, and his back barely visible beneath the surface. Having recovered his breath, he now thought it was time to move on.

At the first step of the horse Mr. Podington began to totter. Instinctively he clutched Buller.

"Sit down!" cried the latter, "or you'll have us both overboard." There was no help for it; down sat Mr. Podington; and, as with a great splash he came heavily upon the seat, the water rose to his waist.

"Ough!" said he. "Thomas, shout for help."

"No use doing that," replied Buller, still standing on his nautical legs; "I don't see anybody, and I don't see any boat. We'll get out all right. Just you stick tight to the thwart."

"The what?" feebly asked the other.

"Oh, the seat, I mean. We can get to the shore all right if you steer the horse straight. Head him more across the pond."

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"I can't head him," cried Podington, "I have dropped the reins!"

"Good gracious!" cried Mr. Buller, "that's bad. Can't you steer him by shouting 'Gee' and 'Haw?'"

"No," said Podington, "he isn't an ox; but perhaps I can stop him." And with as much voice as he could summon, he called out: "Whoa!" and the horse stopped.

"If you can't steer him any other way," said Buller, "we must get the reins. Lend me your whip."

"I have dropped that too," said Podington; "there it floats."

"Oh, dear," said Buller, "I guess I'll have to dive for them; if he were to run away, we should be in an awful fix."

"Don't get out! Don't get out!" exclaimed Podington. "You can reach over the dash-board."

"As that's under water," said Buller, "it will be the same thing as diving; but it's got to be done, and I'll try it. Don't you move now; I am more used to water than you are."

Mr. Buller took off his hat and asked his friend to hold it. He thought of his watch and other contents of his pockets, but there was no place to put them, so he gave them no more consideration. Then bravely getting on his knees in the water, he leaned over the dash-board, almost disappearing from sight. With his disengaged hand Mr. Podington grasped the submerged coat-tails of his friend.

In a few seconds the upper part of Mr. Buller rose from the water. He was dripping and puffing, and Mr. Podington could not but think what a difference it made in the appearance of his friend to have his hair plastered close to his head.

"I got hold of one of them," said the sputtering Buller, "but it was fast to something and I couldn't get it loose."

"Was it thick and wide?" asked Podington.

"Yes," was the answer; "it did seem so."

"Oh, that was a trace," said Podington; "I don't want that; the reins are thinner and lighter."

"Now I remember they are," said Buller. "I'll go down again."

Again Mr. Buller leaned over the dash-board, and this time he remained down longer, and when he came up he puffed and sputtered more than before.

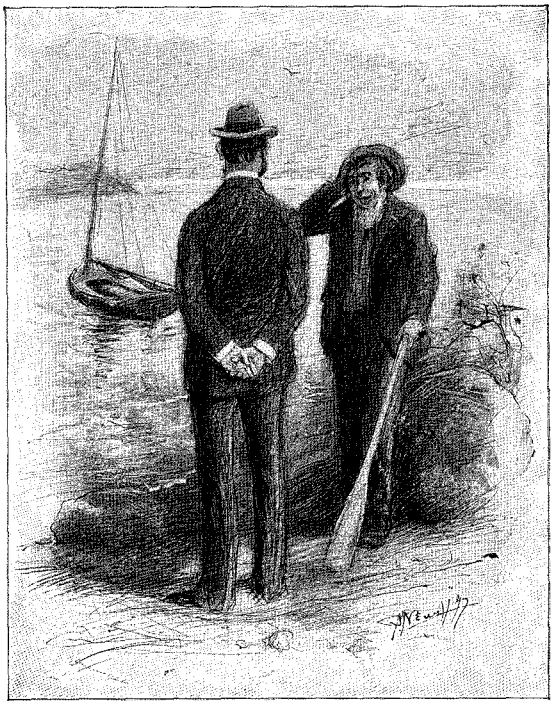
"Is this it?" said he, holding up a strip of wet leather.

"Yes," said Podington, "you've got the reins."

"Well, take them, and steer. I would have found them sooner if his tail had not got into my eyes. That long tail's floating down there and spreading itself out like a fan; it tangled itself all around my head. It would have been much easier if he had been a bob-tailed horse."

"Now then," said Podington, "take your hat, Thomas, and I'll try to drive."

Mr. Buller put on his hat, which was the only dry thing about him, and the nervous Podington started the horse so suddenly that even the sea-legs of Buller were surprised, and he came very near going backward into the water; but recovering himself, he sat down.



"Do you consider that a safe boat?" he asked the fisherman.—Page 227.

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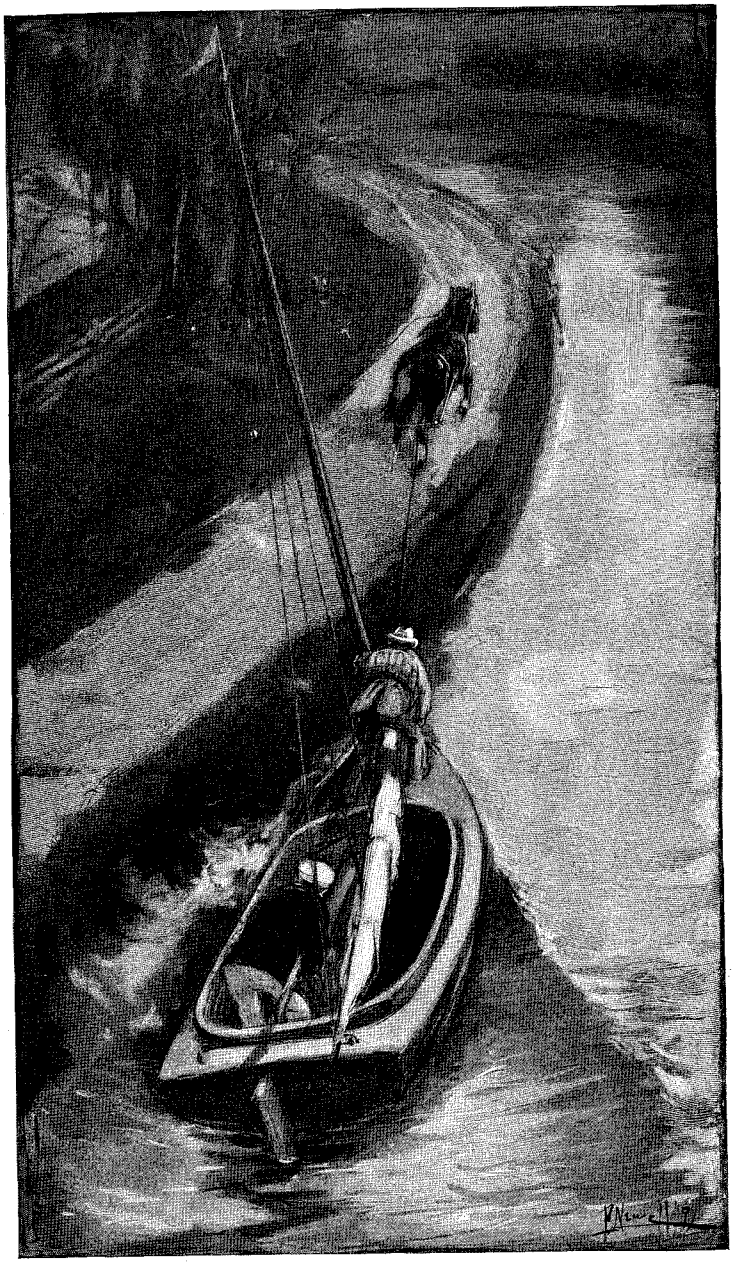

"Don't try to stand up; hold on to the boom and creep forward. Steady now, or you'll be overboard!"—Page 229.

"I don't wonder you did not like to do this, William," said he. "Wet as I am, it's ghastly!"

Encouraged by his master's voice, and by the feeling of the familiar hand upon his bit, the horse moved bravely on.

But the bottom was very rough and uneven. Sometimes the wheels struck a large stone, terrifying Mr. Buller, who thought they were going to upset; and sometimes they sank into soft mud, horrifying Mr. Podington, who thought they were going to drown.

Thus proceeding, they presented a strange sight. At first Mr. Podington held his hands above the water as he drove,

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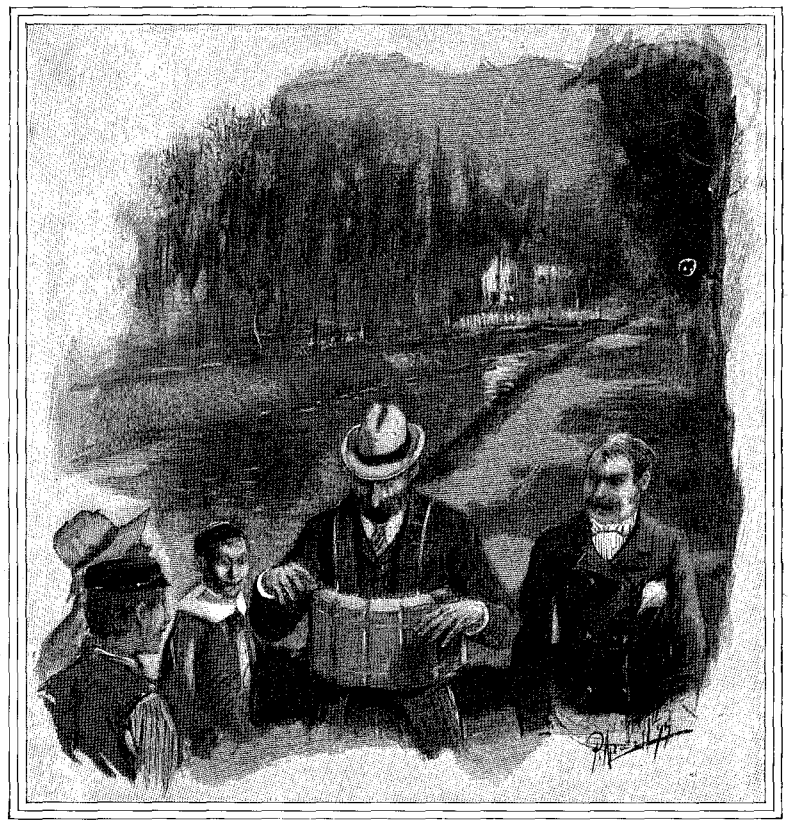

"By George! I forgot all about this," said Podington, as he unfastened the cork jacket.—Page 230.

but he soon found this awkward, and dropped them to their usual position, so that nothing was visible above the water but the head and neck of a horse and the heads and shoulders of two men.

Now the submarine equipage came to a low place in the bottom, and even Mr. Buller shuddered as the water rose to his chin. Podington gave a howl of horror, and the horse, with high, uplifted head, was obliged to swim. At this moment a boy with a gun came strolling along the road, and hearing Mr. Podington's cry, he cast his eyes over the water. Instinctively he raised his weapon to his shoulder, and then, in an instant, perceiving that the objects he beheld were not aquatic birds, he dropped his gun and ran yelling down the road toward the mill.

But the hollow in the bottom was a narrow one, and when it was passed the depth of the water gradually decreased. The back of the horse came into view, the dash-board became visible, and the bodies and the spirits of the two men rapidly rose. Now there was vigorous splashing and tugging, and then a jet black horse, shining as if he had been newly varnished, pulled a dripping wagon containing two well-soaked men upon a shelving shore.

"Oh, I am chilled to the bones!" said Podington.

"I should think so," replied his friend; "if you have got to be wet, it is a great deal pleasanter under the water."

There was a field-road on this side of the pond which Podington well knew, and proceeding along this they came to the bridge and got into the main road.

"Now, we must get home as fast as we can," cried Podington, "or we shall both take cold. I wish I hadn't lost my whip. Hi now! Get along!"

Podington was now full of life and energy, his wheels were on the hard road, and he was himself again.

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When he found his head was turned toward his home, the horse set off at a great rate.

"Hi there!" cried Podington. "I am so sorry I lost my whip."

"Whip!" said Buller, holding fast to the side of the seat; "surely you don't want him to go any faster than this. And look here, William," he added, "it seems to me we are much more likely to take cold in our wet clothes if we rush through the air in this way. Really, it seems to me that horse is running away."

"Not a bit of it," cried Podington. "He wants to get home, and he wants his dinner. Isn't he a fine horse? Look how he steps out!"

"Steps out!" said Buller, "I think I'd like to step out myself. Don't you think it would be wiser for me to walk home, William? That will warm me up."

"It will take you an hour," said his friend. "Stay where you are, and I'll have you in a dry suit of clothes in less than fifteen minutes."

They fished from the end of a pier, they smoked, they talked, and were happy and content.—Page 230.

"I tell you, William," said Mr. Buller, as the two sat smoking after dinner, "what you ought to do; you should never go out driving without a life-preserver and a pair of oars; I always take them. It would make you feel safer."

Mr. Buller went home the next day, because Mr. Podington's clothes did not fit him, and his own out-door suit was so shrunken as to be uncomfortable. Besides, there was another reason, connected with the desire of horses to reach their homes, which prompted his return. But he had not forgotten his compact with his friend, and in the course of a week he wrote to Podington, inviting him to spend some days with him. Mr. Podington was a man of honor, and in spite of his recent unfortunate water experience he would not break his word. He went to Mr. Buller's sea-side home at the time appointed.

Early on the morning after his arrival, before the family were up, Mr. Podington went out and strolled down to the edge of the bay. He went to look at Buller's boat. He was well aware that he would be asked to take a sail, and as Buller had driven with him, it would be impossible for him to decline sailing with Buller; but he must see the boat. There was a train for his home at a quarter past seven; if he were not on the premises he could not be asked to sail. If Buller's boat were a little, flimsy thing, he would take that train—but he would wait and see.

There was only one small boat anchored near the beach, and a man—apparently a fisherman—informed Mr. Podington that it belonged to Mr. Buller. Podington looked at it eagerly; it was not very small and not flimsy.

"Do you consider that a safe boat?" he asked the fisherman.

"Safe?" replied the man. "You could not upset her if you tried. Look at her breadth of beam! You could go anywhere in that boat! Are you thinking of buying her?"

The idea that he would think of buying a boat made Mr. Podington laugh. The information that it would be impossible to upset the little vessel had greatly cheered him, and he could laugh.

Shortly after breakfast Mr. Buller, like a nurse with a dose of medicine, came to Mr. Podington with the expected invitation to take a sail.

"Now, William," said his host, "I understand perfectly your feeling about boats,

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and what I wish to prove to you is that it is a feeling without any foundation. I don't want to shock you or make you nervous, so I am not going to take you out to-day on the bay in my boat. You are as safe on the bay as you would be on land—a little safer, perhaps, under certain circumstances, to which we will not allude—but still it is sometimes a little rough, and this, at first, might cause you some uneasiness, and so I am going to let you begin your education in the sailing line on perfectly smooth water. About three miles back of us there is a very pretty lake several miles long. It is part of the canal system which connects the town with the railroad. I have sent my boat to the town, and we can walk up there and go by the canal to the lake; it is only about three miles."

If he had to sail at all, this kind of sailing suited Mr. Podington. A canal, a quiet lake, and a boat which could not be upset. When they reached the town the boat was in the canal, ready for them.

"Now," said Mr. Buller, "you get in and make yourself comfortable. My idea is to hitch on to a canal-boat and be towed to the lake. The boats generally start about this time in the morning, and I will go and see about it."

Mr. Podington, under the direction of his friend, took a seat in the stern of the sail-boat, and then he remarked:

"Thomas, have you a life-preserver on board? You know I am not used to any kind of vessel, and I am clumsy. Nothing might happen to the boat, but I might trip and fall overboard, and I can't swim."

"All right," said Buller; "here's a life-preserver, and you can put it on. I want you to feel perfectly safe. Now I will go and see about the tow."

But Mr. Buller found that the canal-boats would not start at their usual time; the loading of one of them was not finished, and he was informed that he might have to wait for an hour or more. This did not suit Mr. Buller at all, and he did not hesitate to show his annoyance.

"I tell you, sir, what you can do," said one of the men in charge of the boats; "if you don't want to wait till we are ready to start, we'll let you have a boy and a horse to tow you up to the lake. That won't cost you much, and they'll be back before we want 'em."

The bargain was made, and Mr. Buller joyfully returned to his boat with the intelligence that they were not to wait for the canal-boats. A long rope, with a horse attached to the other end of it, was speedily made fast to the boat, and with a boy at the head of the horse, they started up the canal.

"Now this is the kind of sailing I like," said Mr. Podington. "If I lived near a canal I believe I would buy a boat and train my horse to tow. I could have a long pair of rope-lines and drive him myself; then when the roads were rough and bad the canal would always be smooth."

"This is all very nice," replied Mr. Buller, who sat by the tiller to keep the boat away from the bank, "and I am glad to see you in a boat under any circumstances. Do you know, William, that although I did not plan it, there could not have been a better way to begin your sailing education. Here we glide along, slowly and gently, with no possible thought of danger, for if the boat should suddenly spring a leak, as if it were the body of a wagon, all we would have to do would be to step on shore, and by the time you get to the end of the canal you will like this gentle motion so much that you will be perfectly ready to begin the second stage of your nautical education."

"Yes," said Mr. Podington. "How long did you say this canal is?"

"About three miles," answered his friend. "Then we will go into the lock and in a few minutes we shall be on the lake."

"So far as I am concerned," said Mr. Podington, "I wish the canal were twelve miles long. I cannot imagine anything pleasanter than this. If I lived anywhere near a canal—a long canal I mean, this one is too short—I'd——"

"Come, come now," interrupted Buller, "Don't be content to stay in the primary school just because it is easy. When we get on the lake I will show you that in a boat, with a gentle breeze, such as we are likely to have to-day, you will find the motion quite as pleasing, and ever so much more inspiriting. I should not be a bit surprised, William, if after you have been two or three times on the lake, you will ask me—yes, positively ask me—to take you out on the bay!"

Mr. Podington smiled, and leaning

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backward, he looked up at the beautiful blue sky.

"You can't give me anything better than this, Thomas," said he; "but you needn't think I am weakening; you drove with me, and I will sail with you."

The thought came into Buller's mind that he had done both of these things with Podington, but he did not wish to call up unpleasant memories, and said nothing.

About half a mile from the town there stood a small cottage where house-cleaning was going on, and on a fence, not far from the canal, there hung a carpet gayly adorned with stripes and spots of red and yellow.

When the drowsy tow-horse came abreast of the house, and the carpet caught his eye, he suddenly stopped and gave a start toward the canal. Then, impressed with a horror of the glaring apparition, he gathered himself up, and with a bound dashed along the tow-path. The astounded boy gave a shout, but was speedily left behind. The boat of Mr. Buller shot forward as if she had been struck by a squall.

The terrified horse sped on as if a red and yellow demon were after him. The boat bounded, and plunged, and frequently struck the grassy bank of the canal, as if it would break itself to pieces. Mr. Podington clutched the boom to keep himself from being thrown out, while Mr. Buller, both hands upon the tiller, frantically endeavored to keep the boat from the bank.

"William!" he screamed, "he is running away with us; we shall be dashed to pieces! Can't you get forward and cast off that line?"

"What do you mean?" cried Podington, as the boom gave a great jerk as if it would break its fastenings and drag him overboard.

"I mean untie the tow-line. We'll be smashed if you don't! I can't leave this tiller. Don't try to stand up; hold on to the boom and creep forward. Steady now, or you'll be overboard!"

Mr. Podington stumbled to the bow of the boat, his efforts greatly impeded by the big cork life-preserver tied under his arms, and the motion of the boat was so violent and erratic that he was obliged to hold on to the mast with one arm and to try to loosen the knot with the other; but there was a great strain on the rope, and he could do nothing with one hand.

"Cut it! Cut it!" cried Mr. Buller.

"I haven't a knife," replied Podington.

Mr. Buller was terribly frightened; his boat was cutting through the water as never vessel of her class had sped since sail-boats were invented, and bumping against the bank as if she were a billiard-ball rebounding from the edge of a table. He forgot he was in a boat; he only knew that for the first time in his life he was in a runaway. He let go the tiller. It was of no use to him.

"William," he cried, "let us jump out the next time we are near enough to shore!"

"Don't do that! Don't do that!" replied Podington. "Don't jump out in a runaway; that is the way to get hurt. Stick to your seat, my boy; he can't keep this up much longer. He'll lose his wind!"

Mr. Podington was greatly excited, but he was not frightened, as Buller was. He had been in a runaway before, and he could not help thinking how much better a wagon was than a boat in such a case.

"If he were hitched up shorter and I had a snaffle-bit and a stout pair of reins," thought he, "I could soon bring him up."

But Mr. Buller was rapidly losing his wits. The horse seemed to be going faster than ever. The boat bumped harder against the bank, and at one time Buller thought they would turn over.

Suddenly a thought struck him.

"William," he shouted, "tip that anchor over the side! Throw it in, any way!"

Mr. Podington looked about him, and, almost under his feet, saw the anchor. He did not instantly comprehend why Buller wanted it thrown overboard, but this was not a time to ask questions. The difficulties imposed by the life-preserver, and the necessity of holding on with one hand, interfered very much with his getting at the anchor and throwing it over the side, but at last he succeeded, and just as the boat threw up her bow as if she were about to jump on shore, the anchor went out and its line shot after it. There was an irregular trembling of the boat as the anchor struggled along the bottom of the canal; then there was a great shock; the boat ran into the bank and stopped;

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the tow-line was tightened like a guitar-string, and the horse, jerked back with great violence, came tumbling in a heap upon the ground.

Instantly Mr. Podington was on the shore and running at the top of his speed toward the horse. The astounded animal had scarcely begun to struggle to his feet when Podington rushed upon him, pressed his head back to the ground, and sat upon it.

"Hurrah!" he cried, waving his hat above his head. "Get out, Buller; he is all right now!"

Presently Mr. Buller approached, very much shaken up.

"All right?" he said. "I don't call a horse flat in a road with a man on his head all right; but hold him down till we get him loose from my boat. That is the thing to do. William, cast him loose from the boat before you let him up! What will he do when he gets up?"

"Oh, he'll be quiet enough when he gets up," said Podington. "But if you've got a knife you can cut his traces—I mean that rope—but no, you needn't. Here comes the boy. We'll settle this business in very short order now."

When the horse was on his feet, and all connection between the animal and the boat had been severed, Mr. Podington looked at his friend.

"Thomas," said he, "you seem to have had a hard time of it. You have lost your hat and you look as if you had been in a wrestling match."

"I have," replied the other; "I wrestled with that tiller and I wonder it didn't throw me out."

Now approached the boy. "Shall I hitch him on again, sir?" said he. "He's quiet enough now."

"No," cried Mr. Buller; "I want no more sailing after a horse, and, besides, we can't go on the lake with that boat; she has been battered about so much that she must have opened a dozen seams. The best thing we can do is to walk home."

Mr. Podington agreed with his friend that walking home was the best thing they could do. The boat was examined and found to be leaking, but not very badly, and when her mast had been unshipped and everything had been made tight and right on board, she was pulled out of the way of tow-lines and boats, and made fast until she could be sent for from the town.

Mr. Buller and Mr. Podington walked back toward the town. They had not gone very far when they met a party of boys, who, upon seeing them, burst into unseemly laughter.

"Mister," cried one of them, "you needn't be afraid of tumbling into the canal. Why don't you take off your life-preserver and let that other man put it on his head?"

The two friends looked at each other and could not help joining in the laughter of the boys.

"By George! I forgot all about this," said Podington, as he unfastened the cork jacket. "It does look a little super-timid to wear a life-preserver just because one happens to be walking by the side of a canal."

Mr. Buller tied a handkerchief on his head, and Mr. Podington rolled up his life-preserver and carried it under his arm. Thus they reached the town, where Buller bought a hat, Podington dispensed with his bundle, and arrangements were made to bring back the boat.

"Runaway in a sail-boat!" exclaimed one of the canal boatmen when he had heard about the accident. "Upon my word! That beats anything that could happen to a man!"

"No, it doesn't," replied Mr. Buller, quietly. "I have gone to the bottom in a foundered road-wagon."

The man looked at him fixedly.

"Was you ever stuck in the mud in a balloon?" he asked.

"Not yet," replied Mr. Buller.

It required ten days to put Mr. Buller's sail-boat into proper condition, and for ten days Mr. Podington stayed with his friend, and enjoyed his visit very much. They strolled on the beach, they took long walks in the back country, they fished from the end of a pier, they smoked, they talked, and were happy and content.

"Thomas," said Mr. Podington, on the last evening of his stay, "I have enjoyed myself very much since I have been down here, and now, Thomas, if I were to come down again next summer, would you mind—would you mind, not——"

"I would not mind it a bit," replied Buller, promptly. "I'll never so much as mention it; so you can come along without

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a thought of it. And since you have alluded to the subject, William," he continued, "I'd like very much to come and see you again; you know my visit was a very short one this year. That is a beautiful country you live in. Such a variety of scenery, such an opportunity for walks and rambles! But, William, if you could only make up your mind not to——"

"Oh, that is all right!" exclaimed Podington. "I do not need to make up my mind. You come to my house and you will never so much as hear of it. Here's my hand upon it!"

"And here's mine!" said Mr. Buller.

And they shook hands over a new compact.

NOCTURNE

By Rosamund Marriott Watson

THE air is dark and sweet
  This wet spring night—
Spring, of the wandering feet,
  The secret flight,
Calls through the slow, soft rain—
  O voice of gold!
Calls to me once again,
  As oft of old.

The darkness sighs and stirs,
  Blind, blind and slow;
Night-wandering loiterers,
  The veiled airs go;
Mutes of the viewless spell,
  The hidden power,
These—but my heart knows well
  Its magic hour . . .

My heart's one festival,
  Oh, far or near,
The spring could never call
  And I not hear:
Deep under graveyard grass,
  It could not be,
The spring could never pass
  And I not see . . .

My heart, my heart would break
  Could it be so—
To think that spring should wake
  And I not know.

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THE STOLEN STORY

By Jesse Lynch Williams

I

THEY had warned Billy Woods so often before and had not yet discharged him that the rest of the staff believed they never would. This was reasonable, because there was only one Billy Woods, and the newspapers that wanted geniuses were many.

Woods wore glasses that slid down his nose, and he was a born reporter. He had an absent-minded manner that went well with the glasses, but his nose for news was the best on Park Row.

The first impression he gave was of unpractical guilelessness, but he could ask a greater number of intelligent questions about a greater variety of interests than three average reporters, and they are all pretty good at it. He had the power of making anybody talk. The busiest bank presidents and the crustiest lawyers opened their mouths for him quite as readily as East Side saloon-keepers. If there was news to be had Woods could dig it out; and after he got it he knew how to handle it. These two qualities don't always go together.

Woods had been taken on the staff of *The Day* as a cub reporter, fresh from college, and altogether ignorant of what the word "news" meant. Since then he had never seen fit to leave off reporting for a place at the copy-reading desk, or even to become assistant city editor, because reporting was not only more pleasurable but decidedly more profitable. He led as unmonotonous a life as anyone in town, and his space bills averaged nearly three times as much as an ordinary copy-reader's salary and fully twice that of the assistant city editor—not to speak of his fame as being the star reporter of *The Day*.

Many other newspapers wanted him to be their star man. There was a very large standing offer from one of these, but he always refused because it would be such a bother to overhaul and clear out the drawers of his desk and also because *The Day* was the best newspaper in the country to stick to. There was a saying along the Row, borne out by fact, that a *Day* man was fixed for life if he minded his business and kept sober till the paper went to press. But this latter was very difficult for Billy Woods, and that was the reason dust was on his desk and the men were talking about him this morning. This morning meant 12.30 P.M., and the reporters were arriving for the day's work. Some of them were just out of bed and were waiting to be sent off on their first assignments before getting breakfast.

"There'll be the devil to pay when he comes back this time," said the man with the high collar.

"Oh, I don't know," said the one on the desk, swinging his legs. "This is only the fourth day. That time last year he was gone a week, and they told him they would have to fire him, and Billy bobbed his head and agreed with all they said about him; and, as usual, they told him they'd give him one more trial."

"Yes," said the man with his feet on the chair, "but that was a whole year nearer his first offence."

"Besides," the high collar went on, knowingly, "no matter how absent-minded he was he never fell down on his story before. At first they thought he had merely forgotten that we go to press early on Saturday nights—he has to be reminded every time, you know—but when it got later and later, everybody began to guess what was the matter, though nobody wanted to say so. You ought to have heard them swear—I was doing the long wait that night—when they finally locked up and went to press with only the 'flimsy' story that had it five killed instead of nine." In newspaper offices flimsy means News Bureau reports. "Of course," the reporter added, "they corrected that in the later editions with a lift from *The Press*, but you know what a botch of a story it was. They sent me out for the steamboat company's end of it, but

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everybody had gone to bed and didn't know any boiler had exploded till I woke 'em up and told them."

The leg-swinger remarked: "He was all right all afternoon and all evening. In fact, he'd been trying hard to be good for several months, hadn't he? but then you know his way. Probably began by deciding it was cold going down the bay on the tug."

"You're mistaken," said somebody in a confident tone from a near-by desk. This was Sampson, one of the older men, who was clipping his space from the morning paper, and had not been in the conversation before. "Billy Woods did not start in on the way down. He never drinks when out on a story, except after he's got his facts. You know that. What's more, I've good reason for believing that a certain cur from a certain paper got him drunk on the way home after Billy had written his story in the cabin—deliberately. Let me tell you what one of the other fellows on that tug told me last night." But he did not tell, for just then the city editor called out "Sampson," and this reporter tossed down his scissors and went up to the desk to take an assignment.

"Good-morning. Who's that you're talking about?" Another reporter had joined the group, taking off his coat.

"Billy Woods."

"Why, I saw him a minute ago in the drug store drinking bromo-seltzer. Here he is now."

Woods was bending over the latch of the little gate that kept those who had no right to go inside from those who had.

The gate went shut with a click behind him and, looking scholarly and dignified, he marched straight up the room for the city editor's desk, rapping the floor with his cane at every two steps. His glasses were tipped forward at an angle so that he had to elevate his chin to focus through them, and he did not even see his friends as he strode up between the rows of desks, hurrying with his whole body.

"R-E-morse," said Jones, with the high collar.

Sampson was still standing beside the city editor, listening to instructions as to the style of story wanted about the sanitary condition of Ludlow Street Jail; so Woods had to wait. The men down at the other end of the room observed him frowning as though just in with an important piece of news instead of the remnants of a four days' spree. Jones and one of the others, pretending to look for mucilage, sauntered up the room to hear what would take place.

As soon as Sampson started off, without waiting for Mr. White, the city editor, to turn to him, Billy Woods said, "Well, sir, there were nine persons killed down the bay there."

News that is four days old is rather ancient history for a city editor to recall immediately and, at first, Mr. White looked puzzled. Then he said, "Mr. Woods, Mr. Manning wants to see you, I believe," and the city editor bent over his clippings again. He did not usually call Billy "Mr. Woods."

Woods knew what that meant, but he only said, "Yes, sir," and, holding his body very erect, walked over to the managing editor's desk. It was in the same room.

Mr. Manning spoke a few brief sentences which the other reporters could not distinguish, though they could hear Billy saying, "Yes, sir," every now and then; "That's so," "Yes, I agree with you," and finally, "Good-by, sir;" and in a little over a minute Billy Woods marched down the room and out of the gate no longer a member of *The Day's* staff. Newspaper editors have no superfluous time to spend, even upon geniuses.

II

Woods was now completely sober for the first time in four days.

He could turn either up or down the Row, he knew, and get a new position in the first newspaper office he came to. But to be discharged for intoxication meant more to Woods than even his intimate friends imagined. It had made him a great deal soberer than he cared to be, and before he reached the foot of the stairs he had made up his mind what to do about it. It was not to a newspaper office that he turned. He still had some money left. But, as it chanced, he did not carry out his intention.

Things move so quickly in Newspaper Row. The news of Woods's dismissal had permeated the entire room before he was quite out of it. Before he was down the stairs a certain mature-faced office-boy had stolen unobserved to the telephone closet,

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carefully closed the door and called up the city editor of *The Earth*.

"Is that you, Mr. McCarthy?" said the boy in *The Day* office, glancing behind him to see that no one was watching him through the sound-proof glass door. "Hello, Mr. McCarthy, you know who this is—yes. Well, B. W. turned up, and dey give him de grand t'row down—what?—Yes, just now, just dis minute—what? I don't know where he went.—Naw, I couldn't sneak downstairs after him. I'm scared to death now—I say I'm scared to death now dat dey's getting onto me here. No, he was sober—Yes, if you hurry. All right, yes, sir. Good-by."

Then, the office-boy rang off, and walked out and began throwing spit-balls, made of copy paper, at the other office-boys, while in the city room of *The Earth* Mr. McCarthy was speaking rapidly to two men hastily summoned to his desk:

"You'll find him some place along the Row. Maybe he hasn't any money; in that case he won't get drunk, but I think he'll wander 'round awhile before he looks for a job. Let's see—if he's plenty of money he'll probably go to the café, you know; but more likely you'll find him at Andy's. Munson, you go to Andy's. Murphy, you go to the other place. Jolly him up if he doesn't want to join us—promise him any amount of money (I hope he's hard up); he can't hold you to it, you know—anything to get him here before he's gobbled up by somebody else. Now, then, hurry on. Wait a minute. See here, don't make him drunk unless necessary. I've got a big story waiting for him."

It was just four minutes later that Munson was saying, effusively, "Why, hello, Billy, glad to see you, old man; didn't expect to see you in here this time a day. Great old time coming up on the tug last Saturday night—hey? Say, what're you doing, eating breakfast here all alone?"

It was very lonely. Every one else in town was busy and Woods had had but one drink.

In less than half an hour from the time Woods was dismissed from *The Day's* staff he was a member of *The Earth's*, and it took but one more round of drinks, for which Woods himself paid, though Munson put down in his next week's expense account: "To getting Woods in condition to join staff, $1.75," which was O. K.'d without question.

This newspaper hated *The Day* with loud, outspoken hatred, as bad boys hate. But it loved *The Day's* men. That may have been one of the reasons.

When it could *The Earth* lured away *The Day's* crack men with golden promises, gave them unlimited space and Earthly assignments, thereby demoralizing their English and their self-respect until they became ordinary reporters, and then they were used like ordinary reporters.

It was not a nice newspaper, but it was an exceedingly enterprising one. Perhaps it did not always overhaul every item of news as carefully as *The Day*, but it had more occasions for congratulating itself on "exclusive news," as they call beats in the editorial column.

It so happened that a valuable tip had come into the office a few minutes before, which, if worked in the right way, would result in an "article" on the first page calculated to make the public set down its coffee-cup and pick up the paper with both hands. And, what would be a source of greater delight to McCarthy and his crew, it would make all the rest of Newspaper Row writhe in impotent fury at being so badly beaten.

It was such a precious gem of a tip that the city editor fairly trembled as he whispered about it. There was reason for his being excited. The newly appointed municipal official that gave out the tip—in the form of a twenty-word statement—to an *Earth* reporter, did so, only because he believed the latter when he promised to tell all the other newspapers about it. This shows what a new official he was. It also suggests that a great deal of carefulness would be required to work up the story.

"There isn't a man here that can handle that story right," the managing editor said. That was five minutes before Woods left *The Day* office. About three minutes after he came to *The Earth's* office (all this shows how things hurry, you remember) McCarthy was saying: "Well, Mr. Woods, what do you think of *that* for a story to start on!"

The instant McCarthy left off promising him great things and began to tell about this piece of news Woods had left off sullenly comparing this city editor with Mr.

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White, and began listening in his tense, absorbed manner, and now could have repeated McCarthy's every word and intonation. "Is that tip absolutely straight?" he asked, scowling.

"You see who it's from. There's the Commissioner's name."

Billy Woods reached for his hat and stick with his right hand, and some copy paper with his left. "Then it'll make the biggest local story this year," he said.

"Cover it thoroughly, Mr. Woods. Make one of your artistic stories of it. Don't try to round it up by to-night. Take two days to it. The Commissioner's out of town, so none of the other papers will——"

But Woods was half way down the room, and his head was tipped back. It was less than an hour since he had stalked out of *The Day* office with the same gait, but he had forgotten all about that now. He had forgotten how he had intended to make himself forget. He was keenly and joyously alive, and every faculty was hot for work and glowing with the delicious excitement of one hurrying to perform a big feat that he is confident of doing well. This thing is a form of intoxication, too, though it is not usually called that.

First he ran across to City Hall and sauntered into the Mayor's office and had a talk with the Mayor's private secretary, who called him Billy, and asked what he could do for him to-day. Here Woods talked arrogantly and found out what had been the Mayor's attitude at a certain hearing a month before. Then he jumped on a Broadway cable-car and went down to Wall Street to catch the president of a certain large corporation before he went out to luncheon. It was nearly two o'clock, but Woods knew something of the habits of all prominent New Yorkers, and this one lunched late.

"Just gone a few minutes ago," said the boy, and then Woods slammed the door and remembered this was Wednesday and that the old gentleman had to finish his luncheon in time for the meeting of the Rapid Transit Commission at three o'clock. "I could have caught him on the way into the club," he whispered to himself and cursed his stupidity all the way back to the Equitable and up the elevator to the Lawyers' Club.

There were several other men in the neighborhood of The Street to be seen, but he did not stop now because the whole story hung on this President's statement. And it was necessary to bag him before the Rapid Transit Commission meeting, because immediately after it the old gentleman would take a train for his place in the country and play golf.

But of course he did not interrupt the president at luncheon. That would have killed the story. But he sent his card to the steward, whom he knew well and who, at Woods's request, sent out the head waiter of the white and gold room. From him Woods found out that the president had a friend lunching with him, that he had sent down a larger order than usual to-day, with claret instead of ale, and was now only finishing the oysters. So Woods knew he had no other engagement before the Rapid Transit meeting at three and it would be safe to leave him for three-quarters of an hour.

He hurried down to Wall Street again and called upon five lawyers. Woods hated lawyers. But he was lucky enough to find on the first trial two of them unengaged as well as in, and on the second trial he caught a third and he found out just what he wanted. Most reporters would have secured nothing. It required talent.

It was a quarter before three at the Lawyers' Club when the president lighted a big black cigar and signed a check for it. Billy Woods, waiting for him by the elevator, had the satisfaction of seeing the man that had lunched with him step across the reception-room to the library and the further satisfaction of noting by the clock that the president would not have to hurry to the meeting. Little things of this sort often mean a column or two.

The dignified president was feeling good after his luncheon and his success at making his guest see the wisdom of a certain plan of reorganization. He shook Billy's hand almost jovially and said, "Well, my boy," to him. They walked up Broadway together. The old gentleman was deaf and Billy shouted at him.

After spending the time between the Equitable and Maiden Lane in trying apparently to make the pleasant-mooded old gentleman admit a certain state of affairs in regard to a certain franchise, which he

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wouldn't, Woods employed the remainder of their walk in extracting a number of strong, emphatic statements from him to the contrary, which was exactly what Woods wanted. And he naively said so as they bade each other good-by, "only they claim, you know, sir, that they have a perfect legal right to do it."

"They claim! the damned lying thieves! they'd claim the whole of Manhattan Island if they could." Only, this remark Billy was considerate enough to leave out of his interview, for it would not have looked well in type with this benevolent old gentleman's quotation marks about it. Besides the president had been stirred to indigestion as it was, and deserved to be spared further discomfort out of gratitude. For from him Woods had obtained a succinct statement of facts—which he was now rapidly writing down, word for word, by a Broadway corner lamp-post—a perfect crowbar of a statement it was, with which Billy could prod and pry out the whole of the story and without which he could have done nothing. The story was practically secured now. The rest was only a matter of time for Woods.

There were nearly a dozen persons of various walks of life and degrees of importance that he had to see, and it was now three o'clock. He had not heard what McCarthy said about taking two days to the story and, being a *Day* man, would not have done so if he had. He had forgotten to lunch. He stepped into a cigar-store, turned the pages of the directory over rapidly several times and then started out.

At ten o'clock that evening he sighed and said, "Well, that's the last. That covers it." He had just hurried down some stone steps in Seventieth Street and was making for the Seventy-second Street "L" station. He had forgotten to dine.

He outlined his story on the half-hour trip downtown. He was so intent that he did not hear the guard call out any of the stations. When the train turned the sharp little curve into Murray Street, he arose automatically, walked to the door, then stepped out when the train stopped at Park Place, loped down the stairs just as he had done hundreds of times before, and hurried up toward City Hall Park. He was planning his introduction now. He prided himself on the reserve of his introductions. He did not hear a few belated newsboys crying sporting editions in the park or see the indigent and sleepy ones on the benches about the fountain. He hurried across the street and mechanically dodged a clanging Third Avenue cable-car, smiling to himself as a fetching opening sentence flashed into his mind. Then, like a homing pigeon, he darted in at the familiar doorway of *The Day;* ran up the stairs two steps at a time, unlatched the gate, hurried down to his old desk, swore at somebody's coat lying there, threw it upon another desk, sat down and began to write like nothing in the world but a reporter with a tremendous beat, who knows only that the paper goes to press within three hours.

III

When Mr. Stone, the night city editor of *The Day*, had come on at 5.30 o'clock to take the desk, the first thing Mr. White said to him was "Billy's gone at last."

Stone took out his pipe and said "Too bad," which was a good deal for the night city editor to say; then he put it back again and went over the assignment list with White.

The copy-readers began gathering in now and they also said "Too bad." But they had considerably more to say than this; for the story about the trip up the bay in the tug and the *Earth* reporter who had made Billy drunk had spread through the office since Woods's departure, and every one had something to say in terse newspaper style about that sort of journalism. Then each sat down before a little pile of copy and began his night's work. This was about the time most of the town was sitting down to its dinner.

At twenty minutes before eleven the Police Headquarters man sent in by telephone a bunch of precinct returns, arrests, accidents, and so on. One of them, from the Madison Street station, was about a nine-year-old boy drowned at the foot of Rutgers Street, at 10.15 P.M. It was reported that there was a possibility of its proving a suicide, and that would be good news.

Mr. Stone turned his glistening eyeglasses down the room over the even rows of reporters' desks to see whom to send

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out on the story. Most of the men were still scattered about over the town and adjacent country on assignments; those in the office were all, except one of the cub reporters, busily writing, with their coats off and the incandescent lights gleaming on their shirt-sleeves and copy paper.

Just then a man entered the room in a hurry. Stone turned to the assistant night city editor. "Haskill," he said, "who's that sitting down in Woods's old place?" One cannot have the best eyesight and the best copy-reading ability in town at the same time.

"Why, it's Billy himself," said Haskill.

"I thought so," said Stone; "what's he doing here?"

"Lord knows," said Haskill, running his pencil through a half page of some poor space-grabber's copy. "Guess he's going to write a note to leave for some one."

Stone called up Carson, the cub, handed him the Headquarters report, said "Hurry," and bent over the Senator Platt interview he was "reading" for the first page.

It was not good Park Row form for a man to walk into the office from which he had so recently been dismissed, but it was getting on toward midnight and there were more important things to think about. At least Stone and Haskill thought so. Meanwhile Woods, looking intense, began to fill many sheets of paper with good writing.

A few minutes later the man came in who had been sent out to Hasbrouck Heights to get up a humorous family quarrel story which did not turn out to be so funny as he had hoped. He walked up to the desk and began to tell Mr. Stone, who kept on reading copy, what he had found out. When he finished Stone looked up with his usual cynical, bored expression long enough to say, "About three sticks—keep it inside quarter of a column any way." But when he looked up, he once more spied Woods down there. He bent over his work again, but said, "He's still there, Haskill."

"Who?"

"Woods. Here, boy," ringing the bell, "copy. Haskill, will you find out what Jevins wants at the 'phone, please?"

"Still writing, too," said Haskill, arising. "Must be writing letters to the whole staff."

Haskill went down the room and took a story off the telephone from the man who had been sent up to Poughkeepsie to find out about a murder and could not get down before the paper went to press. This took ten minutes and Woods kept on writing furiously. Thus far no one else had noticed him except the office-boys, who wondered.

On the way from the telephone closet Haskill walked around by Woods's desk. Quite from force of editorial habit he glanced over the writer's shoulder, and then he stopped short. He leaned over, ran his eye rapidly down the rest of the page, then turned and fairly ran up the room with a scared look on his face. He grabbed Stone by the shoulder and whispered a few quick, excited words in his ear.

The editor instantly straightened up in his chair.

"What's that? Are you sure?" Then, at the rate of four hundred words to the minute, "Why, that means a million dollar steal—who are the aldermen—when were they going to put the plot through—Haskill, where did Woods get this story?"

"I tell you I only saw that one page," returned Haskill, excitedly starting down the room again. "I'll ask——"

"Wait a minute."

Haskill turned around. Stone was looking puzzled. "Why is he writing this story for us? Why hasn't he come up here and said something about it?"

"Stone, how do I know! but, this story is tremendous, man—tremendous! I'll go——"

Stone took him by the arm. "Sit down. Certainly it's a big story, but listen: If you were in his place and had picked up a beat, would you come here with it? Under the circumstances, you'd think he'd go to any other office in town first. Haskill, I don't understand this thing——"

"That's Billy Woods you're talking about, isn't it?" Harwood, the assistant theatrical man, had just come in and was taking off his coat to write unkind words about a first night. "You needn't look so excited about it. It's easy enough to understand. They offered him $125 a week guarantee—that's the reason he didn't go to any other office first." He had overheard only the last words.

Stone turned quickly and looked at Harwood. "What are you talking about?"

"About Billy Woods. Why, haven't

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you heard the latest—about his going to the *Earth?*"

Haskill gasped out a "What!" and looked at Stone. Stone said nothing and gazed at Harwood.

"It's so, though." Harwood's voice was lazy and gossipy. "Two of their men told me all about it uptown at dinner."

"Harwood," whispered Haskill, taking him impressively by the shoulder. "Look down there! He's been here—we don't know how long."

"Great Scott! What's he doing in this office?"

"Shss—writing the biggest beat of the year—Good heavens, Stone, what's the matter?" The night city editor had suddenly jumped out of his chair.

"Great Scott! what is it?" from Harwood.

But Stone, with an unusual look in his face, only started down the room with Haskill running behind him, saying, in a low, beseeching tone, "What's the matter, Stone, what's the matter?"

"No," muttered Stone, suddenly stopping. "That would only wake him up and make him realize—— Haskill, how shall we work it? Quick!" he snarled, angrily; "something is liable to happen that will——"

"Work what! what're you talking about, man?"

Stone started toward Woods again, then, stopping so abruptly that Haskill bumped into him, he fairly screamed, "Jones! Jones! *Jones!* Come up to the desk," and started up the room himself sidewise, as if to draw Jones away from Woods (Haskill trotting along behind). For Jones had just finished writing, and, being idle, had spied Billy Woods, had started around toward his desk and had gone as far as "Why, hello, Billy," when Stone cut him off.

The rest of the reporters had heard the impatient calling and wondered for a second or two what big piece of news had come in, but did not look up from their work. But one of the copy-readers exclaimed, "Hello! there's Billy Woods."

"Come here, Mr. Harwood," Stone was saying in a quick voice. Haskill was already there, looking with dumb amazement in his superior's face. Jones was there too.

"Now, listen," said Stone. He had formed his plan and now sat on the edge of the desk. "Woods left our staff to-day, as you know. Since then he has run across the beat of the year and has walked into our office and is writing it now——"

"Oh, you mean——" exclaimed Haskill, with intelligence and then alarm running into his eyes.

"Exactly. Now listen."

"Great Scott!" said Harwood, the theatrical man, in a low solemn voice, "from force of habit, you mean."

"Yes," whispered Haskill, "in his old, absent-minded way." They both looked down toward Woods, but Jones began asking, mystified, "What's this, what's this?"

Haskill and Harwood dashed the idea at him like cold water in his face, while at the same time Stone went on incisively: "Now, though Woods is not a member of our staff, he has just as much right to sit here and write as any other of the free lances that bring in stories to us."

"But say, Stone," whispered Harwood.

"Please keep still. I tell you this is the exposure that was rumored was coming; and you know as well as I do that the Commissioner would want us to have the story as much as the *Earth;* McCarthy must have got the tip exclusively by one of his dirty lies. Here's our chance to teach him his lesson. *That story is not to get out of this office except in print.* Jones, your duty for the rest of this night is to see to it that no one speaks a word to Woods so long as he is here. Don't let anybody get within ten feet of his desk, except me. Don't let them say anything or do anything that is likely to remind him where he is. He's liable to wake up any moment. Understand?"

Haskill put in, "Catch every one as he comes into the office and put him on to the thing."

It was unnecessary to say anything more to Jones. He was a newspaper man. He hurried toward the gate where a couple of reporters were entering the room.

"Now, Haskill," said Stone, "you go around and tell all the desk men in the office. And Mr. Harwood, will you please——"

But Stone broke off abruptly.

"Heavens!" whispered Haskill.

Woods had arisen from his chair and was

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looking straight up at them. Then he turned and walked rapidly down the room toward the gate.

Stone and Haskill and Harwood bolted down on tiptoe after him. But he wheeled off to the right, passed the newspaper files, stepped up to the water-cooler and filled a glass. He always looked around the room before getting a drink and they ought to have remembered it. They did now. Haskill was turning over an afternoon paper, as if in a great hurry for something. Harwood was standing by the telephone-box trying to look as if he had never thought of Billy Woods. But Stone calmly turned back and walked across to Woods's desk.

There lay some pages of finely written copy. His experienced eye skimmed over a paragraph. It made him lust for the rest. It was risky, but he reached over, whisked up the closely written sheets, all but one, the last one, and hurried up to the desk with them just as Woods put down the glass, emitting a wet-lipped "Ah!" and started back, wiping his hand on his trousers. As he passed Haskill he was humming a little, tuneless tune. He sat down, ran his hand through his hair a moment, then, leaning over, began to write rapidly again and put the next finished page on top of the one sheet left as unquestioningly as a hen goes to laying over one nest egg.

Meanwhile, Stone, reading the copy as rapidly as he alone could, hastily scrawled (*Nonp. Double lead—Rush*) across the first page and sent it up to the composing-room, where the foreman, dividing it into several "takes," gave them to several compositors, who put them in type as fast as they knew how, and in a few minutes the galley proofs were down on Stone's desk, with Haskill bending over Stone's shoulder saying "Isn't it beautiful! Isn't it beautiful!"

Stone made a printer's sign on the margin to turn a "u" right side up and said: "This much is ours, anyway."

Haskill said, "Think we'll get it all?"

Stone glanced down at Woods. "Hello," he said, "what's that boy up to?"

A few minutes before, one of the numerous office-boys had brought in some copy from the man covering a spiritualist convention up town. Now he was walking slowly up and down behind Billy Woods. Presently he turned and walked up to the desk. He was an odd-looking boy with a peculiar, matured face. He looked very solemn. "Please, Mr. Stone," he said, "kin I go home now? My old mother is sick and I promised her——"

"Well, I'm afraid you lied to her if you're not lying to me, for you're to stay here till we go to press to-night."

"Nah, I won't," said the boy, sullenly, "I'll t'row up me job, foist. I got to go home."

"You can throw up your job if you want to, but you can't go home till the paper goes to press. Run on down to the end of the room where you belong."

But Stone followed after him.

"John," he said to the head boy by the gate, "no boy can get out of this office to-night on any excuse till after we go to press—not even on errands, without my permission. Understand?"

John said "Yes, sir," and was excited. So were all the other boys. The very buzzing of the electric fans was abnormal to-night. There was suppressed excitement in the scurrying cockroaches when the reporters opened their desk-drawers. Stone returned to the other end of the room.

"That youngster," he said to Haskill, "is the one we are after. I've thought so all along."

"Then why didn't you drop him long ago?"

"There would be another here inside of a week. We'll catch this one red-handed. That may stop their dirty work."

The reporters were rounding up with the late stories. Everyone that came into the room, no matter how important his news, was first halted at the gate by Jones. Woods kept on writing uninterruptedly. The men only looked over at him in awe; then went up to the desk to tell their news.

"Haskill," said Stone ("go on talking," to one of the reporters), "the room is getting too full of people thinking about the same thing. If they keep on looking at Woods they'll hypnotize him into realization of everything—no matter how intense he is. Clear out the room. (Go on talking, Lee. I can hear you." Lee went on.) "Tell Smith to start up a poker game in the back room."

"Stone," whispered Haskill, as he started, "What's the matter with him now?"

"Needs copy-paper," said Stone. ("That's no good, Lee, don't write any-

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thing.") And grabbing a bunch of paper himself, the editor walked down and tossed it in front of Woods, who growled, "Thanks, boy," without lifting his eyes.

Stone hurried on down the room. "Boys, come here," he said——"all you boys." He sat down on a desk. They gathered about him. Their faces were almost ghastly, it was so horrifyingly unusual to be recognized by Mr. Stone, except as he recognized the bell he punched or the floor he threw copy upon.

"You boys," he said, "there's a big beat in this office to-night." They knew that, and he knew they did. "If it gets out of here you all get out, too—every one of you. Understand? You are all to be discharged unless we beat the town on this story." Then he left them. They even kept silent for several seconds. But that may have been because Stone had turned over to where Woods was writing. Jones saw this and Jones's jaw dropped.

There was Billy, tapping with his fingers on the desk as if waiting for a word, and as Stone came near he looked up and smiled amiably. It was a sweet, childlike smile, and those watching never forgot it. Stone looked straight back at him. It was the only thing to do. The mere lowering of his eyes might kill the grandest beat of the year.

By telepathy, perhaps, nearly everyone in the room let go his work for the moment and was now watching these two smile at each other. The whole room held its breath as it saw Stone stop, close beside Woods. Its heart ceased beating as it heard him ask, "How much more of this is there, Woods?" It was his normal tone, too.

"Oh, well, I'm over half through, I think." It was the first time in four days, for most of them, that Woods's voice had been heard. It was quite natural.

"Hurry it along," said Stone, and then he had the audacity to hold out his hand.

"Yes, sir," said Billy, and from force of habit handed Stone the written sheets of copy, then leaned over and started in writing intensely again, and *The Day* staff thanked Heaven.

When Stone reached the desk Haskill looked at him a moment and then said, admiringly, "My! you've got nerve."

"He's as safe as a man without a memory," said Stone, as he marked on the copy (*Add Aldermen Swindle*). But the fingers he did it with trembled.

The hands of the clock went on around and Woods went on scowling and throwing off page after page of copy. The night editor came down from the composing-room, where he was making up, and whispered to Stone, "He'll soon be through, Stone, won't he?"

Stone did not answer, for he saw one of the boys stealing hastily up toward the desk. "Mr. Stone," said the boy, looking ashamed, "Tommy Donovan's up to some game at the 'phone. He's been runnin' in an' out of the box for half an hour. We think he's givin' up Mr. Woods's beat. He's in there again an'——"

"All right," said Stone, "let him get them." Then turning to Haskill, "I *thought* they would be able to tell us something if they tried. Now you watch Woods, Haskill."

Stone stepped into the adjoining room, walked past the night editorial writer and into the chief's room, picked up the private telephone and turned on the switch in time to hear, "Well, you tell the man at the desk it's T. D.—in a hurry."

Mr. Stone pulled down the switch and shut off the circuit of the *Day's* outer office, ran out into the main room, tiptoed down to the telephone-box where he found Tommy sending boyish oaths at Central for cutting him off.

Stone reached in and put a hand over his mouth. "You needn't swear, boy," he said. "It's against the rules of the company. Besides, they can't hear you. Come, I'll show you why."

Through an avenue of big-eyed other boys Stone led Tommy into the private room. "You see I cut you off." He pushed the switch back again. "Now you could talk with *The Earth* office again if you were there. Come, we'll go into this nice little room over here. Now, then, this is to be your private office until we go to press. Then your resignation will be voted upon. It may prove better for you, though, if you tell me what you were going to tell the man at the desk."

Just then Haskill's excited voice was heard. "Stone, Stone! for Heaven's sake, where are you?"

"Right here. What's the matter?"

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Haskill appeared at the threshold, panting: "Stone, Billy's through writing! He's standing up by his desk looking over the last pages. But he's running his hand through his hair; so I think he must be going to add a little more, don't you?"

Impulsively Stone grasped his assistant by the arm. "Haskill, listen. We lose our beat if Woods leaves this office before we go to press."

"Why?"

"Because, soon as he's finished writing——"

"He'll get drunk, Stone."

"No, he'll come to himself first—realize everything, soon as the tension is off his nerves—then, don't you see what'll happen——"

"Why, first he'll have a spasm or something at realizing what he's done, then I tell you, Stone, he'll go and get——"

"No, he'll go like the devil over to his new bosses and confess the whole thing."

"They'll give him——"

"But not till they've made him sit down and dictate the whole story to a relay of stenographers—there's still time for it—Then where's our beat, Haskill!"

"We've got to keep him here then."

"But if he suddenly comes to now, here in this office, Haskill?"

"Then hold him anyway, Stone!"

"But we can't, man; he's no office-boy." They both looked at the boy in Stone's grasp. He had been quietly taking in all they said; also several features about the room that pleased him.

"Here," cried Stone, "you lock up this boy—lock him up tight. I'll fix Woods somehow." And he ran back to the outer room in time to see Woods, who had decided not to write any more after all, tap the collected sheets of copy even against the desk-top and start, rather gayly it seemed, up the room. Stone almost ran to beat him to the desk.

Woods put his copy down upon the desk. "Here's the rest of it," he said, briskly. Stone apparently paid no attention. Woods picked the sheets up again and planked them down directly under Stone's eyes. "That winds her up," he said. The editor made no sign. "Good-night," said Woods. Stone picked up the copy in silence. "Good-night, I said, Mr. Stone. I'm going home." He started off.

"Er—oh, say Woods—hold up. We don't want you to go yet."

Woods stopped ten feet away. He turned around slowly. "But I'm all done up," he said, smiling. "I'd like to get something to eat and go to bed."

"Wait till I read your copy."

Woods sighed.

Stone thought he saw the tense lines fading out of his countenance. That would never do. "Besides, Woods," he said, "you haven't enough here. You don't seem to realize what a big story this is."

But Woods was realizing that he was tired. It was like asking a man to run just one more lap at the end of a mile race. He said, in a hurt tone, "I've covered the story, I think."

Stone knew that in a moment more he might realize everything. An inspiration came to him. "Why, see here, Woods, why don't you round up your story with some detailed personal history of the people concerned and—" He was stopped by a gleam that suddenly came into Woods's face.

"Say, Mr. Stone," said the reporter, reaching up and running his hand through his hair, "I'll tell you: A few sticks telling about similar attempts in the past would be a great deal better stuff. Here, give me some copy-paper. Dan, run and get me the back files of the *Tribune* for the years—here, I'll write 'em down—there, for those years. Be quick about it."

Then Woods hurried down to his desk again, looking intense, and in a few minutes he was throwing off sheets of copy with one hand and holding open an old bound volume of the *Tribune* with the other, while two office boys were hastily stacking up other dusty volumes before him. Stone, at the other end of the room, was mopping his brow.

A few minutes later the gate clicked and the managing editor himself came hurrying into the office. He had been dining out. Stone dived at him.

The managing editor showed no astonishment, because nothing ever astonished him, but at the conclusion he whispered, gravely, "Say, Stone, perhaps I better hide in the closet. Woods may look up and wonder at my dress-suit."

Stone, who was watching Woods like a delicate machine, growled abstractedly to

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his managing editor: "Talk to Haskill," and ran to Billy, saying: "Better say something now about future possibilities—you know what I mean."

Woods bobbed his head. "Here's another batch," he said.

Stone brought the copy back to where Mr. Manning and Haskill were standing. "Just look at that good English," he whispered, throwing it on the floor. The story itself was all in type and locked up now, and Stone had put a head on it, one of his characteristic heads—a big, black-lettered head that would in a few hours make the now sleeping town buzz with astonishment and the newsboys rich selling *Days* alone if——

It was less than half an hour from the time of going to press. Most of the office was getting up and sitting down again, or stepping about the room, or looking at the clock.

Mr. Manning wet his lips and said, "Stone, Woods will know we can't take copy much longer. Then he will commence wondering, then he will wake up, then he'll run over to the *Earth* office and then——"

"Haskill," said Stone, "you're fat; go down and stand in front of Woods, with your back toward him."

Haskill walked down the room. Stone jumped up on the "Jersey" desk, jerked back the glass door of the clock, shoved the hands back twenty minutes, slammed the door shut and jumped down again. Five minutes later Billy called up, "How much more can you take?"

Stone called back in the ghastly stillness, "Keep on writing till we tell you to stop. Write fast." Then, in a low tone, "That'll keep you from thinking."

It was so silent that the whole room heard Billy muttering "Oh, I didn't know I had so much time." He had looked at the clock.

Another minute had dragged by in which the clock ticked and Woods's pen scratched, and the rest of the room waited. Haskill sighed and for the seventh time was whispering to anybody, "Oh, we've surely got them beaten, don't you think so?" when two office-boys came scurrying in through the gate and up the room with looks on their young faces that made Stone start up and say, "What's coming, now?"

He had just sent these boys out to see why the shipping news bureau did not send in anything about the overdue Lucania, two boys instead of one, so they would watch each other. They ran up to Stone, holding out a letter.

"I found this," panted one of them.

"No, I found it," panted the other; "it fluttered down from some place upstairs here. It hit Dan on the head."

Stone had snatched it up, the others eagerly bending over it with him. It was addressed to "The night editor of the *Earth*—Rush," and the envelope was one of the regular office envelopes with "*The Day*" printed in the corner.

"What does *this* mean?" asked Mr. Manning.

"Keep Woods writing," said Stone, over his shoulder, for he had started on a run for the private office now occupied by Tommy Donovan.

It was a front room and Tommy was leaning out of the window. Stone grasped him firmly by the trousers. "What are you doing, boy?"

"Nuthin'." He was unperturbed.

"Let's see your fingers—the other hand. How did you get that ink-mark?"

"Writin'."

"What. This," showing the envelope.

The boy waited a minute, then grinned. "Yep," he said.

"What does it say inside?"

The boy looked up at Stone and then said, calmly, "It says 'Billy Woods is here with a big beat. Yer gotter hustle if yer want it.'" Then, grinning again, "Might's well tell yer, long as yer on."

"I believe you this time," said the editor, "though I haven't opened it. See? It was not addressed to me."

The boy sniffed contemptuously, either at himself or at Stone, or both. Then he impudently looked in Stone's eyes and asked, "Why don't yer send it to the *Eart'*, then?"

Stone had a sense of humor and laughed. "I shall, in the morning," he said, "with a note."

"Huh," said the boy. "They was six other envelopes on the table when I come in here. Some of 'em ought to got there by now."

Stone only said: "Some day you'll make a first-class crook and we'll have

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column stories about you, with your picture."

The boy almost blushed at this prediction of greatness, but Stone did not notice that, for a strange voice came in from the other room, saying: "I tell you I've got to see him." Stone locked the door and ran out.

The head office-boy was shouting, excitedly, "See him—nuthin'! You'll have to wait till he's trew writin'."

A number of the men, hearing the loud voices, were coming down toward the gate.

"Give him this note then, I tell you."

"Give nuthin'—not till he's trew writin'."

Now another stranger came in. He had been waiting in the hallway. To him the first young man turned and said, "He's in here, Munson, but they won't bring him out, and they won't give him the note."

"Here, let me take it," said Munson, the new arrival.

Jones, the reporter, who had been standing by the gate with his back toward it, as if not listening, now turned around.

But Munson, looking past Jones, exclaimed, dramatically, "Mr. Stone, give this to Woods if you dare!"

Stone, who had been passing by, apparently oblivious, stopped and looked at Munson a moment. "Young man," he said, "what is the occasion for so much emotion? Here, boy, take that note to Mr. Woods."

The boy looked at Mr. Stone.

"Hurry," said the editor. "This person seems to be impatient."

"Yes, sir," said the boy, dazedly, and carried the envelope over to Woods, who nodded his head, stuck the thing hastily in his pocket with his left hand, and with his right kept on writing.

"He seems to be occupied," Jones remarked, affably. "But he will be at leisure shortly. You see it's nearly time to go to press."

But Munson cried, "Well, then, I'll go in and speak to him."

Jones stood by the gate. "Sorry, but it's against the rules of the office." Stone, behind him, was filling a pipe and remarked, aloud: "This is one place where an *Earth* reporter cannot go," which made some of the others laugh. Nearly the whole staff had moved down by the gate now.

Munson looked at them. He did not know what tack to take, and time was flying. He tried being civil. "But, see here, gentlemen," he said, earnestly, "I've simply got to see Woods before we go to press." He looked up at the office clock. "We go to press in about twenty-five minutes."

"Well, there he is, look at him," put in Jones.

Then, for the first time, it suddenly occurred to Munson to call to Billy Woods. "Oh, Woods!" he shouted in a loud voice, "Billy Woods, come here a minute."

Woods shook his head, but no one heard him call back, "Just a second," for Mr. Manning now came down the room, saying, with some heat:

"See here, Jones, tell that young man to stop making a disturbance in this office;" which Jones began to do, assisted by several others, in loud tones.

Meanwhile, Billy, reaching the end of the page, made a double X mark to show that it was the end of the story, and said: "Here, boy," to the one that had brought him the note, "take this up to the desk," and walked down to the gate, saying: "Well, well, what's all this rumpus about. Who wants me—" just in time to hear Munson's high voice, almost screaming above the others: *"Billy Woods, I was sent to ask you why you joined our staff this morning, and then sneaked over here with our beat to-night! What have you got to say for yourself?"*

And now, like fools, every one shut up and turned to look at Billy Woods. They all stood there in silence and watched him as the thing came over him.

He stopped short before reaching the gate, and opened his mouth. First, a look of childish dread came over his face. He looked at Munson. Then he looked around at the staff. Then he turned his face away and sat down at the nearest desk. He was a born reporter, and he had grasped the whole situation from beginning to end.

And just then the floor began to shake and there came up the deep, heavy rumbling of the mighty presses from far below. The story was a beat now.

Munson knew that sound, and looked up at the clock in alarm.

Stone was puffing his pipe contentedly. "Twenty minutes slow you'll find."

Then Munson knew that his paper was

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beaten, and that the best it could do was to lift a stick or two of the story from *The Day* for the later editions. This would be done immediately and without him. So he decided to stay here a minute and say something. He was wrought up.

He slapped the gate-post with his hand. "This is the lowest trick ever perpetrated in this city," he began.

"Yes?" said Stone, who had his hands in his pockets.

"And I'd like to state that the man that would do such a thing——"

"Say," put in Haskill, "you needn't heap any abuse on Billy Woods. We aren't in the humor to hear it. He came up here from force of habit, and you're in hard luck; that's all. He forgot that he had been inveigled into joining your dirty sheet, until you reminded him of it just now. Didn't you, Billy?"

Woods made no reply. It would have been a good thing altogether if he could have fallen over in a dramatic faint at this point, or, say, when the presses began. But he did not know how. So he only sat there behind the others, with his glasses sliding down, and his chin in his hands listening to everything.

Munson had laughed scornfully at Haskill's explanation. "Who do you think will believe that fairy story?" he asked. "Oh," he went on, "you have beaten us all right on this story—we acknowledge that."

Stone blew smoke. "Good of you," he said.

"But we'll have a story to-morrow that you won't have, that you won't *care* to print."

"It won't be the first time," replied Stone, who then remembered something and left the gate for the private office.

Munson was going on, "It'll be a three-column exposé of *The Day's* upright journalistic methods, describing this whole traitorous performance. We can get affidavits that we gave that man Woods——"

Billy Woods's foot tapped on the floor and at the same time Haskill interrupted: "In the first place, no one would believe Woods was on your staff for ten minutes to-day; no one believes you, you know; and besides, how did you people get that tip anyway, I'd like to know——"

"As for affidavits," put in Sampson, one of the reporters, "a few interesting ones might be secured about other things you gave Woods; for instance, on that trip up the bay Sunday night—*you* ought to remember that, Munson."

"Then, too, we might make pretty good reading out of this interesting young man," this from Stone, who was leading in young Tommy Donovan by the arm. "Did you ever see this lad before? Yes, they seem to recognize each other. And by the way, did you ever see handwriting like this?" He held up the envelope. "Ah, I wouldn't make a very big scare head about this interesting evening if I were you. Oh, no, don't swear at this little boy. What's that—break his neck? Well, if you must, why, we'll have to cover the story at the police station and make a front page spread of it, and tell all we know about the motives. What, are you going so soon? Well, good-night. The cool air will do you good."

Meanwhile, the others were getting ready to leave.

"Come, Woods," said Stone, "put on your coat."

Billy arose slowly. Haskill, who was fussing around him like a man that wants to be useful in a nursery and doesn't know how, said, "What he needs is a lot of good, nourishing food. Then I'll take him home to bed with me and to-morrow I'll put him in a Turkish-bath. He better stay there all day, too, and not come down to work at all to-morrow. I suppose the office can let him have a day off. Don't you think so, Mr. Manning?"

They were helping Billy put on his coat. He looked up, timidly. "What do you mean?" he said.

"Better ask Mr. Manning," said Haskill, smiling.

"Come on, that's all right," said Mr. Manning, starting for the stairs, "we're all going to have some supper together."

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THE STORY OF A PLAY

BY W. D. HOWELLS

XXI

LOUISE asked Maxwell, as soon as they had established their joint faith, whom Godolphin was going to get to play Salome, and he said that Grayson would like to re-engage Miss Pettrell, though he had a theory that the piece would be strengthened, and the effect of Haxard enhanced, if they could have a more powerful Salome.

"Mr. Ray told me at lunch," said Louise, impartially but with an air of relief, "that in all the love-making she was delightful; but when it came to the tragedy, she wasn't there."

"Grayson seemed to think that if she could be properly rehearsed, she could be brought up to it," Maxwell interposed.

"Mr. Ray said she was certainly very refined, and her Salome was always a lady. And that is the essential thing," Louise added, decisively. "I don't at all agree with Mr. Grayson about having Salome played so powerfully. I think Mr. Godolphin is right."

"For heaven's sake don't tell him so!" said Maxwell. "We have had trouble enough to get him under."

"Indeed, I shall tell him so! I think he ought to know how we feel."

"*We?*" repeated Maxwell.

"Yes. What we want for Salome is sweetness and delicacy and refinement; for she has to do rather a bold thing, and yet keep herself a lady."

"Well, it may be too late to talk Miss Pettrell now," said Maxwell. "Your favorite, Godolphin, parted enemies with her."

"Oh, stage enemies! Mr. Grayson can get her, and he must."

"I'll tell him what your orders are," said Maxwell.

The next day he saw the manager, but nothing had been done, and the affair seemed to be hanging fire again. In the evening, while he was talking it over with his wife in a discouragement which they could not shake off, a messenger came to him with a letter from the Argosy Theatre, which he tore nervously open.

"What is it, dear?" asked his wife, tenderly. "Another disappointment?"

"Not exactly," he returned, with a husky voice, and after a moment of faltering he gave her the letter. It was from Grayson, and it was to the effect that he had seen Sterne, and that Sterne had agreed to a proposition he had made him, to take Maxwell's play on the road, if it succeeded, and in view of this had agreed to let Yolande Havisham take the part of Salome.

Godolphin was going to get all his old company together as far as possible, with the exception of Miss Pettrell, and there was to be little or no delay, because the actors had mostly got back to New York, and were ready to renew their engagements. That no time might be lost, Grayson asked Maxwell to come the next morning and read the piece to such of them as he could get together in the Argosy greenroom, and give them his sense of it.

Louise handed him back the letter, and said, with dangerous calm: "You might save still more time by going down to Mrs. Harley's apartment and reading it to her at once." Maxwell was miserably silent, and she pursued: "May I ask whether you knew they were going to try to get her?"

"No," said Maxwell.

"Was there anything said about her?"

"Yes, there was, last night. But both Grayson and Godolphin regarded it as impossible to get her."

"Why didn't you tell me that they would like to get her?"

"You knew it, already. And I thought, as they both had given up the hope of getting her, I wouldn't mention the subject. It's always been a very disagreeable one."

"Yes." Louise sat quiet, and then she said: "What a long misery your play has been to me!"

"You haven't helped make it any great joy to me," said Maxwell, bitterly.

She began to weep, silently, and he stood

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looking down at her in utter wretchedness. "Well," he said at last, "what shall I do about it?"

Louise wiped her tears, and cleared up cold, as we say of the weather. She rose, as if to leave the room, and said, haughtily: "You shall do as you think best for yourself. You must let them have the play, and let them choose whom they think best for the part. But you can't expect me to come to see it."

"Then that unsays all the rest. If you don't come to see it, I sha'n't, and I shall not let them have the piece. That is all. Louise," he entreated, after these first desperate words, "*can't* we grapple with this infernal nightmare, so as to get it into the light, somehow, and see what it really is? How can it matter to you who plays the part? Why do you care whether Miss Pettrell or Mrs. Harley does it?"

"Why do you ask such a thing as that?" she returned, in the same hard frost. "You know where the idea of the character came from, and why it was sacred to me. Or perhaps you forget!"

"No, I don't forget. But try—can't you try?—to specify just why you object to Mrs. Harley."

"You have your theory. You said I was jealous of her."

"I didn't mean it. I never believed that."

"Then I can't explain. If you don't understand, after all that's been said, what is the use of talking? I'm tired of it!"

She went into her room, and he sank into the chair before his desk and sat there, thinking. When she came back, after awhile, he did not look round at her, and she spoke to the back of his head. "Should you have any objection to my going home for a few days?"

"No," he returned.

"I know papa would like to have me, and I think you would be less hampered in what you will have to do now if I'm not here."

"You're very considerate. But if that's what you are going for, you might as well stay. I'm not going to do anything whatever."

"Now, you mustn't talk foolishly, Brice," she said, with an air of superior virtue mixed with a hint of martyrdom. "I won't have you doing anything rash or boyish. You will go on and let them have your play just the same as if I didn't exist." She somewhat marred the effect of her self-devotion by adding: "And I shall go on just as if *it* didn't exist." He said nothing, and she continued: "You couldn't expect me to take any interest in it after this, could you? Because, though I am ready to make any sort of sacrifice for you, I think anyone, I don't care who it was, would say that was a little *too* much. Don't you think so yourself?"

"You are always right. I think that."

"Don't be silly. I am trying to do the best I can, and you have no right to make it hard for me."

Maxwell wheeled round in his chair: "Then I wish you wouldn't make your best so confoundedly disagreeable."

"Oh!" she twitted. "I see that you have made up your mind to let them have the play, after all."

"Yes, I have," he answered, savagely.

"Perhaps you meant to do it all along?"

"Perhaps I did."

"Very well, then," said Louise. "Would you mind coming to the train with me on your way down town to-morrow?"

"Not at all."

XXII

In the morning neither of them recurred to what Louise had said of her going home for a few days. She had apparently made no preparation for the journey; but if she was better than her words in this, he was quite as bad as his in going down town after breakfast to let Grayson have the play, no matter whom he should get to do Salome. He did not reiterate his purpose, but she knew from the sullen leave, or no-leave, which he took of her, that it was fixed.

When he was gone she had what seemed to her the very worst quarter of an hour she had ever known; but when he came back in the afternoon, looking haggard but savage, her ordeal had long been over. She asked him quietly if they had come to any definite conclusion about the play, and he answered, with harsh aggression, yes, that Mrs. Harley had agreed to take the part of Salome; Godolphin's old company had been mostly got together, and

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they were to have the first rehearsal the next morning.

"Should you like me to come some time?" asked Louise.

"I should like you very much to come," said Maxwell, soberly, but with a latent doubt of her meaning, which she perceived.

"I have been thinking," she said, "whether you would like me to call on Mrs. Harley this evening with you?"

"What for?" he demanded, suspiciously.

"Well, I don't know. I thought it might be appropriate."

Maxwell thought a moment. "I don't think it would be expected. After all, it isn't a personal thing," he said, with a relenting in his defiance.

"No," said Louise.

They got through the evening without further question.

They had always had some sort of explicit making-up before, even when they had only had a tacit falling out, but this time Louise thought there had better be none of that. They were to rehearse the play every day that week, and Maxwell said he must be at the theatre the next morning at eleven. He could not make out to his wife's satisfaction that he was of much use, but he did not try to convince her. He only said that they referred things to him now and then, and that generally he did not seem to know much about them. She saw that his æsthetic honesty kept him from pretending to more than this, and she believed he ought to have greater credit than he claimed.

Four or five days later she went with him to a rehearsal. By this time they had got so well forward with their work at the theatre that Maxwell said it would now be in appreciable shape; but still he warned her not to expect too much. He never could tell her just what she wanted to know about Mrs. Harley; all he could say was that her Salome was not ideal, though it had strong qualities; and he did not try to keep her from thinking it offensive; that would only have made bad worse.

It had been snowing over-night, and there was a bright glare of sunshine on the drifts, which rendered the theatre doubly dark when they stepped into it from the street. It was a dramatic event for Louise to enter by the stage-door, and to find Maxwell recognized by the old man in charge as having authority to do so; and she made as much of the strange interior as the obscurity and her preoccupation would allow. There was that immediate bareness and roughness which seems the first characteristic of the theatre behind the scenes, where the theatre is one of the simplest and frankest of workshops, in which certain effects are prepared to be felt before the foot-lights. Nothing of the glamour of the front is possible; there is a hard air of business in everything; and the work that goes to the making of a play shows itself the severest toil. Figures now came and went in the twilight beyond the reach of the gas in the door-keeper's booth, but rapidly as if bent upon definite errands, and with nothing of that loitering gaiety which is the imagined temperament of the stage.

Louise and Maxwell were to see Grayson first in his private office, and while their names were taken in, the old door-keeper gave them seats on the Mourner's Bench, a hard wooden settee in the corridor, which he said was the place where actors wanting an engagement waited till the manager sent word that he could see them. The manager did not make the author and his wife wait, but came for them himself, and led the way back to his room. When he gave them seats there, Maxwell had the pleasure of seeing that Louise made an excellent impression with the magnate, of whom he had never quite lost the awe we feel for the master of our fortunes, whoever he is. He perceived that her inalienable worldly splendor added to his own consequence, and that his wife's air of *grande dame* was not lost upon a man who could at least enjoy it artistically. Grayson was very polite to her, and said hopefuller things to her about the play than he had yet said to Maxwell, though he had always been civil enough about its merits. He had a number of papers before him, and he asked Louise if she had noticed their friendliness. She said, yes, she had seen some of those things, but she had supposed they were authorized, and she did not know how much to value them.

Grayson laughed and confessed that he did not practise any concealments with the press when it was a question of getting something to the public notice. "Of

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course," he said, "we don't want the piece to come in on rubbers."

"What do you mean?" she demanded, with an ignorant joy in the phrase.

"That's what we call it when a thing hasn't been sufficiently heralded, or heralded at all. We have got to look after that part of it, you know."

"Of course, I am not complaining; though I think all that's dreadful."

The manager assented partly. Then he said: "There's something curious about it. You may put up the whole affair yourself, and yet in what's said you can tell whether there's a real good-will that comes from the writers themselves or not."

"And you mean that there is this mystical kindness for Mr. Maxwell's play in the prophecies that all read so much alike to me?"

"Yes, I do," said the manager, laughing. "They like him because he's new and young, and is making his way single-handed."

"Well," said Louise, "those seem good grounds for preference with me, too"; and she thought how nearly they had been her own grounds for liking Maxwell.

Grayson went with them to the stage and found her the best place to sit and see the rehearsal. He made someone get chairs, and he sat with her chatting while men in high hats and overcoats and women in bonnets and fur-edged butterfly-capes, came in one after another. Godolphin arrived among the first, with an ulster which came down to where his pantaloons were turned up above his overshoes. He caught sight of Louise and approached her with outstretched hand, and Grayson gave up his chair to the actor. Godolphin was very cordial, deferentially cordial, with a delicate vein of reminiscent comradry running through his manner. She spoke to him of having at last got his ideal for Salome, and he said, with a slight sigh and a sort of melancholy absence: "Yes, Miss Havisham will do it magnificently." Then he asked, with a look of latent significance:

"Have you ever seen her?"

Louise laughed for as darkling a reason. "Only in real life. You know we live just over and under each other."

"Ah, true. But I meant, on the stage. She's a great artist. You know she's the one I wanted for Salome from the start."

"Then you ought to be very happy in getting her at last."

"She will do everything for the play," sighed Godolphin. "She'll make up for all my shortcomings."

"You won't persuade us that you have any shortcomings, Mr. Godolphin," said Louise. "You are Haxard, and Haxard is the play. You can't think, Mr. Godolphin, how deeply grateful we both are to you for your confidence in my husband's work, your sacrifices——"

"You overpay me a thousand times for everything, Mrs. Maxwell," said the actor. "Anyone might have been proud and happy to do all I've done, and more, for such a play. I've never changed my opinion for a moment that it was *the* American drama. And now if Miss Havisham only turns out to be the Salome we want!"

"If?" returned Louise, and she felt a wild joy in the word. "Why, I thought there could be no earthly doubt about it."

"Oh, there isn't! We are all united on that point, I believe, Maxwell?"

Maxwell shrugged. "I confide in you and Mr. Grayson."

Godolphin looked at his watch. "It's eleven now, and she isn't here yet. I would rather not have begun without her, but I think we had better not delay any longer." He excused himself to Louise, and went and sat down with his hat on, at a small table, lit with a single electric bulb, dropping like a luminous spider by a thread from the dark above. Other electric bulbs were grouped before reflectors on either side of the stage, and these shone on the actors before Godolphin. Back in the depths of the stage, some scene-painters and carpenters were at work on large strips of canvas lying unrolled upon the floor or stretched upon light wooden frames. Across Godolphin's head the dim hollow of the auditorium showed, pierced by long bars of sunlight full of dancing motes, which slanted across its gloom from the gallery windows. Women in long aprons were sweeping the floors and pounding the seats, and a smell of dust from their labors mixed with the smell of paint and glue and escaping gas which pervaded the atmosphere of the stage.

Godolphin made Maxwell come and sit

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with him at the table, where he opened his prompt-book and directed the rehearsal to begin. The people were mostly well up in their parts, and the work went smoothly, except for now and then an impatience in Godolphin which did not seem to come from what was going forward.

He showed himself a thorough master of his trade in its more mechanical details, and there were signal instances of his intelligence in the higher things of it which might well have put Mrs. Maxwell to shame for her many hasty judgments of the actor. He was altogether more of a man, more of a mind, than she had supposed, even when she supposed the best of him. She perceived that Godolphin grasped the whole meaning of her husband's work, and interpreted its intentions with perfect accuracy, not only in his own part of Haxard, but in all the other persons, and he corrected the playing of each of the rôles as the rehearsal went on. She saw how he had really formed the other actors upon himself. They repeated his tones, his attitudes, his mannerisms, in their several ways. His touch could be felt all through the performance, and his limitations characterized it. He was very gentle and forbearing with their mistakes, but he was absolute master all the same. If someone erred, Godolphin left his place and went and showed how the thing should be said and done. He carefully addressed the men by their surnames, with the Mr. always; the women were all Dear to him, according to a convention of the theatre. He said "No, dear," and "Yes, dear," and he was as caressingly deferential to each of them as he was formally deferential to the men; he required the same final obedience of them, and it was not always so easy to make them obey. In nonessentials he yielded at times, as when one of the ladies had overdone a point, and he demurred. "But I always got a laugh on that, Mr. Godolphin," she protested. "Oh, well, my dear, hang on to your laugh, then." However he meant to do Haxard himself, his voice was for simplicity and reality in others. "Is that the way you would do it, is that the way you would say it, if it were *you?*" he stopped one of the men in a bit of rant.

Even of Maxwell he exacted as clear a vision of his own work as he exacted of its interpreters. He asked the author his notion of points in dress and person among the different characters, which he had hitherto only generalized in his mind, and which he was gladly willing, when they were brought home to him, to leave altogether to Godolphin's judgment.

The rehearsal had gone well on toward the end of the first act, and Godolphin was beginning to fidget. From where she sat Louise saw him take out his watch and lean toward her husband to say something. An actor who was going through a piece of business perceived that he had not Godolphin's attention, and stopped. Just then Mrs. Harley came in.

Godolphin rose and advanced toward her with the prompt-book shut on his thumb. "You are late, Miss Havisham."

"Yes," she answered, haughtily, as if in resentment of his tone. She added, in concession, "Unavoidably. But Salome doesn't come on till the end of the act."

"I think it best for the whole company to be present from the beginning," said Godolphin.

"I quite agree with you," said Mrs. Harley. "Where are we?" she asked, and then she caught sight of Louise and came up to her. "How do you do, Mrs. Maxwell? I don't know whether I'm glad to see you or not. I believe I'm rather afraid to have you see my Salome; I've an idea you are going to be very severe with her."

"I am sure no severity will be needed. You'll see me nodding approval all the way through," Louise returned.

"I have always thought, somehow, that you had the part especially under your protection. I feel that I'm a very bold woman to attempt it."

In spite of her will to say "Yes, a very bold woman indeed!" Louise answered: "Then I shall admire your courage, as well as your art."

She was aware of Godolphin fretting at the colloquy he could not interrupt, and of Mrs. Harley's prolonging it wilfully. "I know you are sincere, I know you are; and I am going to make you tell me everything you object to in me, when it's over. Will you?"

"Of course," Louise answered, gayly; and now Mrs. Harley turned to Godolphin again: "*Where* were you?"

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XXIII

TWICE during the rehearsal Maxwell came to Louise and asked her if she were not tired and would not like to go home; he offered to go out and put her on a car. But both times she made him the same answer: she was not tired and would not go away on any account; the second time she said, with a certain meaning in her look and voice, that she thought she could stand it if he could. At the end she went up and made her compliments to Mrs. Harley. "You must enjoy realizing your ideal of a character so perfectly," she began.

"Yes? Did you feel that about it?" the actress returned. "It *is* a satisfaction. But if one has a strong conception of a part, I don't see how one can help rendering it strongly. And this Salome, she takes hold of me so powerfully. Her passion and her will, that won't stop at anything, seem to pierce through and through me. You can feel that she wouldn't mind killing a man or two to carry her point."

"That is certainly what *you* make one feel about her. And you make her very living, very actual."

"You are very good," said Mrs. Harley. "I am so glad you liked it. I was dreadfully afraid you wouldn't like it."

"Oh, I couldn't imagine your being afraid of anything," said Louise, lightly. Her smile was one which the other woman might have known how to interpret rightly, but her husband alone among men could feel its peculiar quality. Godolphin beamed with apparent satisfaction in it.

"Wasn't Salome magnificent?" he said; and he magnanimously turned to the actress. "You will make everybody forget Haxard. You made *me* forget him."

"*I* didn't forget him, though," said Mrs. Harley. "I was trying all the time to play up to him—and to Mrs. Maxwell."

The actor laughed his deep, mellow, hollow laugh, which was a fine work of art in itself, and said: "Mrs. Maxwell, you must let me present the other *dramatis personæ* to you," and he introduced the whole cast of the play, one after another. Each said something of the Salome, how grand it was, how impassioned, how powerful. Maxwell stood by, listening, with his eyes on his wife's face, trying to read her thought.

They were silent most of the way home, and she only talked of indifferent things. When the door of their apartment shut them in with themselves alone, she broke out: "Horrible, horrible, horrible! Well, the play is ruined, ruined! We might as well die; or *I* might! I suppose *you* really liked it!"

Maxwell turned white with anger. "I didn't try to make her *think* I did, any way. But I knew how you really felt, and I don't believe you deceived her very much, either. All the same, I was ashamed to see you try."

"Don't talk to me—don't speak! She knew from every syllable I uttered that I perfectly loathed it, and I know that she tried to make it as hateful to me all the way through as she could. She played it *at* me, and she knew it *was* me. It was as if she kept saying all the time, 'How do you like my translation of your Boston girl into Alabama, or Mississippi, or Arkansas, or wherever I came from? This is the way you would have acted, if you were *me!*' Yes, that is the hideous part of it. Her nature has *come off* on the character, and I shall never see, or hear, or think, or dream Salome, after this, without having Yolande Havisham before me. She's spoiled the sweetest thing in my life. She's made me hate myself; she's made me hate *you!* Will you go out somewhere and get your lunch? I don't want anything myself, and just now I can't bear to look at you. Oh, you're not to blame, that I know of, if that's what you mean. Only go!"

"I can go out for lunch, certainly," said Maxwell. "Perhaps you would rather I stayed out for dinner, too?"

"Don't be cruel, dearest! I am trying to control myself——"

"I shouldn't have thought it. You're not succeeding."

"No, not so well as you, if you hated this woman's Salome as much as I did. If it's always been as bad as it was to-day you've controlled yourself wonderfully well never to give me any hint of it, or prepare me for it in the least."

"How could I prepare you? You would have come to it with your own prepossessions, no matter what I said."

"Was that why you said nothing?"

"You would have hated it if she had

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played it with angelic perfection, because you hated her."

"Perhaps you think she really did play it with angelic perfection! Well, you needn't come back to dinner."

Louise passed into their room, to lay off her hat and sack.

"I will not come back at all, if you prefer," Maxwell called after her.

"I have no preferences in the matter," she mocked back.

XXIV

MAXWELL and Louise had torn at each other's hearts till they were bleeding, and he wished to come back at once and she wished him to come, that they might hurt themselves still more savagely; but when this desire passed, they longed to meet and bind up one another's wounds. This better feeling brought them together before nightfall, when Maxwell returned, and Louise, at the sound of his latch-key in the door, ran to let him in.

"Mr. Godolphin is here," she said, in a loud, cheery voice, and he divined that he owed something of his eager welcome to her wish to keep him from resuming the quarrel unwittingly. "He has just come to talk over the rehearsal with you, and I wouldn't let him go. I was sure you would be back soon."

She put her finger to her lip, with whatever warning intention, and followed her husband into the presence of the actor, and almost into his arms, so rapturous was the meeting between them.

"Well," cried Godolphin, "I couldn't help looking in a moment to talk with you and Mrs. Maxwell about our Salome. I feel that she will make the fortune of the piece—of any piece. Doesn't Miss Havisham's rendition grow upon you? It's magnificent. It's on the grand scale. It's immense. The more I think about it, the more I'm impressed with it. She'll carry the house by storm. I've never seen anything like it; and I'm glad to find that Mrs. Maxwell feels just as I do about it." Maxwell looked at his wife, who returned his glance with a guiltless eye. "I was afraid she might feel the loss of things that certainly *are* lost in it. I don't say that Miss Havisham's Salome, superb as it is, is *your* Salome—or Mrs. Maxwell's. I've always fancied that Mrs. Maxwell had a great deal to do with that character, and—I don't know why—I've always thought of her when I've thought of *it*; but at the same time it's a splendid Salome. She makes it Southern, almost tropical. It isn't the Boston Salome. You may say that it is wanting in delicacy and the nice shades; but it's full of passion; there's nothing caviare to the general in it. The average audience will understand just what the girl that Miss Havisham gives is after, and she gives her so abundantly that there's no more doubt of the why than there is of the how. Sometimes I used to think the house couldn't follow Miss Pettrell in her subtle touches, but there's no doubt that the house, to the topmost tier of the gallery, will get Miss Havisham's intention."

Godolphin was standing while he said all this, and Maxwell now asked: "Won't you sit down?"

The actor had his overcoat on his arm, and his hat in one hand. He tapped at his boot with the umbrella he held in the other. "No, I don't believe I will, thank you. The fact is, I just dropped in a moment to reassure you if you had misgivings about the Salome, and to give you my point of view."

Maxwell did not say anything; he looked at Louise again, and it seemed to her that he meant her to speak. "Oh, we understood that we couldn't have all kinds of a Salome in one creation of the part; and I'm sure no one can see Mrs. Harley in it without feeling her intensity."

"She's a force," said Godolphin. "And if, as we all decided," he continued, to Maxwell, "when we talked it over with Grayson, that a powerful Salome would heighten the effect of Haxard, she is going to make the success of the piece."

"*You* are going to make the success of the piece!" cried Louise.

"Ah, I sha'n't care if they forget me altogether," said the actor; "I shall forget myself. He laughed his mellow, hollow laugh, and gave his hand to Louise and then to Maxwell. "I'm so glad you feel as you do about it, and I don't wish you to lose your faith in our Salome for a moment. You've quite confirmed mine." He wrung the hands of each with a fervor of

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gratitude that left them with a disquiet which their eyes expressed to each other when he was gone.

"What does it mean?" asked Louise.

Maxwell shook his head. "It's beyond me."

"Brice," she appealed, after a moment, "do you think I had been saying anything to set him against her?"

"No," he returned, instantly. "Why should I suspect you of anything so base?"

Her throat was full, but she made out to say, "No, you are too generous, too good for such a thing"; and now she went on to eat humble pie with a self-devotion which few women could practise. "I know that if I don't like having her I have no one but myself to thank for it. If I had never written to that miserable Mr. Sterne, or answered his advertisement, he would never have heard of your play, and nothing that has happened would have happened."

"No, you don't know that at all," said Maxwell; and it seemed to her that she must sink to her knees under his magnanimity. "The thing might have happened in a dozen different ways."

"No matter. I am to blame for the way it did happen; and now you will never hear another word from me. Would you like me to swear it?"

"That would be rather unpleasant," said Maxwell.

They both felt a great physical fatigue, and they neither had the wish to prolong the evening after dinner. Maxwell was going to lock the door of the apartment at nine o'clock, and then go to bed, when there came a ring at it. He opened it, and stood confronted with Grayson, looking very hot and excited.

"Can I come in a moment?" the manager asked. "Are you alone? Can I speak with you?"

"There is no one here but Mrs. Maxwell," said her husband, and he led the way into the parlor.

"And if you don't like," said Louise, confessing to have overheard him by her words, as they shook hands, "you needn't speak before her even."

"No, no," said the manager, "don't go! We may want your wisdom. We certainly want all the wisdom we can get on the question. It's about Godolphin."

"Godolphin?" they both echoed.

"Yes. He's given up the piece."

The manager drew out a letter, which he handed to Maxwell, and which Louise read with her husband, over his shoulder. It was addressed to Grayson, and began very formally.

DEAR SIR:

I wish to resign to you all claim I may have to a joint interest in Mr. Maxwell's piece, and to withdraw from the company formed for its representation. I feel that my rôle in it has been made secondary to another, and I have finally decided to relinquish it altogether. I trust that you will be able to supply my place, and I offer you my best wishes for the success of your enterprise.

Yours very truly,
L. GODOLPHIN.

The Maxwells did not look at each other; they both looked at the manager, and neither spoke.

"You see," said the manager, putting the letter back in its envelope, "it's Miss Havisham. I saw some signs of what was coming at the rehearsals, but I didn't think it would take such a peremptory shape."

"Why, but he was here only a few hours ago, praising her to the skies," said Louise; and she hoped that she was keeping secret the guilty joy she felt; but probably it was not unknown to her husband.

"Oh, of course," said Grayson, with a laugh, "that was Godolphin's way. He may have felt all that he said; or he may have been trying to find out what Mr. Maxwell thought, and whether he could count upon him in a move against her."

"We said nothing," cried Louise, and she blessed heaven that she could truly say so, "which could possibly be distorted into that."

"I didn't suppose you had," said the manager. "But now we have got to act. We have got to do one of two things, and Godolphin knows it; we have got to let Miss Havisham go, or we have got to let him go. For my part I would much rather let him go. She is a finer artist every way, and she is more important to the success of the piece. But it would be more difficult to replace him than it would be to replace her, and he knows it. We could get Miss Pettrell at once for Salome, and we should have to look about for a Hax-

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ard. Still, I am disposed to drop Godolphin, if Mr. Maxwell feels as I do."

He looked at Maxwell; but Louise lowered her eyes, and would not influence her husband by so much as a glance. It seemed to her that he was a long time in answering.

"I am satisfied with Godolphin's Haxard much better than I am with Miss Havisham's Salome, strong as it is. On the artistic side alone, I should prefer to keep Godolphin and let her go, if it could be done justly. Then, I know that Godolphin has made sacrifices and borne losses on account of the play, and I think that he has a right to a share in its success, if it has a chance of succeeding. He's jealous of Miss Havisham, of course; I could see that from the first minute; but he's earned the first place, and I'm not surprised that he wants to keep it. I shouldn't like to lose it if I were he. I should say that we ought to make any concession he asks in that way."

"Very well," said Grayson. "He will ask to have our agreement with Mrs. Harley broken; and we can say that we were compelled to break it. I feel as you do, that he has some right on his side. She's a devilish provoking woman—excuse me, Mrs. Maxwell!—and I've seen her trying to take the centre from Godolphin ever since the rehearsals began; but I don't like to be driven by him; still, there are worse things than being driven. In any case we have to accept the inevitable, and it's only a question which inevitable we accept. Good-night. I will see Godolphin, at once. Good-night, Mrs. Maxwell. We shall expect you to do what you can in consoling your fair neighbor and reconciling her to the inevitable." Louise did not know whether this was ironical or not, and she did not at all like the laugh from Maxwell which greeted the suggestion.

"*I* shall have to reconcile Sterne, and I don't believe that will be half so easy."

The manager's words were gloomy, but there was an imaginable relief in his tone and a final cheerfulness in his manner. He left the Maxwells to a certain embarrassment in each other's presence. Louise was the first to break the silence that weighed upon them both.

"Brice, did you decide that way to please me?"

"I am not such a fool," said Maxwell.

"Because," she said, "if you did, you did very wrong, and I don't believe any good could come of it."

Yet she did not seem altogether averse to the risks involved; and in fact she could not justly accuse herself of what had happened, however devoutly she had wished for such a consummation.

XXV

It was Miss Havisham and not Godolphin who appeared to the public as having ended the combination their managers had formed. The interviewing on both sides continued until the interest of the quarrel was lost in that of the first presentation of the play, when the impression that Miss Havisham had been ill-used was effaced by the impression made by Miss Pettrell in the part of Salome. Her performance was not only successful in the delicacy and refinement which her friends expected of her, but she brought to the work a vivid yet purely feminine force which took them by surprise and made the public her own. No one in the house could have felt, as the Maxwells felt, a certain quality in it which it would be extremely difficult to characterize without overstating it. Perhaps Louise felt this more even than her husband, for when she appealed to him, he would scarcely confess to a sense of it; but from time to time in the stronger passages she was aware of an echo, to the ear and to the eye, of a more passionate personality than Miss Pettrell's. Had Godolphin profited by his knowledge of Miss Havisham's creation, and had he imparted to Miss Pettrell, who never saw it, hints of it which she used in her own creation of the part? If he had, just what was the nature and the measure of his sin? Louise tormented herself with this question, while a sense of the fact went as often as it came, and left her in a final doubt of it. What was certain was that if Godolphin had really committed this crime, of which he might have been quite unconsciously guilty, Miss Pettrell was wholly innocent of it; and, indeed, the effect she made might very well have been imagined by herself, and only have borne this teasing resemblance by

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pure accident. Godolphin was justly punished if he were culpable, and he suffered an eclipse in any case which could not have been greater from Miss Havisham. There were recalls for the chief actors at every fall of the curtain, and at the end of the third act, in which Godolphin had really been magnificent, there began to be cries of "Author! Author!" and a messenger appeared in the box where the Maxwells sat and begged the author, in Godolphin's name, to come behind at once. The next thing that Louise knew the actor was leading her husband on the stage and they were both bowing to the house, which shouted at them and had them back once and twice, and still shouted, but now with a certain confusion of voices in its demand, which continued till the author came on a fourth time, led by the actor as before, and himself leading the heroine of his piece. Then the storm of applause left no doubt that the will of the house had been rightly interpreted.

Louise sat still, with the tears blurring the sight before her. They were not only proud and happy tears, but they were tears of humble gratitude that it was Miss Pettrell, and not Mrs. Harley, whom her husband was leading on to share his triumph. She did not think her own desert was great; but she could not tax herself with any wrong that she had not at least tried to repair; she felt that what she had escaped she could not have borne, and that heaven was merciful to her weakness, if not just to her merit. Perhaps this was why she was so humble and so grateful.

There arose in her a vague fear as to what Godolphin might do in the case of a Salome who was certainly no more subordinated to his Haxard than Miss Havisham's, or what new demands he might not make upon the author; but Maxwell came back to her with a message from the actor, which he wished conveyed with his congratulations upon the success of the piece. This was to tell her of his engagement to Miss Pettrell, which had suddenly taken place that day, and which he thought there could be no moment so fit to impart to her as that of their common triumph.

Louise herself went behind at the end of the piece, and made herself acceptable to both the artists in her cordial good wishes. Neither of them resented the arch intention with which she said to Godolphin, "I suppose you won't mind such a beautiful Salome as Miss Pettrell has given us, now that it's to be all in the family."

Miss Pettrell answered for him with as complete an intelligence: "Oh, I shall know how to subdue her to his Haxard, if ever she threatens the peace of the domestic hearth."

That Salome has never done so in any serious measure Maxwell argues from the fact that, though the Godolphins have now been playing his piece together for a whole year since their marriage, they have not yet been divorced.

THE END.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

THE isolation of the scholar is notorious. One of the most characteristic attributes of those that are devoted to their classics is too often a contempt for and neglect of the things of immediate contemporary interest; and seeing scholars assume this posture, many of little learning affect it.

Nowhere is this more an attribute of the most highly educated classes than in matters concerning the drama. I do not refer to the ridiculous extreme of those who think the only legitimate play is one that is bookish, and the only great play one that is in blank verse. But I should like to protest against the almost universal theory that things of local and ephemeral interest and importance are undignified upon the stage. For this feeling is almost universal; many, the majority even, of those to whom a local allusion appeals vividly, laugh shamefacedly, and feel that they are doing a sort of dramatic slumming.

The Decadence of the Local Allusion.

Now a review of the great classics of the world literature will show one thing more prominent than almost anything else, and that is the vital interest the makers of these classics took in their own times. To the greatest Greeks and Romans the town-life of Athens and Rome was the life of the world. They would have rated it utter folly had anyone conceived the idea that the mention of a man or a place or an event within the personal ken of the audience was anything but the proper thing; made right by all the claims a work of art has upon an artist's clientage. What was Aristophanes but a burlesquer extraordinary and plenipotentiary?

The golden era of our own English letters shows the same spirit, in equal force. The vast activity and zeal in good and bad of the Elizabethan times so interested the people in everything about them, and gave them such respect for themselves and theirs, that they could not weary of seeing the least characteristic of their day turned neatly into stage use. The greatest dramatists wrote plays whose only reason for being was their mass of local allusions, from satire in the large to minutest comments on the fashions and fopperies of the time.

The most learned of the Elizabethan playwrights, Ben Jonson, was the most local in his hits; his two plays about Every Man in and out of his Humour are simply local allusions hung, almost to breaking, on a slender thread of plot. His "Alchemist" was a local satire on a folly that was not new, indeed, but was raging with particular violence. His "Cynthia's Revels," with its Roman deities and Latin persons of the drama, is only a vehicle for satire on London. "The Poetaster," with Horace and Virgil and Ovid among the characters, is the medium for thrusts at all the rivals of Jonson; and "Bartholomew Fair" was one great series of jabs at the Puritans. Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle" was also a work of amazing devotion to the things of the day. To name the others would be only to catalogue a large part of Elizabethan comedy.

But they were not satisfied with writing plays especially for satire on the town; the Italian people of their romantic dramas were rarely more than Londoners under an alias. A local quip or a serious local allusion was considered always in good taste. "Romeo and Juliet" was not too romantic, nor "Tamburlaine" too serious.

Anachronism was no obstacle to local allu-

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sion; in fact, it is to be doubted that they ever thought of it seriously. It is not hard, indeed, to give certain more or less sophistical, yet more or less satisfactory, justifications of a good anachronism. Hudson, in a note on that passage in Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," where the serpent of the Nile challenges her maid to a game of billiards, makes this interesting plea: "'An anachronism,' say the critics. 'Billiards were not known to the ancients.' But how do they know this? Late researches have shown that many things were in use in Old Egypt, which, afterward lost, have been reinvented in modern times. 'But Shakespeare did not know this?' Doubtless, not; but then he knew that by using a term familiar to his audience, he should lead their thoughts to what has always followed in the train of luxury and refinement. Suppose he had been so learned, and withal such a slave to his learning as to use some term to signify a game which the English people had never heard before. Which were the greater anachronism?"

Ben Jonson was scholar enough to be careful of his chronology when he wanted to be. But in the local allusions in two of his most careful plays he makes anachronistic slips, referring in "Catiline" to the shifting of a scene, because Inigo Jones, later his dear enemy, had recently made use of movable scenery; and in "Sejanus," glancing at the then notorious inaccuracy of pocket-watches. In "The Poetaster," for all the delicacy with which he has veiled contemporary satire under the personality of Rome, he puts in references to the bass-viol, almost as popular then as the pipe, and to Goose Fair and the Bear Garden. So Marlowe puts into his Scythian Play, "Tamburlaine," these lines:

> Armados from the coasts of Spain
> Fraughted with gold of rich America,

because the allusion went home to an audience that must be thrilled by any references to that fabulous New World.

BUT it is not only the large interests of the time that find constant allusion throughout the whole Elizabethan drama. There was no fad in costume too trivial for the dramatist's attention; whole scenes were given over to the minutiæ of dress and manners. These scenes occur in tragedy and romantic drama as well as in comedy. Every *Hamlet* has his *Osric*. It is as if one should, in a serious drama of to-day, devote much dialogue to puffed sleeves, tight corsets, theatre hats, bloomers, dickies, colored linen, and what not. The gallant of that day, those "spacious times of great Elizabeth," seems to have devoted half his life to thought upon his love-locks, his combs, his case of pick-tooths (the public use of which is still preserved, like many other early English things, in America), his jingling spurs, his ribands, the starching and cut of his beard (you remember *Touchstone's* use of the cut of a man's beard for his delicious discourse on the technic of quarrelling).

The Drama and the Environment

The importation of tobacco was one of the wonders of their nine days, and its picturesque strangeness could not fail to excite the attention of the impressionable Elizabethan dramatists. One reads in Ben Jonson of "the tobacco face," as who should say a bicycle face. They "drank" tobacco in those days, and they "droned" it, and when they inhaled it they called it "the whiffle;" and there were three kinds of tobacco, cane, and leaf, and pudding. One could read in these plays the whole Elizabethan art of tobacco-smoking. And small wonder that the drama should reek of the weed when the gallants of the day sat on the stage and puffed their insolent smoke in the faces of the actors.

The slang of the day was of vital interest to the dramatists then; there is "your city-mannerly word, forsooth;" and everyone knows the plays upon the word "protest." The quacks and criminals whom one might call the slang of history, occur constantly: among many quotables, the famous Amazon, Marie Ambree, and Nomentack, the Indian chief brought from America.

The commonest and most local amusements are given the same interest in the play that they must have had to the towns-people; the famous bear-garden, the "Paris garden," appears everywhere. One even learns the names of two favorite bears, "Ned Whiting" and "George Stone." Then there were other curiosities, Lipsius's automatic fly, that could wend its way around the table (*convivas circumvolitavit*). There was the bull with five legs and the great hog, and the dogs that danced the morrice, and the elephant, and the ape; Holden's camel, and Captain Pod's pup-

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pet-show, the "motions," and Bank's bay horse, *Marocco*, who had a book written about him and has been immortalized by the greatest writers of his time.

One can easily think what our contemporary dramatists would have to allude to in reviving the spirit that mentioned these things in serious playwriting. The police reports, the journals, in fact, all the sources of life as it is lived, would have to be called upon. The playwright would, indeed, be compelled to watch the *Zeitgeist* for himself. Such a study must surely result in a fresh, spontaneous literature that would be as fascinating to the reader of the future as all these infinitesimal details of life in Elizabeth's time are now.

The sharp distinction made now between journalism and literature has worked much harm to both. Journalism can do itself great harm by forsaking interest in style and correctness; but literature will do itself more harm by affecting a contempt for what Walter Pater calls "the beauty of the transitory." We are living in a great age. The enormous democratizing of the opportunities for success has enlarged it as well as the increase of territory. The development of science has given us a new world. Surely the writer that is not interested in expressing some of its feelings and is blind to the charm of things that interest the people, is not going to be rated very high among the people of a later generation. If the writer of to-day does not approve of what his contemporaries are interested in, he should be at least enough interested in these things to satirize them.

The local allusion is by no means an unknown thing nowadays. An appreciation of this charm for the people has made the fortune of a number of our *farceurs* in our comic operas, with their topical songs and local hits, in burlesques innumerable, in annual reviews, and in the music-halls. But the complaint of this screed is that all important work, instead of being credited for the virtue of local and ephemeral interest, is chiefly blamed for that thing. And yet only pedants quite miss the greatest preachment of all the classics; which is to be mightily interested in one's own environment.

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE ACADEMY IN ROME AND THE TRAVELLING SCHOLARSHIPS OPEN TO AMERICAN ARTISTS

A CONSTITUTION for the American Academy in Rome was formally adopted at a meeting held in May, 1897, of the representatives of the American School of Architecture in Rome, of the committee in charge of the Lazarus Scholarship for the study of Mural Painting, and of that in charge of the Rinehart Scholarship for Sculptors. The preliminary steps for the establishment of the Academy were taken in December, 1894. At a joint meeting of the Archæological Institute and other learned societies held in Philadelphia in response to an invitation to the students of mural decoration, of sculpture, of archæology and of epigraphy, to co-operate with the School of Architecture in Rome, a committee consisting of Professor W. G. Hale, of Chicago University, Professor Frothingham, of Princeton, and Professor Minton Warren, of the Johns Hopkins University, was appointed to confer with the Architectural School in Rome and to report to the council of the Archæological Institute before the meeting in May whatever they might find it practicable and desirable to accomplish. On October 11th of the following year a conference was held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York, of gentlemen representing the School of Architecture in Rome, the National Sculpture Society, the Society of Mural Painters, and also the School of Classical Studies in Rome and in Athens, "in order to see whether it were not advisable to organize an American Academy in Rome which should embrace them all." A committee was accordingly appointed, consisting of Mr. John LaFarge, President of the Society of Mural Painters, Augustus St. Gaudens, Charles F. McKim, and Professor Warren, Chairman of the School of Classical Studies in Rome, with Professor William R. Ware as Chairman, to draw up a plan for such an Academy, "and if it were found to meet with general acceptance, to submit it to the committees in charge of the School of Classical Studies and the School of Architecture for their approval." This Academy, it was hoped, would be for this country what the Villa Medici has been for France since the days of Louis Quatorze. The American School of Architecture in Rome had been established in the upper story of the Palazzo Torlonia in the previous November, and in this same month of October, 1895, had opened in the Villa dell' Aurora upon the Pincian Hill. The Archæological Institute of America had established in Rome, under the care of an independent managing committee, the School of Classical Studies, like that which it had for fifteen years maintained in Athens, and endowed it with two fellowships. It was at first arranged that this school should share the Casino dell' Aurora with the School of Architecture, paying a proportional share of the rent, but this arrangement was not maintained. To the Departments of Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture which have been established in the American Academy, it is hoped that there will be soon added a scholarship for the study of music.

The Villa dell' Aurora, "once part of the famous Villa Ludovisi, is situated upon the Pincian Hill, not far from the Villa Medici. It rises from a terrace of about the area of Gramercy Park (or about 80,000 square feet), elevated some twenty feet above the surrounding streets, and planted with trees, in the midst of a garden, after designs by Le Notre. No abode better adapted to harbor an artistic fraternity could well be imagined than this Villa, which enjoys the seclusion so essential to profitable study, and yet is in

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the midst of a city containing masterpieces of all the arts, and filled with classic traditions and associations. The interior of the Casino contains decorations by well-known artists of the later Renaissance, among which is the 'Aurora' of Guercino." The American School of Architecture holds a three years' lease of the Villa, with option of purchase at expiration, which lease runs a year after the date when the school expires by its own limitations, in October, 1897, but it is confidently expected that the Academy will be firmly enough established before that time to take the lease, and to renew it at its expiration. The full academy term is fixed to be three years, so that the practice which has obtained, both among the architects and the artists, of entering themselves for terms of shorter duration will be necessarily discontinued. It is pleasant to record that the new American Prix-de-Romes have been cordially welcomed in the Eternal City by their French confrères at the Villa Medici, as, indeed, has happened to some of the more distinguished American artists who have gone to Italy fresh from their studies in Paris, even though they bore no official honors. In spite of the furious assaults that have been made upon the whole academical training of the official École that leads up to the Villa Medici, this official return to the fountain head of antique and Renaissance Art maintains its dignity as an indispensable course in the curriculum of modern Art, and "it is believed," says the circular of the American Academy, "that this generation in America can leave no greater legacy to the next than the founding of an institution of such character and of such aims as will assure the foundations of a sound national taste."

Of the travelling scholarships for painters, the Chanler and the Lazarus scholarships, the former was established in Boston and New York, in 1890–91, by Mr. John Armstrong Chanler from private subscriptions; the first competition for the Lazarus prize was held in New York City in November, 1896. The sculptors' scholarship was endowed under the will of the late William H. Rinehart, the sculptor; and two beneficiaries are now enrolled on the list of the Academy.

It was Mr. Chanler's hope to found travelling art scholarships in various cities of the country, but the public opinion was not sufficiently awakened to the importance of this foreign training and travel as a post-graduate course. The Chanler "Paris Prizes," in Boston and New York, are subject to the same general conditions. The winner is furnished with $900 a year, for his support while studying drawing, painting, and decoration in Paris for five years. If, however, after two years' work in Paris the student should wish to work elsewhere, he may do so if his jury at home consider him sufficiently advanced. The prize is only open to those "who really need its financial aid, to carry on their art studies abroad. The holder of the Paris Prize will be expected to pursue some studies in the History of Art in connection with his main work." The competition is open to any man or woman over twenty-one years of age, resident, respectively, in the States of Massachusetts or New York, even if temporarily abroad, or who has studied Art in either of these States for the school year preceding the examination. No competitor shall have received a medal or honorable mention in any foreign art exhibition or salon. "Before receiving any money, the candidate is required to agree to send home, at the end of each year, specimens of his or her work, signed by the master under whom he or she has worked. If the work falls below the standard required by the jury, the jury shall, after assuring themselves that it is not merely a temporary fluctuation in the student's work, warn him or her that, unless the work reaches the required standard during the following year, the money will then be withdrawn and a new election held." The winner of the Boston prize was required, at the end of his five years, to return to that city and teach gratuitously, twice a week for two years, a class to be selected by the jury; but if his "inability to sustain himself by the sale of his pictures" becomes too evident, the jury may permit him to take pay students. The New York beneficiary is required to agree to send home a copy made during his fifth year of some foreign masterpiece, to be selected by himself with the approval of the jury, which copy is to be the property of the Paris Prize. In both cities, if no candidate up to the standard of the jury appears, none will be accepted, and the fund will be allowed to accumulate until someone worthy be discovered. MM. J. L. Gérôme, Puvis de Chavannes, and other distinguished artists, have agreed to supervise the work of these students, and the first-named will report annually to the jury in New York.

The make-up of the juries is similar in the two cities, being composed of the presidents

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of various museums and artistic societies and institutions, and of a certain number of selected artists. In Boston it consists of the Presidents of the Museum of Fine Arts, of the St. Botolph Club, the Boston Art Club, the Boston Art Students' Association, the Professor of the History of Art in Harvard University, and two artists chosen by the St. Botolph Club, two chosen by the Boston Art Club, two by the Art Students' Association, and two by the President of the Museum. In New York these gentlemen are represented by the Presidents of the National Academy of Design, the Society of American Artists, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Art Students' League, and three artists chosen respectively by the National Academy and the Society of American Artists, and one chosen by the Paris Prize. Candidates must submit specimens of their work to the jury in New York—two drawings from life of a full-length nude figure—and from these selections will be made for the final competition, which is to be a drawing from the nude, painting a head from life, and a composition in color. This work is done under the supervision of the jury. The successful candidate is to leave for Paris as soon thereafter as possible.

The winner of the Boston Prize in 1891 was Mr. John Briggs Potter, who returned last summer, and who devoted himself while abroad rather to the drawing of character heads in a manner suggestive of Holbein. The winner of the first New York Chanler Prize was Bryson Burroughs, who has recently returned to this country; and of the second, in November, 1896, Lawton Parker.

As will be seen from the terms of the competition, an intelligent effort has been made in each of these cases to keep the holder of the prize, while abroad, under some form of constant supervision by the committee at home, and, notwithstanding the general good showing made by these prize-winners, the general conviction of the necessity of still more systematically directing their foreign studies has had much to do with the founding of the Academy. In Philadelphia this is felt so strongly that it is believed that it would be exceedingly difficult to establish there another foreign Art scholarship on any other terms. The Art Club in that city founded a Paris Prize in 1892, on conditions very similar to those of the Chanler Prizes in New York and Boston, the holder to receive $900 a year for a term of two years, which might be extended to a maximum of five at the discretion of the jury of appointment and the commission of control in Paris of several distinguished French artists. The competition was open to any native of Pennsylvania or to any resident of a year's standing, between twenty-one and thirty-two; an envoi of some rather important work was required each year, such works to become the property of the Art Club, and the regulation as to the beneficiary's teaching in Philadelphia, at the expiration of his term, was similar to that in Boston. The jury of appointment was constituted much as in the other cities, consisted of thirteen members, the honorable Presidents of the Pennsylvania Academy, of the Drexel Institute, of the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art, of the Art Club, and nine artists, six of whom were members of the Art Club. The winner was George Bladen Fox; but at the expiration of three years the scholarship was discontinued.

Since the establishment of the Chanler Prizes, some six years ago, there has been growing on this side of the water, in the bosoms of some of those most interested in the decorative arts, domestic, ecclesiastic, and industrial, a mistrust of the latest tendencies of Parisian Art that would have been thought heretical ten years ago. With the exception of two or three or four unassailable towers of strength, like the great Monsieur de Chavannes, these doubters see a steady decadence in modern French art, from the decorations of the Hôtel de Ville to the illustrated magazines. Among the architects, this mistrust also prevails to some extent, though there are still to be found faithful élèves of the great Parisian École who have not been able to reconcile themselves to an academy in Rome. The decorative painters, or many of them at least, therefore heard with satisfaction last year, that the committee in charge of the scholarship fund, founded in the name of the late Jacob H. Lazarus, portrait painter, for the study of mural painting, the first of the kind it is believed, had expressed the desire that the beneficiary of this Fund become a member of the Roman Academy. "It is very important," said the circular of this scholarship, "that the mural painter should not only acquaint himself with pictorial compositions and their decorative details, but that he should study decorative 'ensembles.' In other words, both the expressional picture

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and its architectural setting—the wall painting and the entire room—or, at least, so much of it as may be of the epoch." And it proceeds to cite a few of the more important frescoes, decorations, mosaics, and "Cosmati" work that "are but a portion of the many things that make Rome the best school for the mural painter."

The Lazarus Scholarship provides the beneficiary with $1,000 a year for three years, payable in quarterly instalments of $250 each in advance, by the treasurer of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. This sum includes travelling expenses to and from Europe. The scholarship is open to any unmarried male citizen of the United States. The holder of the scholarship was expected to be in Rome January 1, 1897, the competition for this prize having taken place in New York in the previous November. He will be obliged to spend at least twenty-four months in Italy—sixteen in Rome, and eight in other places, but always with the permission and under the guidance of the committee in charge. On the first of April, July, October, and January of each year he must send a written report of his progress to the chairman of this committee, and, if so desired, "any studies or sketches that he may have made, in order that the committee may have a just idea of his progress and diligence. The holder of the scholarship will not be permitted to undertake any work or accept any commission foreign to the object of the benefaction, or sell any product of his hand executed during the term of his scholarship. Should the requirements enacted by the committee be not fulfilled, should the student wittingly violate the laws of the State in which he is domiciled, or should his conduct provoke scandal, the committee in charge may withdraw the benefaction." He will be placed under the authority of the Director of the Academy according to terms to be agreed upon between the trustees of the Academy and the committee in charge.

Circulars inviting competitors to present themselves for the examination for this prize in November, 1896, were sent out to the various art institutions, but only some seven men seriously entered, and these were reduced in the final competition to four. The preliminary examinations were in perspective, artistic anatomy, and a painted nude figure from life, and those passing this were obliged to enter a further examination in the following subjects: History of Architecture, a written examination, based upon Rosengarten's architectural styles; free-hand drawing from memory of classical and Renaissance ornament; free-hand drawing from memory of the architectural orders; elementary French and Italian, written and oral; and the execution of a painted sketch for a mural figure composition with ornamental border. The scale of this sketch was to be one inch to the foot, to be executed in any material, and to be completed within nine hours and in closed "loges," on the general plan of the concours for the Prix de Rome in the École des Beaux-Arts. The subject given the four competitors was the decoration of a central panel for a director's room in a modern life insurance building, of not less than four figures, the ornamenting of the side panels to be in the style of the Renaissance about 1500, the wainscoting and pilasters to be marble, to be selected by the designer. The subject for the central panel was "The Triumph of Commerce." The sketch of this decoration, if accepted, the competitor was afterward allowed to elaborate at his own convenience, with models and costumes, but without departing from any of its essential features, either as to form or color, and without assistance or criticism. The composition and sketch of the successful competitor remain the property of the trustees of the fund; and the winner was George W. Breck, of this city, President of the Art Students' League. The committee in charge consisted of the following artists: Frederic Crowninshield, J. Carroll Beckwith, W. H. Low, Geo. W. Maynard, H. Siddons Mowbray, Walter Shirlaw, Edgar M. Ward, and the architect, Mr. McKim. In a subsequent paper a brief sketch will be given of the Rinehart Scholarship for Sculptors, and of the various architectural scholarships that now lead up to the Academy in Rome.

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ABOUT THE WORLD

SOME months ago this department gave a brief account of the long-period weather forecasts of Upper India—the only region where such distant prophesies can be made with any approach to accuracy. There it is possible because of the regular action of the monsoons and the effect on the weather of the coming half year of the Himalayan snowfall. How very much we are cut off in the western hemisphere from such a necessary luxury is shown by the delight of our meteorologists in the extension of their prophesies even twelve hours—a scientific gain that has just become almost certain from the experiments with kite observations. In the trials of our National Weather Bureau chief, Mr. Moore, it was found that the observations taken of air currents and atmospheric conditions at a height of one or two miles above the earth gave evidences of changes in the weather thirty-six hours before these changes occurred; whereas the best that had been attempted in the regular work of the mundane observers was to plan our climatic fate some twenty-four hours ahead of time. This very decided gain is, of course, a result of the enthusiastic interest in kite-flying which has been so much exploited in the papers of late. Long before this fact had been ascertained—that the weather changes made themselves known first in the upper strata of the air—the enthusiasts of Boston, Bayonne, and New York had been hoisting their thermometers and barometers and still more abstruse instruments behind the stout kites or series of kites in the general thought that such an innovation ought to prove valuable. How valuable it is can be imagined by anyone who realizes at all that weather forecasts have a use other than as material for mildly derisive witticism at the breakfast-table. The captain of the three-master in New York harbor is glad enough to have his weather wisdom supplemented by the sight of hurricane signals and the telegraphic news that a howling northeaster is thrashing up the Jersey coast. The farmer who wants to cut his hay or plant his corn is rather keen as an observer of nature too; but in deciding the destinies of an Iowa cornfield, the human senses cannot compete with the telegraphic announcement of general rain conditions in Kansas, moving rapidly eastward, and every hour gained in the knowledge of these probabilities—of course they can only be probabilities, which the cynic of the egg-cup does not take into account—means so much more safety for the crew and so much less loss for Cincinnatus.

What a great business this is, of foretelling the weather, is scarcely appreciated by the average man, to whom the italicized corner of the paper becomes so fascinating before a parade, a football game, or a fishing trip. The one hundred and fifty regular stations are manned by three or four hundred well-trained officials who send out about 45,000 telegrams each day to each other, and perhaps every morning 10,000 maps, showing the condition of the atmosphere all over the United States. The predictions are made by States, and also for special localities. It is not only by maps and newspaper news, either, that the work of the bureau reaches the public; every day 25,000 postal cards are mailed to country post-offices that can be reached within three or four hours, to acquaint the villages and agricultural districts with the weather news; and at the important

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ports, hurricane flags warn the mariner. Special telegrams are sent to the great shipping companies, and certain concerns have a regular paid service by which they are notified of destructive frosts and snow. The ice companies, of course, have a high respect for the man who can predict a long freeze—or very hot weather!—and the splendid work done by the special department of river and flood service in the recent aberrations of the Mississippi River gives an idea of another great value of the prophets. There is every reason in this information to dignify and to make appreciated this branch of national effort.

MOUNT ST. ELIAS, a lonely glacier-covered volcano some two hundred and fifty miles northeast of Sitka, is having greatness thrust upon it. First, it has been selected as the starting-point of the proposed boundary line between British North America and the United States—that boundary line which has come so near giving us a war with our cousins and which yet promises some very pretty complications of the "fifty-two-forty or fight" variety. Second, Mount St. Elias has aroused the ambition of an indisputable Duke to surmount its icy and hitherto unattainable summit; to be more explicit, Prince Luigi Amadeo of Savoy, Duke of Abruzzi and nephew of the King of Italy, is leading an invasion of this international eminence. Four important attacks have already been made on the Elias peak: Lieutenant Schwatka's; in 1886, which attained a height of 7,200 feet via the southwest flank. This was futile enough to stir the blood of all good members of the Alpine Club, for Elias is 18,000 feet high — not therefore among the very first giants, but grisly enough because of its Arctic condition. An Englishman named Topham went the Lieutenant 4,000 feet better in 1891, and in 1893 Mr. Russell tried the northwest slope. The first effort failed, but next year he came back to the same starting-point, and had climbed about 14,500 feet, when the weather suddenly thickened and the avalanches thrust him back. It is this northwest route that the Prince and his comrades will probably take. On his staff, which includes four experienced Alpine guides, and some Americans, is Vittoria Sella, the fearless Italian mountain-climber; he takes with him a camera, with which he does wonderful work in reproducing impressive scenes at great altitudes, and in giving wonderfully faithful representations of the glaciers and their action on the earth-crust.

THE very suspicion and weariness which have become chronic in our endurance of imaginative accounts of war-machines and methods that never will be seen on sea or land, add to the interest aroused by the war-boat which Mr. John P. Holland has really invented, and has really within a few weeks successfully launched. Of all Jules Verne's fictions, the conceit of Captain Nemo and his deep-sea venture remains the most vivid; and while Mr. Holland's craft at Elizabeth, N. J., does not by any means contemplate any trip of twenty thousand leagues under the sea, there is sufficient novelty and dramatic possibility in her when considered as a mere fighting machine, capable of submerged propulsion. This Holland boat is an entirely private enterprise, just as private as Mr. Benedict's yacht Oneida. A government boat on Mr. Holland's plans has been building at Baltimore during this year, but the inventor became impatient of the delay necessitated by official red tape, and has built on his own account this smaller, but, according to his own theory, even more effective boat. She is about fifty feet long, or about as long as a cable-car, and a trifle over ten feet in diameter; she looks, out of water, something like a fattish cigar and rather more like a thinnish sweet-potato. She is evidently meant for business and not for play. There is no sign of even an elementary deck, though ropes and an anchor can be stowed away in some exterior lockers. Out of her dorsal fin there rises a small iron turret, eight inches high, and capable of telescopic extension to thirty inches. Inside, the boat is divided into two compartments, so crammed with machinery and implements of war that a man would have difficulty in finding room to stretch his arms. A single screw propels the boat; it is driven when the vessel is travelling at the surface by a gas-engine which can give a speed of some

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eight knots an hour, and keep at work, on a pinch, 2,000 miles without laying in a fresh store of fuel. When submerged, a very perfectly constructed electric motor, capable of giving fifty horse-power for six hours, is used; it can, in case of need, spurt to one hundred and fifty horse-power for a couple of hours. This submersion, the most destructive and picturesque virtue of the Holland, cannot be deeper than one hundred and fifty feet, and an automatic system of pistons keeps the boat above this dangerous depth and below the surface by the action of a maximum and minimum pressure on them. To submerge herself suddenly, the Holland can either use the horizontal rudder which she carries in addition to the regular perpendicular one, or she can increase her water ballast.

With all these accomplishments in such a small boat, one will wonder what space can be left for armament. Forward there is an eighteen-inch torpedo expulsion tube that will start on their murderous errand the three great Whitehead "automobile" torpedoes. Second, there is a torpedo-gun, eight inches in diameter, that will throw a shell carrying eighty pounds of dynamite through the air to the distance of a mile and a half. Third, a submarine-gun, pneumatic, like the rest, is trained aft, to hurl another eighty pounds of dynamite through the water to a distance of about half a mile. In all, the boat will carry twenty dynamite shells, any one of which is capable of destroying instantly the stoutest battle-ship afloat, if it strikes where it will do the most good.

Provided the Holland obeys her owner's command to dive and reappear, as it seems likely she will, there is no doubt that her advent will produce a change in naval warfare comparable to the exploits of the Monitor. With such a craft approaching a battle-ship, diving as soon as she comes within range and continuing either deeply submerged or with only a hand or so of a twenty-inch turret out of the water, there will be nothing for that battle-ship to do except either to run or to remain and suffer the successive effects of a score of dynamite explosions.

If the Holland is successful in getting directly beneath the ship, she can suddenly shove her deadly snout out of the water, discharge her bow-gun, and then quickly sink out of sight. As to training rifles on her, there is no perfection of gunnery known that could give even a forlorn chance of hitting her, small mark as she is, in the little time that she will remain exposed.

The question is, will she respond to her two helms, and her engine power. The five men who form her crew will garner sensations enough for one life when this is first tested in an actual engagement.

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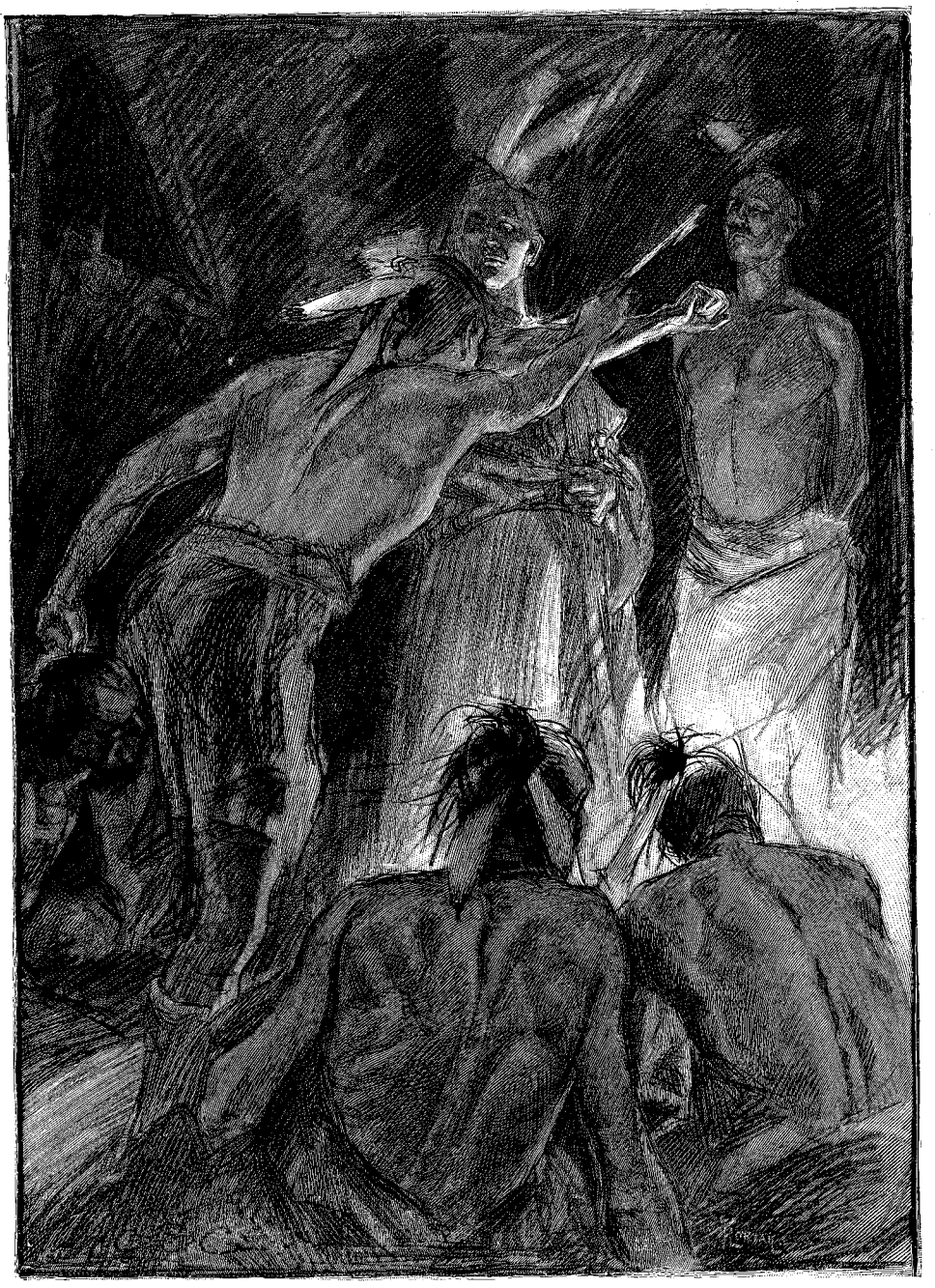
C. D. GIBSON.



SCENES FROM THE GREAT NOVELS—IX.

MAGUA'S HARANGUE.—*The Last of the Mohicans, Chapter XXIV.*

The keen weapon cut the war-plume from the scalping-tuft of Uncas, and passed through the frail wall of the lodge as though it were hurled from some formidable engine.

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